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TABLE OF CONTENTS

MIRROR—Dec 20 EVANS

McLeod and the Vice Trust: By W. M. R.....	1
Reflections: By William Marion Reedy.....	2
Butler's Fierce Fight Against Butler: By W. M. R.....	4
Boodle at Jefferson City: By Gerald Sinclair..	5
The Passing of Missouri's Senior Senator.....	5
The Gold Brick in Music: By Pierre Marteau..	6
Bacchanalia; or the New Age: By Matthew Arnold	7
Sam Gompers	7
The Way She Willed: By the Somnambulist...	8
Three Dreams: Poem.....	8
Mary's Lullaby: Words by Nora Hopper-Ches- son, Music by Alicia Adelaide Needham.....	9
The Wisdom of Youth: A Modern Parable, By Oliver White.....	10
"The Dope Sheet": An Account of the Effort to Stamp Out Race-Track Gambling, By Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago.....	15
The Last Straw: Story, By John J. A'Becket...	17
Chant Royal of the Flight of Time: Poem, By Ernest McGaffey.....	20
The Poe Legend: By Michael Monahan.....	21
Mirandy's Christmas Gift: Story, By Bessie L. Russell	23
How I Would Like to Die: By L. R. Whipple...	24
Bonnie Loraine: Poem, By James Lindsay Gordon	26
The Happy Prince: By Oscar Wilde.....	28
Love Beyond the Grave: Poem, By Christine G. Rosetti	30
Theology and Social Science: By Elbert Hubbard	32
Trouble for the Mysterious Stranger: By Charles B. Oldham.....	36
The Heavenly Maid: Notes from the Journal of a Literary Man, Living in a Country Town: A Scholar, Refined and Gentle, but Some- what Fastidious, By Columbine.....	38
The Story of the Baby: By William Marion Reedy	40
Parma Violets: Poem, By Althea Gyles.....	40
Is He a Literary Ghoul: Hall Caine Replies to the Question.....	42
Twin Immortalities: By Louise A. McGaffey...	44
Ballade of the Sinful Lover: By Richard Le- Gallienne	44
A Late Confession: By Henry Lavedan.....	46
The Sin of David: Stephen Phillips' New Play..	48
Kitchen Dirt and Civic Health: By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.....	50
A Little Mother's Christmas Shopping.....	52
Old Pourquoi: Poem, By William Vaughan Moody	54
The Lynn of Dreams: By Fiona McLeod.....	56
The Star in the East: By Virginia Bioren Harrison	56
A Financial Retrospect: By Francis A. House..	58
A Prayer for a Friend Out of Sight.....	60
Ballade of the Brave: By Richard Barton....	60
"Gentleman Jim": By Archibald Marshall....	62
Lon V. Stephens Redivivus: By Callaway Dade.	64
How and Why We Are Chumps.....	64
The Stock Market.....	66
What Interest May a Christian Banker Charge?	68
Blue Jay Writes to Jennie Wren.....	70
The Black Kiss.....	72
Letters from the People.....	76
New Books.....	82
Coming Attractions.....	86

McLeod and the Vice Trust

By W. M. R.

MR. NELSON W. McLEOD, churchman and Folk's adviser, is in politics up to his neck. Mr. Harry B. Hawes is steering him. Mr. Hawes is putting Mr. McLeod in touch with the Democratic workers. Mr. McLeod is a reformer. His function is from now on to run things in St. Louis politically for Folk, with Mr. Hawes in the background. Mr. McLeod has declared that Butler must be downed, and so has Mr. Hawes. Mr. McLeod has declared that the new Governor's Police and Election Boards in St. Louis will stand for, or stand in with anything to down Butler. It was Mr. McLeod who denounced police thuggery and election fraud as represented by Mr. Hawes six months ago. Mr. Hawes is now Mr. McLeod's guide, somewhat as Virgil was for Dante in the latter's trip through Hell—and somewhat not. Mr. Hawes is the man who represents the Adler-Cella-Tilles race track "skindicate" in politics. The Adler-Cella-Tilles "skindicate" not only runs three race tracks. It is the back- er of the keepers of crap-games. Its representatives let only such crap-games run as will disgorge to the "skindicate" 60 per cent of the profits. Persons in alliance with the "skindicate" ran two steamboats on the river during the World's Fair. On those boats the "reubs" were robbed by the drop-case game, the shell game, loaded dice, crooked roulette wheels, etc. When the yaps would not play their pockets were picked. Out in St. Louis County the friends of this "skindicate" grafted gloriously. Every robbing device that ever showed up at a country fair was in operation. Confidence men worked every game ever heard of. Thieves of all sorts imported from Chi- cago flourished just over the county line. Saloons with harlots for waitresses and with rooms for dal- liance ran wide open and noisily, the harlots getting a small percentage on all they made. But no one could operate the gambling games or the bawdy houses who was not *persona grata* to the bosses of the situation in the county, who would not give up to the friends of the "skindicate." World's Fair visitors were robbed steadily for eight months on the river, and over the county line. All this time there was no gambling or robbery in St. Louis. Mr. Hawes kept the city tightly closed, clean and pure. And the "skindicate" took off the coin just beyond the city borders. Mr. Hawes was the "skindicate's" lobbyist at the State capital during the last session of the Legislature. He prevented the passage of any law which might imperil the monopoly of race track and other gambling, under the Breeders' law, by the "skindicate." The "skindicate" was the back- bone of the Jefferson Club of which Mr. Hawes is President. It was commonly understood that the head of the police gambling squad took his orders from the "skindicate" daily. He pulled all gamblers who didn't "cough up" to the "skindicate." Those who did cough up—why, the gambling squad couldn't see them at all. The "skindicate," through Mr.

Hawes, named all the Democratic candidates for the State Senate—except one—and all the candidates in St. Louis for House of Representatives. It had a voice in selecting candidates for the Circuit Judge- ships. It maintained a representative at the Four Courts every day to take care of its friends in trouble. The "skindicate" has been all powerful. It had two or three or four members of the House of Delegates, as many members of the City Central Committee. It raked in off its race track, pool-room, crap-game, moll-dives in the county, the steamboat swindle and steal, its bucket shops, its protection for visiting thieves—a million and a half dollars. It never amounted to anything until Mr. Hawes took it up and drove out all competition in its peculiar line of industry—the first rival to suffer being Ed Butler, who backed a pool-selling telegraph game which Mr. Hawes closed up by raids and arrests. Now Mr. Hawes is downing Butler, but he is upholding the "skindicate." He has taken charge of the political education of Mr. Nelson W. McLeod. He is put- ting the Butler men out of the City Committee, but he is keeping the "skindicate" men in the committee. The "skindicate" is to work with Mr. McLeod, who represents Mr. Folk, even though the "skindicate" put up liberally to defeat Mr. Folk both for nomina- tion and election. Mr. McLeod is a prominent busi- ness man, a civic righteousness man, a pious church- man. How can he stand forth as an ally of the race track gamblers, the crap shooters, the river pirates, the county bandits, the harlot-harpies, the "guns" and grafters—for all the various infamies that flour- ish under the ægis of the "skindicate." The "skin- dicate" is the Million Club for Hell. Mr. McLeod should not join it. How can he do so when his friend, Mr. Folk, has declared for the repeal of the "skindicate's" cinch Breeder's law? Mr. McLeod ap- pears to tie himself up with the "skindicate" in Mr. Folk's interest. Mr. McLeod is going to run politics, when Mr. Hawes shows him how, and as Mr. Hawes shows him, in St. Louis. Mr. McLeod is to be the Folk leader in St. Louis, but Mr. Hawes is the man who stands behind Mr. McLeod. What is be- hind Mr. Hawes is the "skindicate." What is be- hind the "skindicate" is gambling, theft, bawdry, murder, suicide. The "skindicate" is the Devil's re- cruiting agency. It spreads physical and spiritual pestilence and death.

Francis for Mayor.

WATCH out for a boom for David R. Francis, for the Democratic Mayoralty nomination as the only man to save the party, the man to get the best benefits of the World's Fair in operation for the city, the man to restore Forest Park, the man to realize the dream, hope, purpose of the Million Club. It is understood that he will run if, by doing so, he can get the party together.

Reflections



By William Marion Reedy

Merry Christmas.

CHRISTMAS, good old joyous Christmas, here again. We would know it without the calendar. The Christmas feeling pervades all. It springs uncalled within us and we see and feel it everywhere—in the bright and happy faces of children, in church, home, street, and store. Its coming chastens all mankind. It makes us forget our own miseries and to think of our fellowman; how to make him happy, if but for a day. True, all cannot be happy, for without misery to relieve, Christmas would lose half of its joys. But many who are unhappy all other days, enjoy this one, for we know the good merchant princes, newspapers, religious and charitable associations do, with the funds they gather for the poor. And this makes us reflect that man's heart, after all, has not greatly changed in the nineteen centuries that have passed since the infant Jesus was born in far off Bethlehem. If anything he is kinder, more charitable. There is good and bad in all of us, of course—but a great deal more of good than bad, and at Christmas the best comes out. It may be only a smile or a cheering word, but it's better than a frown on Christmas Day. So the MIRROR hastens with its kindly word, and wishes all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



The Son of the Old Man.

JAMES J. BUTLER, the son of Ed Butler, the boss, was allowed to hold his seat as Congressman from the Twelfth District. The contestant had failed to conform with or to the technicalities governing some trifling details of the contest. "Jim" was elected all right. There was a deal of stuffing on both sides, but he received the greater number of votes. Nevertheless he would have been unseated but for the fact that his father rendered important services to the Republicans last month. Every politician in St. Louis knew the case against "Jim" would fizzle out on some such point. His father was known to have helped Republicans, and as the old man wants nothing more than that his boy should win political honors, the carefully prepared lapse in form of procedure delivered the goods. There's no one in the United States who is a shrewder political dealer than Col. Edward Butler. As for "Jim," I was in the same class with him at college, and I know him for a man of the kind of intelligence that is obscured by his mixing in politics, and is disbelieved in only because it happens that his father has wealth and is master of the political machine. "Jim" has faults, some grave, but mostly not, and his greatest detriment is in the Celtic temperament, and a too great readiness to help quickest those "friends" who traffic in his favor. "Jim" makes a good speech. He is a well read man. He is a good business man, and if his lines of life had been cast in rockier places and preferment in politics were not a mere matter of wishing it, he would have been a force in local affairs independent of his doting father. Jim Butler is a very decent fellow who has, once or twice, forgotten himself in the excitement and rapture of the fight, but his weaknesses are not mean ones, and if he has been in touch mostly with politics of the more sordid sort, it has been because he found himself in that environ-

ment, and, with an admirable, if mistaken loyalty, has stuck with his own people and refused to reproach them by implication, in any hypocritic pretense of superiority. I have fought him often, and may again, but the worst that I can say of him is that he is a clever and generous young man, with the defects of his qualities, with most of his worth and ability, occluded only by the handicap of good fortune from the beginning. He has been condemned for owning and operating the Standard Theater, but there are many highly respected citizens who hesitate not to pocket revenue fully as badly tainted as any dollar that comes to the Butlers from "the home of folly, two frolics daily."



Our Supreme Court.

"JUDGE GANTT has changed his mind" is the headline from a news item announcing that the jurist would not retire from the supreme bench of Missouri. Judge Gantt has changed his mind. That's right. A mind that operated as his has been operating for the past year or so should be changed for another one, or for something else. There have been times when I have thought from the decisions that a man on the supreme bench in Missouri didn't need any mind. It seems that other people think the same way, for nearly all the wise men, who have important cases in the court, endeavor to get Sam Priest for their attorney. He is supposed to have the bench hypnotized. But we have a funny supreme bench. You'd think so, too, if you could see the people with whom its members associate when they come to St. Louis, and to whom they run for help when they are candidates—the railroad cow-coroners, the representatives of the financial and franchise cinch, the blacksmith shop of the boss, the representatives of the vice trust. In some cases I should think justices of the peace would be more considerate of the proprieties of appearances.



The Commandments.

THE JEFFERSON CITY TRIBUNE distinguished itself last week by printing "by request" the Ten Commandments. Perhaps they are news in Missouri, and then again it may be that the old gang in this State entertains broadly the view of Mr. Charles Breckerseth Wheeler, that the Decalogue has many shortcomings. It was Sara Bernhardt who said the last word on this subject, however. A Paris newspaper arranged for a symposium in which prominent personages should give their views on the question, "Do we need another Commandment?" A reporter visited Dona Sol and put the query. "My dear boy," said she, "there are ten too many already." Yet one would not suspect that in Paris the Commandments are known to the extent of recognizing their superfluity, while in Missouri they have to be printed as news. Mr. Folk should embody them in his first message.



Dr. Abbott and God.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT has broken completely with orthodox Christianity. He doesn't believe in a God, but in a great unusual force. This declaration has created a mild sensation, but the sensation is uncalled for. Rev. Lyman Abbott only believes what he be-

lieves. He knows no more of what he talks about than Mrs. Chadwick, or Tom Taggart or Jimmie Britt. Dr. Abbott is a fine and sincere old gentleman, but he's a trifle too much concerned to let us know what he thinks of the God idea. All this "meinselluf und Gott" business of the preachers and Emperors and philosophers is tiresome. Every man has the best God idea of which he is capable, but when he gets to thinking too much about it the result invariably is that in his cogitations he becomes more important than God. The old-fashioned God idea has survived the faith in it held by men like the Duke of Alva, John Calvin, Louis XI., Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon Bonaparte and some others.



Mr. Lawson.

"TOM" LAWSON is fizzling out. His exposures don't expose. His "spiel" is not taken seriously. It is on all hands agreed that Lawson has done nothing to bring about the recent stock panic. The best financial authorities say that the break in stocks was due anyhow, that Lawson was in accidental conjunction with the slump, that the slump wasn't as big as a panic, that there wasn't any panic. It is possible that the financial editors may yet prove to us that "there ain't no Lawson" either. Lawson is off color. The men who know him best have least use or regard for him. He is a fakir and a bounder. How often do we hear the cry of "thief" set up as a scare for more stealing? Lawson won't do. He acts like a man sinking, but trying to keep afloat and there is no assurance that he isn't doing what he is doing in the ultimate interest of his supposititious enemies.



A Catherine II. of Finance.

CASSIE CHADWICK has come to the end of her string, on which she had so many wealthy men dangling. The end of all her magnetism and all her skill in chicane is the jail, and, mayhap, the penitentiary. She is not much of a wonder. She simply caught three or four easy marks and worked them to the limit. We are reading these days of those who fell to her trick, but, while the stories do not come out, it is plain that she tried a number of men who could not be lured by her fairy tales into advancing her money. The men she "got" were all somewhat wobbly as to will, light as to mind, and, particularly avaricious. She caught them with the bait of being herself a prospectively "easy" customer or victim. She offered big commissions for her big loans, commissions *sub rosa*, profits to individuals for loosely lending bank's funds without consultation with directors. She was given money because the men she beguiled thought they saw where she, with her imaginary possessions and prospects, was to be splendid plucking for them. She had been, as Madame De Vere, the fortune teller, convinced that the best way to get money was to throw oneself open in a way to lead people to believe money could easily be filched from her. She was in prison long enough to learn all the evil artistry of appeal to man's cupidity, which is, nine times out of ten, a greater passion than lust. And she was brilliantly successful because she threw a glamour of mystery over herself and her manœuvrings. It is not probable that any syndicate has been formed to take up the woman's paper and thus prevent certain exposures of certain or uncertain relationships with prominent people. That is all reportorial ornamentation of the Chadwick story, but granting that, no man who has knocked about a bit, doubts for a moment that some false-pretending big wig at one time was the protector and

friend of the woman. She was some long green pappy guy's Cassie, at some time, else she could not have made such progress as she did. Cassie had, probably, a moral, or perhaps an immoral right to represent herself as having a claim upon some swell financier who might have been able to afford to stand for her representations to a moderate amount of financial drain. She carried her operations too far. Some men who might have said "all right" if Cassie had got a few thousands by using his name, and would have made good the sum with a smile at the inability to get away from the foolish past, couldn't stand for operations in the millions on the strength of his name. If Cassie had been more moderate in her tastes she might have gone along pleasantly for a good while, but when she took to smashing banks and breaking whole towns, a halt had to be called upon her, and even then she was strong enough to dicker with lawyers for millionaires before going to jail. Some eminent, hard-headed financier was trapped somewhere by Madame De Vere, the vaticinator, for the hard-headed financier is frequently the seeresses' best graft, and Cassie Chadwick only realized on the information Madame De Vere had, or the story she might tell.

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The Theatrical Situation.

MME. GABRIELLE REJANE is not going to open the pretty new Garrick Theater here, but will go to Indianapolis instead, because in St. Louis there are not enough people who understand French. Oh, very well. The theater will be opened without it, and the atmosphere will not have to be cleansed by the fumigation that would be necessary after two or three of the Frenchwoman's performances. Indeed, I should say, that the Garrick management have been lucky, if not wise, in losing Rejane and her plays as an opening attraction. It is the first step that counts, and it would probably be a case of putting the wrong foot forward if a new theater were to be opened with a revel, however artistic, of French salacity and filth. The Rejane date might have given the Garrick a stamp from which it could never escape in the minds of the public. This would be a misfortune not only to the Messrs. Schubert, proprietors of the Garrick, but to the city. The Garrick is needed. It may be said that the people don't sufficiently patronize the shows that come to our theaters. Good reason why. There are but two big theaters. They can't accommodate the good attractions. If there were more good shows there would be more theater-going, for there is no appetite which so grows by that it feeds upon as does the theater taste. The theaters would all be filled if we could get the good shows here while they are comparatively new, but we don't. The bookings for the season have to be made early, and when we might see a new "hit" ready to jump from New York after its first run, the stages are held by old stuff. St. Louis will patronize good stage performances. It will support long runs. One reason why this has been a bad theater town is that a show doesn't stay here long enough to enable the people to get to it. If it's a good thing it gets away before even the most applause criticism in the press does any good. St. Louis doesn't get a chance to show its appreciation of the drama. It doesn't get the good dramatic stuff until it is a little staled. It is subjected too often to number two and three companies in celebrated productions, and the greater number of people, however they may like the theater, cannot get in the habit of going to the theater two nights a week, which one must do if there are two good shows at the leading theaters. The

week's stand is not sufficient to give the St. Louis people a chance to get to good shows, and moreover, the shortness of many a good attraction's stay keeps hundreds, maybe thousands, from coming to the city from the smaller towns to see the theatrical successes.

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Naughty Nan's Example.

WHAT a dose of Nan Patterson we are getting from the papers! What we all know she has done makes her a heroine. The luridness of her life is reflected upon us all, and emanations from the courtroom, where she has been on trial for murder, surcharge with lubricity the social atmosphere. She may or may not have killed another woman's husband who was getting over his infatuation for her. The point is that the public is interested in Nan Patterson because she was a race-gambler's mistress, having graduated from the stage into "the oldest profession open to women." There is nothing tender in her so-called love story. She appears simply to have needed the money, and to have gotten it from a fellow who was ready to let go easy of what came easy. She had no consideration for "Cæsar" Young's wife, who was waiting for him when he in Nan's company was shot in a cab on the way to meet her at the dock. There is no romance in the Patterson woman's position. Her love is not redeemed of wrongfulness by any of the fine spiritual quality of those fair lost women of story who suffered with grace and died with pathetically defiant courage to prove their truth to the prompting of their own hearts. She is probably not the *poseuse* which the newspapers unwittingly make her appear in their efforts to treat her literarily. As a woman in dire plight, we all may and probably should, sympathize with her, but that being admitted, we must also concede that there can only come evil results to other girls from the manner in which Nan Patterson is being apotheosized as a heroine. The halo of romance thrown over her head is a false light. The sentimentalism that sloppily smears all the pages in which she is exploited is of a sort which, settling in the minds of girls in a certain mood and period of *morbidity*, is certain to make for weakening of moral fibre through false sympathy and for disintegration of character through the generation of a yearning for experiences of emotion which can only result in imitation of the unfortunate "Florodora" girl now answering the charge of murder in New York.

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Police Assessments.

THOSE defeated Democratic candidates for city offices at the last election are to contest the result. Who will pay for it? There will be another assessment of the police. Then the police will assess the gamblers, the panel-workers, the street walkers, the saloon keepers. It was Mr. Hawes who invented the police assessment in St. Louis politics.

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"Come Clean!"

MR. ARTHUR PREUSS' ultramontane and reactionary *Review*, quoting the *Chicago Chronicle*, states that at a recent meeting of the Chicago Medical Association, Assistant State's Attorney Dobyns declared that 8,000 to 10,000 cases of abortion are committed in Chicago every year. Dr. Rudolph W. Holmes, on the same occasion, brought out the almost incredible fact that a single newspaper in the city of Chicago makes \$50,000 a year from the thinly disguised advertisements of abortionist doctors and midwives. Unfortunately, conditions are not much better in the rest of our big cities. The St. Louis papers, for instance, are reeking with

"ads" of just such people as the Chicago physician refers to. The rates for such advertisements are high. The ads run daily. They are paid for. The graft is enormous. Then, too, the papers reap a harvest off "massage parlors," spiritualistic mediums, palmists, fortune tellers, get-rich-quick ventures, bogus labor agencies, matrimonial bureaus, snide brokerage concerns, guessing contests, etc. There is no vice to which the great dailies will not and do not pander for money. They tout openly for the race track gambling game by printing tips on the races and exploiting the winnings of gamblers. They print anything that is paid for that will draw suckers for the gentlemen or lady adventurers of industry to "skin." The newspaper "ad" is the first bait necessary to start a good "skin" game going. They are barkers for the abortionist, the green goods man, the confidence operator, the bucket-shop shark, the assignation house, the fortune telling swindler, the seller of poisoned medicine, the racing tout. It is a wonder that through the work of the press the whole public is not up against some form of graft or bilk or steal, and that nine out of ten people are not swindled every hour of their lives, in one way or another. The American is a "sucker," and every big paper almost is calling him up to some swindle and telling him to be a game sport and "come clean." In which connection one should read Will Payne's amusing article on "Catching Suckers," in the *Saturday Evening Post*. "There is a sucker born every minute," used to be a saying of the old-time "con" man. They are born ten a minute now, and those not born suckers are made such by the papers. It's only a step from race touting by the papers to incitement to murder, and the press takes it nicely. No wonder race suicide flourishes. The advertising abortionist is supported by the moral press.

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By the Book.

ST. LOUIS is to be ruled—at least the Democratic end of it is to be ruled—by the book. By the dope book (Hawes), the beer-book (Stuever), the hymn book (McLeod), the blue book (Wallace Simmons). All these books together make a check book.

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Fakery and Masonry and Such.

LAST week the MIRROR contained an article by Marcia McQueen concerning the weird theory that Mr. Gabriel Syveton, the French Deputy, who struck War Minister Andre, in a "debate" on the "delation" in the army through the detective methods of the Masonic Grand Orient, had been murdered by the Freemasons. The Deputy was found dead in his apartments. Now the true story of Mr. Syveton's death comes out as a result of an inquest. The truth is as sensational almost as the wild conjectures, and as thoroughly Parisian. The cablegrams say it is established that the wife of M. Syveton was about to apply for a divorce on the grounds of improper relations between M. Syveton and Mme. Menard, a daughter of Mme. Syveton by a former husband. Both M. Menard and Mme. Syveton had accused the Deputy of these relations, and a family council took place shortly before M. Syveton's death, at which violent scenes were enacted, M. Menard declaring that it was the duty of the Deputy to put a bullet through his head, and Mme. Syveton announcing her purpose to sue for divorce. This was previous to M. Syveton's trial for assaulting War Minister Andre in the Chamber of Deputies, November 4. The Deputy foresaw the public disclosure of his relations with his wife's daughter, and thereupon committed suicide for the purpose of averting the disclosure. A fine specimen he to champion the cause of the church and

denounce the immoral and godless Masons! The case has taken on a political aspect, the Nationalists associated with M. Syveton asserting that there were threats of disclosure which amounted to a conspiracy on the part of the Government's supporters to compel the Deputy to take his own life. This, however, is sheer melodramatics designed to thrill the boulevards and inflame the proletariat. In the course of the investigation it developed that M. Syveton had been receiving a salary of \$5,000 as secretary for Count Boni de Castellane. This latter disclosure will interest Americans. It shows them how Jay Gould's hard-earned dollars are being used in French politics. Count Boni appears to have a decided faculty for getting into disgraceful muddles in one way or another and for tying himself up, since his fortunate marriage, with questionable characters in shady transactions. Of course M. Syveton's immorality has nothing to do with the immorality of the Grand Orient spy-system, but he himself as a Nationalist appears to have been a paid spy for Castellane, a paid representative, in the French Chamber, of the aristocratic and noble interest. French politics is as corrupt as our own, but it would be as unfair to condemn all French politicians as to denounce all our own. But what an anti-climax, with its meaner tragic humor, to the claim that Syveton was "another Morgan," a victim of Masonry! Masonry isn't ordinarily dangerous. It is funny. Only when it gets too much into politics or politics gets too much into it is there danger. In this country Masonry is as harmless as the Hoo-Hoos. Fakirs "work" it for their own ends, just as they work the churches. Haven't we in Missouri an aspirant to the Senatorship whose sole stock in trade, aside from his financial success through trailing with the Star Route grafters, is his professional Catholicism, his pose as the representative of that faith in politics. He is everlastingly swinging that vote. There are similar men in Methodism, Presbyterianism, Masonry and other sects. There are like fakirs in the anti-Masonic ranks. Syveton was one of them.

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Will They Help?

ELSEWHERE in this issue, Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago, tells how, in his fight against the race-gambling evil, the directors of the telephone companies co-operated with him in order to prevent betting in the hand books over the telephone. If any of the St. Louis authorities should ask such co-operation from the directors of the telephone companies here, would they give it? One suspects not, for Manager Durant, of the Bell Telephone Company, says that the hand books should be suppressed rather than that the telephone company should be asked to refuse its service to the gamblers. Manager Durant is a reformer, a highly moral single taxer, I believe. Yet he can't see that it is part of his moral duty to contribute to the suppression of the race-gambling evil by denying the use of the telephone to the gamblers. Will the wealthy and respectable telephone company directors help in the fight for purifying this city, as their kind helped in Chicago?

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Mayor Wells' Apologies.

CERTAIN elements want Rolla Wells as Mayor for four years more. Well, we might stand for Wells, but four years more of Joe Whyte as Grand Vizier! Four years more of bituminous macadam graft! Four years more of private snaps in selling engine-house sites! Four years more of Whyte as muck-a-muck of the Board of Public Improvements! Oh no; not even though Rolla has the moral support of my good friend

Thomas S. Musketeers and all the other dilettante of the little side room at the Noonday Club. Rolla Wells is all right personally, but his crowd—nit. I am told that Mr. Hawes has told some of the party workers that Mr. Wells would like to run again and that he is sorry for a whole lot of things he has done as Mayor, and he won't do them over again. Is Whyte one of the things he is sorry for? Or Varrellman, with Stroup as understudy, himself controlled

by the twins, Billy Flynn and Frank Kleiber? Or Valliant of the Sewer Department? Perhaps Mayor Wells is sorry for appointing Swingley, a Republican, Chief of the Fire Department. But it is to laugh that the Mayor, through Mr. Hawes, should be apologizing to the gang, saying plaintively that he is sorry and will never sin against them more. That is what is going on, however. "Give Mayor Wells another term and everything will be all right for the boys."

Butler's Fierce Fight Against Butler

By W. M. R.

HOW we do fight Butlerism in St. Louis. It is awful. Butler's henchmen are all thrown out of the City Central Committee for treachery to the party at the last election. All but one. That one is E. E. Guion. But E. E. Guion is Butler's right-hand man. He is about as apt to be against Butler as he would be to insult his own mother. Butler put Guion in the stock market a year ago, and made him \$20,000. Guion is not an ingrate. Now, why is Guion kept in the councils of the party? He is to be Butler's representative. He isn't the sort of man who would pretend to be Butler's enemy and then do the spy act. He is in the inside anti-Butler movement for what he is. The fight on Butler is a fake. The cry that Butler betrayed the party is a fake. It was perfectly well known what Butler was going to do to the Democratic ticket in St. Louis. He declared it openly for months. And it was not only in the Butler wards that the city ticket ran behind. It fell down in the Stuever wards. It fell down in the Hawes wards. It was put up to fall down, or be thrown down. Butler knifed the ticket. He wouldn't have been human if he hadn't fought the man who tried to send him to the penitentiary and the men who, working for the man who tried to put him in the penitentiary, declared that he must be put out of politics. But the ticket was made up so as not to strengthen Folk. There was no intention that Folk should win in St. Louis. If there were, why were the Butler lieutenants, all known to be thirsty for Folk's political life blood, kept in the campaign councils when they knew each move of the campaign and could circumvent it. The Butler men, known to be disloyal to Folk, were given Folk money which it was well known would be spent against Folk and the city ticket. All this yelping about Butler's treachery makes sick anyone who knows anything about politics. It is a farce and a fraud. "Lou" Guion is Butler's man in the crowd that is downing Butler. The move to save the party from Butler is merely a grandstand play. The party is being destroyed. Folk and his friends are being fooled. Butler is in with the play to "down Butler." In fact, he appears to be managing and directing the "downing" process. He's a foxy old "gazebo," is Butler. If he's downed the party can't carry the city. Throwing Butler out of the party won't get the Democratic city ticket ten Republican votes, but it will give the Republicans all the Butler votes, legal and illegal, on the poll-books. Besides, if Butler goes down and the Adler-Cella-Tilles "skindicate" is on top, and Mr. Hawes represents the "skindicate," the people will smash any ticket put up under "skindicate" auspices. That will put Mr. Hawes out of business as a leader, and then—well, then, Butler will do the "skindicate's" political business. Mr. Hawes is committing political suicide however he

turns. He can't let go of the "skindicate." He can't wholly break with Butler; if he could he would "roll" Guion; if he could he would "roll" Billy Flynn; if he could he would drop the Butler-skindicate man Crow in the Fifteenth Ward. Mr. Hawes, surrounded by Butler sympathizers, is fighting Butler. And is Butler the foe of the "skindicate?" Not much, or he won't be for long. The "skindicate" will break Mr. Hawes' back politically. Then the "skindicate" allies itself with Butler. Then both Butler and the "skindicate" proceed to destroy Folk. Just now the "skindicate" wants to "get next" Folk, through Hawes. The "skindicate" hates Folk, but it wants to use him, if possible. It pretends to hate Butler because Folk is against Butler. But Butler and the "skindicate" understand one another, and the "downing" of Butler is a sham. They are all against Folk. They are all against Democracy, and in favor of another Ziegenhein Republican administration here, if they can get it. The Democratic party locally is being split by a fake fight. The blows between Butler and the "skindicate" hit Folk—every one of them. The "skindicate" pretends to be with Folk—only to hamper him. If Mr. Hawes were really fighting Butler he wouldn't have E. E. Guion within a mile of any anti-Butler meeting, let alone having him as he purposes, keeping him right up in the paint cards in the anti-Butler deck. I have been dabbling in politics in St. Louis for twenty years, and I have seen all the fights on Butler. They all end by his opponents going in with him, but I never saw one of them that was such a palpable "hippodrome" as the one now being pulled off for the delectation of our citizens. A fight, did I say? No; it's one of those foot-race games in which Hawes and Butler are supposed to race in order to get Folk, the soft thing, to bet on the result, and lose to the supposed contestants, who divide up the plunder. There isn't a Democratic politician in practical politics in St. Louis that Butler doesn't get when he wants him, except one. And that exception is Tom Kinney of the Fourth Ward. He is the only Democratic leader in St. Louis who isn't worked by a string in the hands of some one behind him. All the rest are "owned" by some one—by Butler, or Sam Priest, or Stuever, or the Adler-Cella-Tilles crowd. And Butler and Priest and Adler, Cella and Tilles and Stuever are all one heart and mind as to Folk. Butler has been the "fall guy" for them all. He exacts in return for the things he has endured in bearing the brunt of Folk's attack upon the system nothing but a policy that shall ruin the party while Folk is its head in Missouri, and one of the reciprocations due Butler is the pretense of a fight upon him, and the entrapping of Folk's friends into alliance with the city's Vice-Trust. Butler controls even the fight against himself, and utilizes it to hurt Folk.

Boodle at Jefferson City

By Gerald Sinclair

I PROPOSE to see personally to it that corrupt legislators, if there are any, are exposed and punished. Members-elect cannot take advantage of the fact that they have not been sworn in. The consummation of any contract they might make before they are sworn in would come under the provisions of the statutes."

This statement is credited by the *St. Louis Republic* to Joseph W. Folk, who early next month will be inaugurated Governor of Missouri. It reads very much like other statements attributed to Mr. Folk touching the all-absorbing question of official corruption. No one now doubts Mr. Folk's sincerity. Doubtless if he had his way, every boodler in the State would be wearing stripes. But the question comes up, how can one man put an end to legislative boodling in Missouri? The task seems herculean, if not impossible. And still Mr. Folk has had more experience than any man in the State with bribe-givers and bribe-takers. He has surprised some of the wisest on more than one occasion, and when a man has made good, as often as he has, he ought to be taken seriously. Under no circumstances is Mr. Folk a man to be laughed at.

Jefferson City is the Gibraltar of boodle and graft, particularly during sessions of the Legislature. The boodlers are not so "rough" in their work at the State capital as they were in St. Louis prior to the institution of the boodle prosecutions. And these boodle investigations and prosecutions will only make them more wary in the future. No doubt the boodlers who go to Jefferson City early next month, will not be unmindful of the fact that Mr. Folk is Governor and that he is in the habit of making his threats good. The spectacle of bribe-takers wearing stripes in the penitentiary will be ever before their eyes, so they will guard against any more such confessions as the late Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee made before the Cole County Grand Jury. They will see that checks for \$1,000 and \$1,000 bills are kept from public view. This will tend to make it all the more difficult for Mr. Folk to locate the boodlers, much less catch them with the goods on their persons, as Attorney General Crow caught John A. Lee.

In this connection it is not altogether out of place to print a statement that was squelched from public view during the campaign, for obvious reasons. It relates to the long boodle investigation conducted by Attorney General Crow, at the instigation of Governor Dockery, last spring and summer. That investigation cost Cole County more than \$20,000, and did not result in the indictment of a single member of the Legislature on a charge of boodling. The indictments against four State Senators were found at a former sitting of a Grand Jury. No one has ever charged that this investigation lacked vigor in its prosecution, but it seems that sufficient evidence could not be obtained on which to return indictments. When the Legislature convenes Cole County will ask to have this amount of money refunded.

This article is not intended as a scare-crow to prevent Mr. Folk from undertaking any investigation he may deem proper. In the first place, he is not the kind of a man to take fright, and in the second place, public sentiment will commend him in any undertaking of the kind. But the difficulties of catch-

ing boodlers at Jefferson City are many. It is only when the most bungling kind of work is done that a trail is left broad enough for a Cole County Grand Jury to take up and follow to a successful conclusion. Men frequently ask: "How is Mr. Folk going to learn if a member of the Legislature is riding on a railroad pass? Will he search their pockets and their baggage as soon as they arrive in Jefferson City?" While such questions are frivolous, yet they lead to others just as difficult to answer. There was not a man at Jefferson City during the last session of the Legislature who did not believe that the school text-book bill was defeated in the House as a result of the use of boodle, just as the baking powder bill was beaten in the Senate as the result of boodle. On the floor of the House, Speaker Whitecotton openly accused the agents of the school book trust of using money to defeat the text-book bill. Mr. Folk heard a good deal of testimony before the Grand Jury in St. Louis relating to this piece of boodle work, and he is no doubt thoroughly convinced that boodle was used to defeat the bill. But the bribe-givers, all well known, and the bribe-takers, most of whom are also well known, covered their tracks so effectively that all escaped indictment.

Many of the old gang of boodlers will be back in Jefferson City this winter. Undoubtedly large sums of money are now being used to settle the contest over the United States Senatorship. This will only afford provender for the Republican boodlers, but there will be other "things doing," which will enable Democratic boodlers to get their snouts in the trough. There will be attempts at railroad legislation, race track legislation, school book legislation; the baking powder bill will bob up again, all public service corporations will be attacked, either with a view to regulating them more severely or squeezing money out of them to be let alone—a very common method of boodling—and there will be numerous attempts to shake down all sources of "coin"; so Mr. Folk will

have his hands full right from the jump. No doubt many of the members, in fact, nine out of ten of them, will ride to Jefferson City on railroad passes and then charge and collect ten cents a mile from the State for the round trip.

Can one man meet all of these emergencies? If Mr. Folk does succeed he will perform a feat never even attempted by any man in Missouri or any other State. So far, Mr. Folk has only driven in the picket line of the boodlers and caught a few stragglers. His skill is yet to be tested against the real Fort Booodle. There are not many men who would undertake such a task, and there are certainly few, very few, men who could accomplish what Mr. Folk is credited with saying he will accomplish. In this cause he has the people behind him. Even those who otherwise oppose him wish him well.

One determined man can accomplish a great deal, but he cannot accomplish the impossible. While it is true that the boodlers are far in the minority, yet they have been firmly entrenched at Jefferson City for so many years that it will require great skill to dislodge them. They will move more cautiously than ever this winter, for they all feel a little nervous over Mr. Folk's threats. It will require some nerve to conduct boodle operations within the shadow of the penitentiary while a man like Mr. Folk occupies the Chief Executive office of the State, but how else are these boodlers to make a living? If boodling and grafting are extirpated during sessions of the Legislature there would be no more inducement for a certain class of men to go to Jefferson City than there would be for a skin gambler to conduct an honest game.

Undoubtedly there will be news at Jefferson City this winter if the boodlers are driven from their stronghold. Every day ought to produce a sensation of some kind. The boodlers will stick to Jefferson City as the traditionary Indian does to the burying grounds of his forefathers. Mr. Folk has declared a war of extermination. Good! There will be a desperate struggle, and there will be as much excitement at Jefferson City as there was in the early sixties when the Legislature adjourned to meet at Neosho and pass a resolution of secession, where the late Senator Vest could deliver a fiery harangue unmolested by the sound of Federal muskets. We shall see what we shall see.

The Passing of Missouri's Senior Senator

OW it happened in Missouri, is the theme of the appended letter, written by Mr. Wallace Bassford, formerly private secretary to the resonant Champ Clark of this State, and, during the campaign, an important official of the Democratic State Central Committee. Considering that Champ Clark claims to have sensed the landslide's coming, and that there have been charges that the party's defeat was due to the peculiar circumstance that the campaign managers boomed Folk and did nothing to help along the rest of the ticket, Mr. Bassford's letter is a sort of explanation and apology. Mr. Bassford does not refer to the chief cause of Cockrell's defeat, viz.: that he forced upon the ticket with Folk the thoroughly discredited and venal Sam B. Cook for Secretary of State, and Albert O. Allen, corporation

tool, for Auditor. Cockrell, the virtuous, the almost sainted Cockrell, stood in with the anti-Folk ring, and helped them to win the last battle with Folk, before the election. He stood for the absurd, the preposterous, the silly scheme of being a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He was put forward by the ring early in the year to stop the Folk boom, if possible. It was thought the ring could rally the people around Cockrell, and make them submit to a job to side-track Folk. Cockrell got into the same boat with Senator Frank Farris, Ed Butler, ex-Gov. Stone, Gov. Dockery, Harry B. Hawes and the whole tribe of obscurantists, the gang that wanted Folk done up because his victory threatened their extinction and their graft. He was as senile in this as a man could be, and furthermore, Cockrell had voted for

three years or more with the Republicans on every issue, and still, furthermore, in his few doddering speeches, attempting to save his own bacon, he spoke with much laudation of Roosevelt, as better than his party, and "damned with faint praise" the lock-jawed Parker. Those are the reasons why the senior Senator from Missouri was beaten. But let us proceed to Mr. Bassford's disingenuously bourbon letter.

Mexico, Mo., Nov. 30, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir:—If anything were needed to demonstrate to the thoughtful mind the truth that the penalties of politics are greater than the rewards, that factor is probably supplied by the approaching retirement of Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, whom Champ Clark has been pleased to call in affectionate admiration, "our senior and perpetual Senator." The prophetic portion of the big Congressman's characterization has been rudely upset by the unexpected election of a Republican Legislature in Missouri, which will elect from its own party a successor to the scarred veteran of a hundred bloody conflicts.

The defeat of the most popular man in Missouri was unexpected. Scarcely one of the political leaders in Missouri gave the question serious thought. It has been thirty years since Gen. Cockrell was first elected to the Senate from Missouri, and in that time no man has let his ambition run away with his judgment to the extent of causing him to announce his candidacy against the sitting member. Twenty-four years of that time Cockrell's colleague was George Graham Vest, and during all of those years Missouri's primacy on the floor of the Senate was scarce questioned.

Senator Cockrell's retirement comes about by reason of a combination of circumstances difficult to overcome. For a number of years about two-score of the legislative districts of Missouri have been so close that less than one hundred plurality could be secured by whichever party was the stronger in the district. This year the Democratic party managers had to confront an apathy in the rural districts which was deadly and hardly combatable. As a result, nearly all of these districts went Republican. It was the direct consequence of the Parker telegram to the St. Louis convention. The people of Missouri were in very close touch with that convention; their daily metropolitan papers, published in the convention city, were very replete with accounts of the proceedings. In addition, every community through the State had its visitors at the convention. The overwhelming majority of the Missouri Democrats were and are followers of the brilliant Nebraskan; they watched his fight in the Committee on Resolutions with bated breath. They realized that he had almost sacrificed his life in the long ordeal that finally resulted in the defeat of Hill's purpose to put a gold plank in the platform. They thought the Western Democrats were entitled to sufficient quarter from the "reorganizers" to be spared the humiliation of having to walk up and vote for the thing which they had so strongly combatted. Having fought a good fight, and having defeated Hill's purpose before the Committee on Resolutions, the only body empowered to draft a platform, they felt that the Parker telegram was a Hill trick, and a surreptitious method of stealing from them the fruits of their hard-earned victory before the committee.

These Democratic farmers didn't hold indignation meetings and howl to the pale-faced moon. They didn't even say what they were going to do, but with forgetfulness of the legislative candidates, the Congressional nominees, and almost everything else but

that gold-telegram and Wolfert's Roost, they doggedly stayed at home on election day. In some counties, where the local committees had provided vehicles to take the infirm, the sick, and the aged to the polls, numerous cases were noted where hitherto staunch Democrats refused to get out of the buggies and spring-wagons to vote, having renewed on the road to the voting-place their determination to withhold their ballots.

If all the votes were cast in Missouri, and cast along party lines, the Democratic plurality would be in the neighborhood of fifty thousand. In the recent election only the head of the State ticket was elected, this being Joseph W. Folk, the young Tennessean who landed St. Louis boddlers in the penitentiary until the people came to the conclusion that the man who made the best Circuit Attorney ever elected to office in the State might do equally well as Governor. However, the general Democratic apathy would have defeated him, along with the remainder of the ticket, had it not been for about twenty thousand Republicans, mostly in St. Louis and Kansas City, who scratched from their tickets the name of their own candidate for Governor to vote for the prosecutor of boddlers.

The story of how Mr. Folk secured the nomination of his party after a terrific fight against the or-

ganization has been discussed in every publication between the oceans. It resulted in the Folk forces taking charge of the State campaign. Just after the election, Senator William Joel Stone was asked by a representative of a St. Louis paper as to what he thought was the cause of the defeat in Missouri. He replied that one of the causes lay in the fact that "the old guard" didn't have charge of the campaign in the State—meaning the organization sometimes discourteously called "the ring." Congressman Vandiver replied hotly, saying: "The Senator forgets that we suffered a similar defeat in 1894, while Stone and his chosen lieutenants were on guard, and at that time the Democracy did not have a United States Senator to apologize for."

The most remarkable incident in connection with Senator Cockrell's case occurred when one of the St. Louis dailies appeared with an eight-column banner flung across the first page calling on Senator Stone to resign in order that Senator Cockrell might be elected to fill out Stone's unexpired term, and printing in connection with this unique demand signed promises from a number of the Republican members of the Legislature agreeing to join with the majority in electing Cockrell to the vacancy. It is needless to say that most men in politics fail to look seriously on the matter. I am, sir, WALLACE BASSFORD.

The Gold Brick in Music

By Pierre Marteau

SAINT LOUIS is a fine market for the musical "Gold Brick," and the New York manufacturers—known as managers of professional vocalists and instrumentalists—never hesitate to send here even their crudest specimens. This is due to the fact that four organizations—Choral Symphony Society, Apollo, Morning Choral and Union Musical Clubs—being blameless of musical guile, buy trustingly and persistently of the blandiloquent manager. Other provincial cities boasting of societies whose financial status permits of imported soloists are also victimized, but hardly to the same extent. "Easy-marks" like the Choral Symphony and the Apollo, especially the Apollo, are not found in many places. The Apollo Club, affluent, and of Arcadian innocence in matters musical, rather prides itself on paying more than other organizations for its soloists, and the wily manager plays on the club's weakness and befools it to the top of his bent. A specious brand of European endorsement never fails to catch the Apollo, and so it came to pass, that again this season this ingenuous organization had palmed off on it, a very high priced musical "Gold Brick." This time it was "Madame" Ella Russell "of Covent Garden, London," who divided with her managers a round slice of the Western club's specie. The lady in return gave forth tones metallic—sufficient in quantity but base in quality—and remnants of style, the antiquity of which mercifully mitigated the effect of an Ardití waltz by according with the composition.

The Choral Symphony tries not to allow itself to be victimized, but oftener than not gets a very poor return for its money. A memorable instance of the "Gold Brick" game was the engagement, "by special arrangement with M. Grau," of Miss Carrie Bridewell of the Metropolitan Opera House Com-

pany. Miss Bridewell gave a startling and painful exhibition of incompetency, but, like the heroine of a late melodrama "she was more to be pitied than scorned" as she was clearly the victim of managerial greed. Another flagrant fraud on the part of the trusted manager was the foisting on this society of Whitney Tew, a brazen specimen of impudence and ignorance.

However, many and grievous as have been the mistakes of the Symphony society's management, they are not comparable to the absurdities of the Apollo Club. Probably the most expensive "Gold Brick" of this kind ever sold here was Madame Emma Nevada, whose manager, Mr. Charles L. Young, secured one thousand dollars from the Apollo for her appearance at one of the club's concerts. Nevada may have had a voice in years gone by, but on this occasion, the poor, thin little thread of sound that issued from her lips as she piped "Listen to the Mockingbird," could be called so by courtesy only.

The list of unworthy and unknown foreign "celebrities" to whose agents the Apollo paid large sums is long, and includes some most remarkable specimens, such as "Herr Martinus Sieveking, the Dutch pianist," who proved to be Sievers, a mediocre piano thumper from Chicago; "Mlle. Cecil Lorraine of the Carl Rosa Opera Co., London;" "Mr. Gregory Hast, tenor, of London;" "Mlle. Camille Seygard of Brussels," and so forth. On several occasions, however, the Apollo fared better, and Van Rooy, Louise Horner, Plancon, Di Anna, Emil Sauer and Gabrilowitch have been heard with pleasure at the club concerts.

The Morning Choral, Union Musical and Mrs. Rohland's "Dominant Ninth" have not gone so far astray, probably because their soloist committees felt

that they could not afford to take chances by experimenting in musical "artists" and so engaged only those that they knew to be good. The Union Musical feels safe in the "Kneisel Quartet," and Zeisler being a pianist of indisputable position—to be had at a comparatively moderate fee—there can be no mistake in that direction. Mrs. Zeisler did not fail to meet the standard of work expected of her, at the Union Musical concert on Monday; she played gloriously—with the authority and abandon characteristic of her work.

An instance of the ease and celerity with which musical celebrities are made by New York "managers" or "agents," is furnished by the ease of a young woman of this city, who, in a very modest way, as befitted her ability, had made occasional public

appearances here. Neither her voice nor her singing attracted attention, but the ambition to become a professional singer seized upon her, so she hied herself eastward, where she studied frantically for three months and then found a manager, who, for a consideration, consented to make her a high-priced "artist." The lady had some talent, but no skill, however, persistent advertising of a hyphenated name and the usual managerial tactics finally had the desired effect and in six months after leaving her home city, the modest little third rate St. Louis choir singer, who was glad to give her services at concerts for something like ten dollars, became a full fledged and successful New York "artist" whose services command from provincial musical societies anywhere from one hundred to three hundred dollars.

Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules.
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries.

Poet, what ails thee, then?
Say, why so mute?
Forth with thy praising voice!
Forth with thy flute!
Loiterer! why sittest thou
Sunk in thy dream?
Tempt not the bright new age?
Shines not its stream?
Look, ah, what genius,
Art, science, wit!
Soldiers like Cæsar,
Statesmen like Pitt!
Sculptors like Phidias,
Raphael in shoals,
Poets like Shakespeare—
Beautiful souls!
See, on their glowing cheeks
Heavenly the flush!
—Ah, so the silence was!
So was the hush!

The world but feels the present's spell,
The poet feels the past as well;
Whatever men have done, might do,
Whatever thought, might think it too.

Sam Gompers

THE President of the American Federation of Labor, is a man who, whether or no one is in sympathy with the movement which he represents, impresses one as a truly great personality, says Miss Hanna Larsen in an article in the *Pacific Posten*, the leading Norwegian-Danish weekly paper, published in San Francisco. His insignificant physique but renders more impressive the reverence involuntarily given him by the stalwart men who surround him. His portraits give no adequate idea of his appearance, for although his head and shoulders are massive, he is very much below middle height, and walks with slow, difficult steps. The most prominent features of his face are a broad, benignant forehead and a wide, flexible mouth, which droops at the corners. The expression which first strikes a sympathetic observer is fatigue, then patience, and a certain nobility of soul. If he be the Moses who is leading the laborers into their promised land, I think he sometimes says with Moses and with many other great leaders of men in all times, "These people are more than I can bear." And who can wonder!

With his mild, almost diffident manner and his black coat and white tie, Gompers looks more like a kindly old country minister than like the commanding general of an army of two million workingmen. The illusion is not broken when he begins to speak slowly and mildly, in a low voice and with many pauses, as though seeking after words, while his face works nervously. The audience listens half impatiently, half expectantly. Suddenly an electric shock passes through it. Indolent backs straighten, and roving eyes are concentrated on the speaker. Gompers has not raised his voice, but there is in it a gleam of cold steel. Then follow sarcasms that bite and

Bacchanalia; or the New Age

By Matthew Arnold

Reprinted by Request

THE evening comes, the fields are still.
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
Unheard all day, ascends again;
Deserted is the half-mown plain,

Silent the swaths; the ringing wain,
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms!
The business of the day is done,
The last-left haymaker is gone.
And from the thyme upon the height,
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The perfume which the day forgoes.
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill!
The evening comes, the fields are still.

Loitering and leaping,
With saunter, with bounds—
Flickering and circling
In files and in rounds—
Gaily their pine-staff green
Tossing in air,
Loose o'er their shoulders white
Showering their hair—
See! the wild Mænads
Break from the wood,
Youth and Iacchus
Maddening their blood.
See! through the quiet land
Rioting they pass—
Fling the fresh heaps about,
Trample the grass.
Tear from the rifled hedge
Garlands, their prize;
Fill with their sports the field,
Fill with their cries.

Shepherd, what ails thee, then?
Shepherd, why mute?
Forth with thy joyous song!
Forth with thy flute!
Tempt not the revel blithe?
Lure not their cries?

Glow not their shoulders smooth?
Melt not their eyes?
Is not, on cheeks like those,
Lovely the flush?
—Ah, so the quiet was!
So was the hush!

II.

The epoch ends, the world is still.
The age has talk'd and work'd its fill—
The famous orators have shone,
The famous poets sung and gone,
The famous men of war have fought,
The famous speculators thought,
The famous players, sculptors, wrought,
The famous painters fill'd their wall,
The famous critics judged it all.
The combatants are parted now—
Uplung the spear, unbent the bow,
The puissant crown'd, the weak laid low,
And in the after-silence sweet,
Now strifes are hush'd, our ears doth meet,
Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
Of this or that down-trodden name
Delicate spirits, push'd away
In the hot press of the noon-day.
And o'er the plain, where the dead age
Did its now silent warfare wage—
O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
Where many a splendour finds its tomb,
Many spent fames and fallen might—
The one or two immortal lights
Rise slowly up into the sky
To shine there everlastingly,
Like stars over the bounding hill.
The epoch ends, the world is still.

Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves—
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves—
See! on the cumber'd plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age.
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,

sting, then sledge-hammer blows that shatter his opponents to atoms. Occasionally some deep and beautiful thought flashes to the surface. Or there is a touch of profound pathos, as when in remembering the departed workers in the cause of labor, he said in his slow old man's voice, "Perhaps when we have 'shuffled off this mortal coil' some one will say a good word for us, too."

When all is said, the dominating impression left by President Gompers' personality is that of an intellect like tempered steel and a will that cannot be

swayed to the right or to the left. On the platform he is a king. He quells a turbulent audience by sheer grit.

His humor is not of the too evident kind. No gleam of voice or eye prepares the audience for anything funny in his quiet words, and when one or two of the quickest minds catch on and start the laughter, it still takes two or three minutes before comprehension percolates all layers of the audience, and the fun, which was first but a little trickle, swells into wave upon wave of laughter.

Then she rose and moved away without even a gesture of refusal or acceptance.

The next morning Bernard came again to the fountain and stared carelessly down at the gilt and gliding fish.

The shadow of the bronze nymph had hardly moved an inch before Mrs. Caruther appeared on the terrace. She looked faint, sick and triumphant. Bernard raised his hat and moved slowly toward her.

"I did it!" she cried quickly, joyously, as they approached each other.

"Yes," he said—"yes."

"And you know I did it. It isn't very distinct in my mind. I fell asleep willing it, and then I really did it. You admit it? You saw me?"

"Yes, I saw you," he assented.

"And you knew it was I?"

"Oh, yes, I knew it was you, even before I had the additional proof of your handkerchief."

"My handkerchief?"

"Which I found on the floor afterward."

He drew it from his pocket.

The woman took two steps backward, staring at the cambric as at some mutilated yet living thing. A miserable horror blackened her eyes as she began to comprehend.

"Oh, fiend!" she gasped—"oh, devil incarnate!" and her glance encountered his in a shock of enslavement and mystery, fear and brutal cruelty, quivering flesh and dripping knout.

He shook the handkerchief, and a shower of paper tearings fell at her feet; then he placed it in her hand.

"That is my trap at the door," he said politely; "you know I told you that to-day I go to the Ruthvens."

And he bowed and left her.

From Tales from Town Topics.

In order to maintain social prestige, Mucha, the world-famous artist whose posters marked a new era in decorative art, stopped at "The Lion," Nikolsburg's leading inn. Being both witty and musical, he was invited about considerably, despite the fact that his wardrobe was perilously shabby. At one period his single pair of trousers was in such a hazardous condition that his only expedient was to wear his topcoat throughout the evening, on the plea of suffering from chills. After several public appearances under these conditions, he was surprised one morning to receive a visit from the leading tailor of the town, who took his measure for a pair of trousers and politely but firmly declined any suggestion of payment. Mucha subsequently appeared in the trousers, and was complimented on their color, cut, etc. It was not until nearly twenty years later, when he had become a famous artist, that the sequel came in the form of a letter from Berger, one of the townsmen, asking whether he recalled the incident, and adding that the trousers had been a spontaneous gift from the young ladies of Nikolsburg.

Howard and Dorothy were discussing family matters.

"When I am a man," said Howard, "I intend to marry Cousin Allan."

"You can't do that," answered Dorothy, "because men don't marry one another."

"I can so," persisted Howard. "I should like to know why not?"

"Because," said Dorothy, looking very wise, "their children would have two papas and no mammas."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Way She Willed

By the Somnambulist

BERNARD'S glance wandered here and there with a certain characteristic indolent interest. He shook his cigar ash into the fountain, and when he replaced the cigar his expression of indifferent regard deepened. The family baby, out exercising the family *bonne*, paused at his side to throw some bread to the fish. Bernard crumbled bread for the child and smiled on the maid.

What was there about this good-humored gentleman to proclaim the terrible? Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!

Down to the fountain edge came Mrs. Caruther, holding up a rough gray skirt and letting one of blue silk trail through the dew. Mrs. Caruther was bright and entertaining, with a girl's enthusiasm and a woman daring speech. She was not afraid to match herself with so clever a man as Bernard. She felt her blade was as sharp as his own, and it was—to look at.

"Well, I read it all through," she announced, seating herself on the edge of the basin and dabbling her hand in the water.

Bernard flung his cigar away.

"I told you not to," he said; "but what did you think of it?"

"I thought it was wonderful!"

"And believed it all, of course?"

"Of course. I mean to study it, to learn it, to learn how. I mean to be able to do it myself."

"And then?"

"Oh, it will be grand! To be able to come and go like a bird! To be afar while here! To live actually in the world, the great world, instead of in one poor little corner of it!"

"Yes?" said Bernard slowly and with interrogation.

"Yes. Why, I shall be able to come and see you. You will be surprised."

"Not if I leave my door unlocked."

She laughed carelessly, then leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "But honestly, now, don't you believe that I could will myself into your presence at any time and place—if I understood those laws?"

"Certainly."

"And I think I comprehend sufficiently now. In a few days I mean to try. And you will tell me if I have succeeded? You will play fair?"

"Certainly I'll be fair. I'll write to you. I go to the Ruthvens to-morrow, and if I receive a visitation from your spirit I'll write to you at once. Hold on, I have an idea." He felt in his pocket and brought out several papers. Taking one in his

hand he raised his eyes to hers. She was watching him with eager quickness, and her gaze suddenly chilled as she met his peculiarly unwinking and steady look. Something held her transfixed for a long moment; then Bernard put the paper into her hand, and she recovered herself with a little nervous laugh and unfolded it.

It was her husband's I. O. U. for more than a year's income. She paled slightly and then handed it back.

"He will pay it," she said almost haughtily.

"He doesn't know yet that he gave it to me," said Bernard coolly. "I won it at cards when he wasn't fit to play. Listen." He turned the paper over in his palm twice. "You know this money is nothing to me and much to you. If you are strong enough to will yourself into my presence this very night this paper shall be yours."

Her face flared up in one hot blaze. It died down, leaving only gray ashes.

"Why do you ask me that?"

"I want the measure of a woman's mental calibre."

She flushed and paled again, and the man's eyes never left her face.

THREE DREAMS

I DREAM of peaceful living;—

A nest of my own,

From the world swung high,

With the stars of Love

In the bending sky—

A nest of my own, swung high, swung high,
O'er the stream of the world as it rushes by.

A dream of perfect loving;—

One spot in your heart

As the years roll on,

While friendships decay

And friendships are born.

One place in your heart, there forever to lie,
While passions and fancies go by, go by.

A dream of perfect resting;—

Thro' a portal so small,

None can enter save me,

Yet so wide that its limits

No mortal can see.

A quiet that echoes not laughter nor sigh,
Neither pause of a step as the world passes by.

THE MIRROR

9

Mary's Lullaby.

WORDS BY
Nora Hopper-Chesson.

MUSIC BY
Alicia Adélaïde Needham.

Andante grazioso, con molto tenerezza.

Andante grazioso, con molto tenerezza.

mf semplice pastorale.

Ped.

1 O hush Thee, my Ba-by, lie warm on my breast: The inn has no
2 O hush Thee, my Ba-by, and weep not so sore: The place of Thy
3 O hush Thee, my Ba-by, Thine in - no-cent sleep-ing Thine in - no-cent

room where we two can find rest, The sky hou-ses star up on star, and the deep Has rocks in whose shad-ow the
shel-ter has o-pened its door To snow-cov-ered neat-herds that bring in their kine From the wind that is sharp as a
crea-tures shall have in their keep-ing; Thy mo-ther as bold as the weak-est will be With some-thing to guard that is

poco rall.

a tempo.

rall.

a tempo.

poco accel.

lit-tle fish sleep; But here up-on earth from the power of the storm There seems not a cran-ny where we can lie
dag-ger ground fine. Man fails Thee but Thou shalt be watched by the brute, And hoofs, they shall tram-ple Thy foes un-der
fee-bler than she; For she holds to her bo-som her new-ly-born son, De-sire of the a-ges, the Ho-li-est

poco rall.

a tempo.

rall.

a tempo.

poco accel.

a tempo.
f con passione.

rall.

1st and 2nd times.

warm. O King of all kings, The snow-storm has wings. Whose fea-thers would freeze Thee to death on my arm.
foot. If dan-ger draw nigh Thee, Thine ox-en stand by Thee As near as the an-gels Thy weep-ing makes mute.
One. The Gen-tiles in twi-light Sit, wait-ing for Thy light, Whose road to the Cross from the Sta-ble shall

f a tempo.

ben marcato

rall.

mf a tempo

Last time.

run

poco rall.

mp a tempo.

mf

poco rall.

mf semplice.

mp

Ped.

The Wisdom of Youth

A Modern Parable

By Oliver White

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

REGINALD YEARLING.

AN OLD WOMAN.

A YOUNG WOMAN.

THIS is an attempt to show that the supreme wisdom of a young man is not wisdom at all, but an abnormal state of mind. It takes three people to do it—a very old woman, a very young girl, and an extraordinarily old-young man. The incident occurs in the library of his bachelor apartments at midnight. The room, as one would imagine, is superbly furnished in black oak. This shows what a morbid fellow he is. It is cold and snowy outside. Flurries of snow sting the faces of the night hawks. The rear wall has shelves built in it and these shelves are filled with books, the reading of which would give ordinary mortals headaches, but—a secret in your ear—the young man doesn't read them. He considers himself beyond them, but they look good and would impress a stranger. There is a heavy panelled door between these shelves and the door leads into a hall; in this hall is a lamp and it is lighted. Remember this, as it is of importance in the incident. There is a hat-rack, also in the hall. A great bay window takes up part of the left side of the room. That's how we know it is snowing. We can see the flakes through it, but our suspicions of the state of the weather might be aroused by the glowing coke fire at the right side of the room. It casts a beautiful ruddy glow over the furniture. The room is otherwise dark, for the lamp on the table is flickering, the only flame being the tiny one in the cigar lighter. There are many pictures of ladies about the room—little feminine tokens such as lace handkerchiefs, match safes that won't hold any matches, and on a table delicately written letters that are silly, if we were impolite enough to take advantage of the young man's absence. Now, one thing more I must beg you to remember, as, after the characters themselves, it is the most important thing in the incident—a huge volume of Goethe, the German philosopher; it is in a very conspicuous part of the book shelves. Were I giving a stage direction, I should say that some sort of a light should be cast on it, that the word "Goethe," or if you think it more appropriate, "Faust," might be easily seen by an audience. Now you may guess how important it is, as the scene is ready to be admired. An impertinent little French clock jingles out twelve and, after a slight pause, the heavy door is thrown open and discloses

REGINALD YEARLING.

He is a young man of five and twenty. His face is white and weak and regular; his eyelids droop heavily; the expression in the eyes is that of a personified yawn; he is so tired of everything; life has nothing new to show him. At twenty-five he can look back on the days when he was a sad dog; he is already past his soubrette years; he is young enough to understand women thoroughly. He is slender and straight; his hands are white; his fingers long and stained with nicotine. He has written several books of city life which were praised by ladies, the delightful cynicism attracting them. He has just come from a very dull

tete-a-tete with a charming young woman and is dressed accordingly. Slipping off his coat, he hangs it on the rack in the hall, steps into the room, closes the door and looks about in a very weary manner.

YEARLING.

Same old room—how tired I am of looking at you! (Yawns). But I've been living in you long enough to know that you'll never change. Nothing does. We think things become different after a while, but they only take on another color and it's our own imaginations that give them the color.

(The above remarks please him and he laughs gently as he slips his coat off, and slips into a smoking jacket that hangs on a chair by the fire; if you have no smoking jacket a bath-robe will do).

Now what the deuce am I laughing at? I must have said something clever, and yet—she—she said I was very dull to-night. Wonder what she'd have said if she knew what I was thinking of—if she knew I was looking through the flush of her cheeks and seeing dry bones, looking through her eyes and seeing hollow sockets? And when she gave me this rose from her hair, wonder what she'd have said had I told her what I saw—a worm in its heart. No wonder I was dull; one can't be merry at a funeral, and that's what she wanted. I see only the corpse of things. My eyes are too sharp. They have sunk too deep. I know too much.

(He puts the flower between the covers of a book that he finds on the table. Then he wearily lights a cigarette. He looks down and spies some manuscript on the table. He handles it lovingly).

My last book! Into it has gone all the experience, all the knowledge of the world that is mine. All the secrets of life that I have gleaned and garnered up breathe with palpable breath in it, and whimper out their meaning. Soon the world of men will know and shudder at the thought that I knew, all the time, their hearts and the motives of them. Oh Life, Life, are you not ashamed to be so childishly obvious? I know you for the trickster that you are. I haven't lived twenty-five years for nothing. No, not for nothing, for I've an aching heart, a tired brain, a weary body and I long for rest.

(A sleigh containing merry roysterers jingles past. They are singing that very vulgar song that informs people that the singers are not going home until morning. YEARLING walks to the window and looks at them with cynical disgust).

Fools! Making themselves believe they are happy and the lie rings as false as the bells that try to outdo their sighs. Men are afraid to look Life in the face; instead, they look at its hands and see the gifts in them, but if they gazed into its eyes, they'd see the sneer of bitterness there and understand that its pleasure in giving lies in the fact that it can demand its gifts back again and that, too, in the hour when the worth of them is greatest. I know you not, you shallow thing that men put a value on. You are the prince of lies, of shams, of tricks, the king of men and women by right of might, but you are not my king. I'm yours by right of mastery. You can show me nothing new, you can but repeat, as a clock repeats

the time o' day. I know each letter of your song; my eyes have pierced the bubble of your scheme. I'm disillusioned, but your scheme is worthless.

(All this has been addressed to the street down which the sleigh has passed. This is a very vehement young man. He accompanies his tirades with much shaking of fists, like a colored preacher of the Gospel. He now turns away. On his face is a smile. He feels confident that Life has a most abject countenance to look at in the mirror; he comes to the table, seats himself facing the audience—if he has any).

What is there left—nothing but sleep, bed. (He says this as you or I would say "suicide"). I hate the thought of it. A book to read? What book? Shakespeare? He was one of Life's little jokes on the world. He was made a genius, to spite his contemporaries. Omar, The Tent Maker? He had to get drunk to learn the things that I know sober. Come, what shall I read? Something worth a little less than death, a little more than bed?

(He rests his head upon his hands and ponders over the problem; there is a great silence and the volume of Goethe falls from the shelf to the floor making a terrific sound. YEARLING leaps to his feet with an expression of nervous fear on his face; he peers around the room and finally spies the book; he is very much relieved).

Ah, a book! Let Chance decide. Whatever this book contains will be the thing to give me recreation or be a soft pillow on which to rest my head.

(He picks up the book, carries it to the fire-place, seats himself, and in the glow reads the name—"Goethe." (Then, condescendingly), A clever man. (modifyingly,) But with all the faults of Teutonic philosophy, a philosophy that helps Life to disguise its meaning by inventing problems for people to guess about, thereby keeping their minds off the Truth.

(As he speaks he is turning the leaves. Suddenly he stops, examines the page carefully, and laughs). "Faust!" "Faust!" (He laughs again and the book slips from his fingers and falls at his feet unheeded).

Faust—he was the beggar who, having lived long enough to know everything in Life, called on the devil to make him young again, that he might do better with his eyes. Shows what a fool he was! A man doesn't need two lives to learn the secret. I didn't. At twenty-five I've learned it; and I'm sick of youth. Youth, with its knowledge that Fogysm laughs at. (He rises and walks to window). But, after all, if Youth knows the secret, Age italicises the knowledge and the world of men can only read Italics. (Sententiously, argumentatively, with decision and emphasis, because the next words are the keynote of the incident. If you can't do all these things, do as many as you can). You need the stamp of gray hair to give your words worth. Yet, philosopher that he was, Faust didn't know that. (Lightly, dismissingly). Oh, he was an ass—scholarly, perhaps, but an ass—not to know that to be old is to wear Wisdom's clothes so naturally that the world cranes its neck to look at them, and that Youth has worn the cap and bells so long that people laugh when it dons the cap and gown. Oh Faust was an ass, still it's pretty poetry and a good idea. False, of course, but pretty. (With sudden fervor), Oh, for his chance! Oh, to get the devil by the ear! I'd sign away a half a dozen souls, if he'd give me what I'd ask for, and it wouldn't be Marguerite, nor any other woman; but I'd ask the boon of Age, crabbed Age, to give my thoughts a casket worthy of their value; to run thin lines of silver through the pages that I write; to write in wrinkles, a million of them, all that has passed

before my mind's eye, to make my gait uncertain lest I tread upon the broken glass of false philosophy. Gad, that's what I'd ask of him! The Dignity of Age!

(From out the silence and the gloom comes a deep sonorous voice: Ask it!)

(YEARLING is startled; he peers cautiously around the room, but, of course, sees nothing). Nonsense; one would think I was as big a fool as Faust. (He picks up the book.) Back you go into your place, Herr Philosopher. Your ideas are pretty, but a little behind our time. (He places the book in the shelf and smiles at it.) Don't be angry because I laugh at you, doctor; but you are so outrageously German; a philosopher whose mind was ingenuous enough to create a devil must have been a child already; so the devil's task was easy; now wouldn't you laugh, if you were a real man instead of an extremely fanciful fancy of a half mad poet, if I should bark around this room and ask a fellow in red tights to come and do tricks for me? Of course you would and I shouldn't blame you, not a bit.

(Again there is a pause, and again the voice booms out): ASK IT!

(This time YEARLING is extremely agitated. He slowly glances at corners and starts every moment at imagined noises. Finally he opens door. The hanging lamp is now without a light and the hall is inky black; he looks down the hall and shivers.)

There must be a window or something open; it's cold as the north pole, and by George—(He is gasping now), I could have sworn that light was burning. (He enters the room and closes the door). It's my nerves; my nerves. (He pours a glass of wine, drinks it and lights a cigarette). Of—of course, it's my nerves. I've been thinking too much and studying too hard of late. I must try and forget—forget. By Jove, that's it; that's the secret. Faust was casting about for something to while away an idle hour, so, as a joke, he called on the devil; why shouldn't I?

(He smokes silently for a space; then, in a worried voice, he whispers to himself).

That light was burning and the air in the hall, now that I remember, was very—very—damn these nerves of mine! I must give myself something to laugh about. I'll take the wise philosopher's antidote and amuse myself with things this silly world of men calls serious.

(He walks over to the fire-place and takes a picturesque attitude. The reflection of the fire lighting up his face, shows a half-serious, half-mocking expression).

Mr. Devil, wherever you are, I, Reggie Yearling, being of sound mind and healthy body, except for my beastly nerves, acting on the suggestion of Doctor Faust, summon you to my presence; but don't be long, for it's getting past my bed time. So hurry; that's a good fellow. Oh no, no, that doesn't sound just right. The devil has a good deal of the feminine in him—he likes red fire and mysticism.

(He pauses and, after a moment's reflection, says decisively): He shall have it.

(He glances around the luxurious room at all the knick knacks and gew gaws and laughs gently. He seldom laughs. When he does, it is always gently, one might say pathetically). When a man sells his youth he must sell with it all it signifies—its follies, its passions, its vanities.

(He goes to an escritoire and extracts several bulky packets of love letters. We might imagine they are scented—just a faint suggestion of a scent. It couldn't get over the footlights, of course, but for the sake of realism, sprinkle a few drops of imaginary perfume on them).

Love letters—the very epitome of all I should renounce. Fiery in themselves, they'll make a capital blaze. Ah, your Majesty shall have your red fire, and all your theatrical paraphernalia! Gertie the fair, the adored of twenty; Bess the false, and Sue the silly, and Jane the sad, your time has come and from the ashes of the thing you symbolize must rise the Phoenix of my greatness.

(He tosses the letters into the fire and the blaze they make illumines the room and keeps it light as day during the following scene. As he speaks the next few lines, he moves about the room sweeping from the mantel, pictures; from the walls, the aforesaid tokens of femininity, such as fans, kerchiefs, etc. From time to time he augments the blaze by throwing the trinkets in it). Now, Mr. Devil, there's a strictly conventional incantation. I'm lonely and I want to be amused. I'm dull and I wish some company to brighten me, so if you'll give heed to my invitation, you will not doubt its sincerity, but will come and pass a pleasant hour within my walls. You shall smoke my best cigars, drink my best wine, listen to my best thoughts and, in return, you have but to do one of your tricks for me, not a difficult one, such as Faust asked of you, but one that to you, Prince of Magicians, will seem ridiculously easy. I've lived a hundred years in twenty-five. I have the wisdom of a sage, the form of a boy. I ask of you to look to this paradox. Give me an outward form that will fittingly enclose the Jewel. Give me a voice that will tremble, that every tremor may silence the scoffers. My own knowledge of life will do the rest. I renounce the follies of twenty—give me the dignity of eighty. By all the lies I've told to women, by all the lies that women have told to me, I bid you appear! By Puppy Passion and the thing called Love that Youth believes in, by renunciation of the Eternal She, I bid you appear! By Coral Lips and Painted Cheeks, the mockeries of Truth, by the fleshly covering of all that's false, by all the fascinating lures that ladies fair are educated in, by all the sins committed in their name, I bid you appear.

(He now takes the rose from the book and changes his voice to a tenderer tone).

And last by Her my one time silly heart adored, by that first kiss I pressed upon her lips, by all first loves, first passions, and first sins, I bid you—I command you—to appear, appear, APPEAR!

(He has worked himself into a mild sort of excitement and, as he finishes, still forgets how very foolish his words sound; when he remembers, he laughs whimsically and looks about the room but, of course, sees nothing, as no one, not even a self-respecting devil would be likely to come at such a silly summons. The impertinent little clock strikes one—signifying twelve-thirty. YEARLING starts at the sound; he is a nervous creature; he listens, then becoming easier, assumes a jocular tone and bearing).

There, doctor, you now have a slight conception of how your idiotic performance appears to me. I'm going to bed.

(He starts for the door of his bedroom and suddenly stops. He has his hand on the door-knob. The wind is heard whistling and shrieking its way down the street and the snow may be seen flurrying in greater volume. Indeed, if the stage manager be a kind man, we may be able to hear it tinkle against the window pane. It is certainly not a nice night for a walk, yet some one is out in it, and, strange as it may seem, YEARLING can hear the foot-sounds on the snow. He hurries to the window. But the snow is miles thick and he tries to peer through it in vain. Sudden-

ly a door slams at the end of the hall. Then the sound of a cane tapping on the floor is heard. Also can be heard the "tramp, tramp" of a pair of feet. The sound becomes louder and more distinct each moment).

By Jove, someone's on the steps!

(The sound nears and he listens more intently).

Someone's in the hall!

(He now hears three distinct raps on the door).

Someone's at the door—a beggar, I suppose. I must have left that door open; that accounts for the cold and for the beggar.

(The rap is repeated. It is louder this time).

I ought to have some change in my pockets.

(The rap is again heard. It is now insultingly loud).

Come in; come in and quit that devilish pounding on the door!

(The door is slowly opened and a very old woman enters. She is very thin, this old woman, and her face is dry and yellowed and wrinkled. She is, at first guess, a million years of age. Some people might think she looks older. Her fingers are long, bony and shriveled. As she comes into the room she leers at the young man in a very sodden, cruel manner. Then she hobbles to the fire-place, for she shivers as with ague, and proceeds to warm her horrible looking flappers. While we could not call her spirituelle, we should have to call her unearthly. A grave-yard smell doesn't sound pretty, but the term is a fitting one when applied to the atmosphere she carries with her. If you like the idea of a dead fish smell, you may use it instead. YEARLING has been rummaging his pockets for change, and while she is warming her queer body at the fire, doesn't see her. When he does, he is naturally startled, for she is certainly not prepossessing).

YEARLING.

I beg your pardon, but—but aren't you a bit presumptuous?

THE PARCHMENT.

(Without turning), Aren't you a bit inconsistent?

YEARLING.

Why?

THE PARCHMENT.

For the last ten minutes you have been calling on me, and now that I'm here—

YEARLING.

Are you the devil?

(He is a little surprised—as surprised as he ever allows himself to be).

THE PARCHMENT.

Not the devil, your devil. You are important enough to have a devil for your own particular use.

(He is a little flattered at this, and wishes to taste more of it).

YEARLING.

Am I so different from every one else?

THE PARCHMENT.

No; not from every one else. You represent a type—the Old Youth of to-day. You are no more a novelty, as men go, than I am, as devils go. There are all sorts of devils, as there are all kinds of women. Devils are man's personified disillusion. But for the penetrating master brains of the type you represent, I might be an angel.

(She is kneeling before the fire and baking her face; not once has she looked at YEARLING. Not once has she removed the cruel leer from her mouth).

YEARLING.

What is your name, my pet disillusion? For, hang me, if, from here you resemble anything or anybody I ever knew. Are you one of the Graces or one of the

THE MIRROR

Fates or just an odd creature of the flesh with an abnormal imagination and a limitless supply of nerve?

THE PARCHMENT.

Come, look at my face, and you will understand. *(He hesitates, but only for a moment. He takes her face between his hands and twists it around. The light of the fire brings out the horrid repulsiveness of it. He looks at it fascinated).*

YEARLING.

I swear I have seen you. I swear I know you as well as I know myself, this room, as well as I know Life.

(She chuckles at this and turns around, squatting on the floor. She now bakes her back and continues to chuckle. YEARLING stands over her).

THE PARCHMENT.

I knew you'd know me in person—you have drawn such wonderful pictures of me in your books. I am the counterpart of those pictures, am I not? I am Life, as you see it, am I not?

(He falls on his knees and scrutinizes her face).

YEARLING.

It is a most peculiar coincidence. But you bear a marked resemblance to my ideas, and if my book were ready for the world's eyes, I should be interested in your opinion. How the deuce did you manage to stir out to-night?

THE PARCHMENT.

You are the first man I've ever visited. I only visit those who have my picture in their brain. It shows they have given me some thought. You are a very young man to have drawn my picture with such wonderful truth. Where did you get your ideas?

YEARLING.

Never mind; they are correct.

THE PARCHMENT.

Can you not see? Am I not hideous as you have so often said I am? Am I not a bloodless creature—cold, hard, unresponsive? Am I, as your friends have drawn me to you, worth wooing, or, as you have drawn me to them, worth only a kick and a sneer? Is my favor worth having? You have said it was not. Look at me and doubt if what you said was true?

(YEARLING has overcome his awe; he is really a proud young man. He laughs conceitedly and rises from the floor).

YEARLING.

You are certainly not entrancing, but that is nothing new to me.

THE PARCHMENT.

Is there anything new to you wonderful young men of to-day? Is there a wrinkle in my face you have not touched with your fingers?

YEARLING.

Hardly.

THE PARCHMENT.

Oh, I'm proud of you, my children.

(Imagine the old hag sitting there toasting her back and sneering and jeering at this youthful personage, who is too conceited and self-satisfied to notice it).

YEARLING.

Did I understand you to say young men or young man?

THE PARCHMENT.

I think I said young men.

YEARLING.

Then there are others who have, as you put it, touched your wrinkles with their fingers?

THE PARCHMENT.

Thousands of them, but they didn't have the

courage to say so, at twenty-five and, when they did, I was indisposed and my mother visited them.

YEARLING.

Your—your mother; have you a mother? What do they call her?

THE PARCHMENT.

Ah, you shall see her some day; and recognize her as readily as you recognized me. But her face is smooth, her eyes are bright, her form is sleek, for she is stronger than I, and some there are who say she is more beautiful than I, for at times she uses her beauty to carry off my followers. She only smiles a luring smile.

(At these words she rises and moves slowly toward the table whereon lies a paper-knife, formed in the shape of a Persian dagger. She picks this up and taps the table with it significantly).

And they follow her of their own accord.

(YEARLING sees this movement on her part and struggle as he may against the feeling, a sickening dread steals into his heart and he shudders. She sees it and enjoys it. He walks over to the table and with trembling fingers picks up the knife and deposits it in the drawer. He locks the drawer; then, with the key in his hand, he hurries to the fire and casts the bit of metal into the flames. He feels safer).

YEARLING.

And your father?

THE PARCHMENT.

Sh—! *(She trembles. Her face takes on an expression of frenzied hatred. She displays her feelings in deep mutterings of wrath. Finally she totters to the window and points with her thin bony fingers to the street).* He is there.

(YEARLING stands behind her, following the direction of her finger).

YEARLING.

Where?

THE PARCHMENT.

In the world of men. He is of earth, while I and my mother are of air; he is a father who will not stand sponsor for his child; he blames it on another who is innocent of my being. I am a child of this world, a child of this age—this wonderful age. I am a child of the city, the great, fevered, soulless city. I am the base-born of conditions, the daughter of unhealthy ignorance and youth. I am the penalty of the bloodless crime that throws such things as you upon the earth. Do you wish to see my father's face?

YEARLING.

Yes.

(She turns on him, grips him by the shoulders and draws him close to her).

THE PARCHMENT.

Then look; look deep down into my eyes. *(YEARLING looks and struggles with her. She is possessed of strange strength, but he finally dashes her against the table).*

THE PARCHMENT.

What did you see?

(He stands looking straight ahead and speaks in a monotone).

YEARLING.

My own face.

(THE PARCHMENT smiles at the still dumbfounded figure and smiling, slips into the chair at the back of the table. She finds her elbows resting on the pages of the manuscript and commences to take an interest in the story. She becomes excited and peruses it with great rapidity, laughing, chuckling, exclaiming all the while. YEARLING finally hears the rustling of the leaves and comes out of his trance).

THE PARCHMENT.

A masterpiece—a veritable masterpiece!

(The wonder goes out of his eyes; he has forgotten the incident that caused it ever to be in them. He is again the disillusioned youth).

YEARLING.

What are you doing there?

THE PARCHMENT.

Admiring my picture. It is the best you have drawn, the truest. Indeed, you have drawn wrinkles that were not there when last I looked, but as I rub my fingers, so—*(Here she traces her wrinkled face with her long talons)*, I see they are in truth there now. Why, Mr. Yearling, you seem to know me better than I know myself.

YEARLING.

I do. I know every motive in your sinister mind, every pulsation of your cruel heart, and, what is more to the point, mankind shall know you for the preposterous sham you are.

(He seats himself at the table and propounds the query): Now what do you say to that?

THE PARCHMENT.

That you cannot expose me, until I give you the right; until I free your tongue. That's what I say. Do I make myself plain?

YEARLING.

You make yourself hideously plain, revoltingly plain; but not any plainer than I make you for the world's eyes.

THE PARCHMENT.

You mean that this book is to show me as I am?

YEARLING.

Yes.

THE PARCHMENT.

They will not believe you. They will laugh at you as they have always done.

YEARLING.

They will shudder.

THE PARCHMENT.

You do not know them.

(At this he laughs derisively).

YEARLING.

Oh, no, of course not. *(Angrily),* Why do I not know them?

THE PARCHMENT.

Because you're a mere boy—a mere child.

YEARLING.

Ah, that's it; that's been ever the cry; eternal words set to an eternal melody; it's dinged into my ears day and night, when my very whisper should be heeded with respect.

THE PARCHMENT.

Do you understand on what I base my safety? Why the world will say, "a child know life? A mere boy understands what baffles us!" Don't you see man's conceit is my bulwark? Your youth is my fortress. What you wish to be taken as truths will be taken as epigrams, for your pigheaded contemporaries have the notion that Truth is a very dull thing, and that the thought that needs an epigram to give it strength must needs be weak.

YEARLING.

That's a lie.

THE PARCHMENT.

Of course it is; you know it, I know it, but the silly world doesn't know it, for which I am supremely grateful, and because of which I'm safe from exposure.

(YEARLING rises and walks to the window; she leans at him. YEARLING talks to the world in this strain):

Listen to me, won't you? I speak the truth, the truth of truths. Life is a doddering, driveling thing, without feeling, without goodness; a creature that laughs at all you do, and mocks your dreams. Life

THE MIRROR

13

is a hoax; a thing fit only for fools whose fancy puts flesh on a skeleton and worships what it thinks is human. Listen to me! I speak the truth of truth. Listen to me, who have seen life and know the truth of truth. Listen to me—listen—listen—

(He batters at the window and screeches at the top of his voice; then he falls at the window and cries out):

No use; the world is deaf.

THE PARCHMENT.

You do not use the proper tone; your voice should tremble. You do not show the proper face; it should be wrinkled. The wealth of youth is gold dust. It is in your hair. The wealth of age is silver, it must cover the gold. Do you understand? You need the stamp of gray hair and wrinkles to give your words worth.

YEARLING.

Ah, that is true; that is what I have always said; that is what I said to-night.

(Here he starts and rises from the floor).

And in those words—you heard—

THE PARCHMENT.

Yes; and I said to myself "Here is a young man who has solved a great problem, who has penetrated the flimsy hearts of his fellowmen, who has discovered the trick of fame. Here is a young man of twenty-five who understands me"—Ah, it is such a relief to be understood—"And who, to tell my secrets to the world, will sacrifice love, pleasure, health and even his youth."

YEARLING.

Yes, yes, my youth, my youth.

THE PARCHMENT.

(Rising from the chair she strikes an attitude; an expression of grimness flits over her face).

You invited me to your room. I have come. You have invoked me in such a way that I was powerless to resist. You have said I have nothing new to show you—you have exhausted all pleasure, all emotion, all desire. You are a satiated centennarian, lacking only the form to give your experience the stamp of value. You need gray hair and wrinkles, a trembling hand, a whispering voice. Well, I can give them.

YEARLING.

You can?

THE PARCHMENT.

Have you not heard of men aging in a night?

YEARLING.

Yes.

THE PARCHMENT.

Is it a bargain?

YEARLING.

My soul?

THE PARCHMENT.

Souls—they are worthless to me. Bodies are my slaves. Souls are in my mother's province.

YEARLING.

Then what do you want in exchange?

(She picks up the MMS. and shakes it before his eyes).

THE PARCHMENT.

This—this learned disquisition on my cruelty; this truthful picture that the youth of you has drawn. I wish to keep it from the world's eyes. I will not be laughed at. I wish to baffle them for all time. Is it a bargain?

YEARLING.

And you will give in place of the wisdom of youth—

THE PARCHMENT.

The dignity of age.

YEARLING.

(Putting out his hand).

Done!

(She thrusts it aside and strikes another attitude; she is a fearful poseur, is this old woman).

THE PARCHMENT.

The hand won't do. I want the lips. To grow old, your lips must burn from the fire of Life's kiss; you must feel the pain of Life's passion. (Commandingly). Your lips! Press them upon mine! It is the penalty all men must pay. It is the toll of Age's highway. Your lips!

(Her hair has fallen down half way to her feet; her hair is black and coarse and knotty; her eyes flash with majesty; YEARLING goes toward her, mechanically folds her in his arms and kisses her. He emits, instantly, a terrified scream).

YEARLING.

Your lips are cinders.

(She smiles as she pours out a glass of wine).

THE PARCHMENT.

Cool yours with this.

(She hands him the wine, which he gulps down).

You call it wine, now. When I am gone you will call it Memory.

(She has been moving toward the door, as she has been talking. She reaches it, opens it and the word "Memory" floats from her throat as she hobbles away).

(Left alone YEARLING becomes conscious of a strange metamorphosis taking place in himself. His actions become slower and more sedate. His hair gradually becomes white. His face wrinkles, his eyes lose their lustre, his hands tremble. I admit all this is going to be very difficult; but, bless you, the mind that can devise tread-mills and water-falls and make a crowd of ignorant rowdies represent citizens of Rome, would laugh at the obviousness of YEARLING's trick. The old man feels slight draughts and shows this by stopping up cracks under the window with bits of paper and cloth. This done to his satisfaction, he walks to the fire and hums an old love melody, in a cracked voice. Suddenly ending the song, he remembers the pictures of the fair ladies. He looks at the mantel, they are not there. He bethinks him of the rose and eagerly picks up the book in which he has placed it. He scents the faint odor; but the rose is not there. These things have aged him even more and he sinks into a chair by the table. He pours out a glass of wine; drinks it. His eyes flash with memories and he laughs and chuckles over things long gone by. He drinks again and again, until every man in the audience will envy him. Outside, the snow is still swirling. Suddenly sleigh bells are heard again and above their jingle is heard the song of the viveurs):

"We won't go home until morning."

(The old fellow pauses, listens, rises and shows his inclination to join them, but the wind screams "NO" into his ears and he dares not brave the storm. The sleigh draws near and the old man tries to attract the occupants' attention by beating on the window and calling to them, but they do not hear him. The song swells as the singers pass the house. The song dies away as they pass out of sight. A book falls from the shelf. The old fellow picks it up and seats himself by the fire).

YEARLING.

Faust!

(The book slips from his fingers and his head sinks. The great oaken door opens slowly, noiselessly, and, in a flood of light, a beautiful young woman enters. Her dress is white; something soft, something that will show a silken gloss under the sputtering

light. Her face has in it the color of health and happiness. Her movements are gracefully ungraceful. Her manner carries in it a breath of country roses. She enters the room and spies YEARLING as he sits by the fire, the glow throwing a golden tinge over his white hair. She shakes her head and smiles at the picture. Then, going over to him, she touches his white hair with her gentle fingers. At this moment he looks up and she looks at him with a suggestion of mirth. He gazes at her in wonder).

YEARLING.

Why—why, what a beautiful creature you are! How did you get in?

GIRL.

Through the open door.

YEARLING.

I could have sworn I closed that door.

GIRL.

Yes, years ago it was closed, and all my knocking could not make you open it.

YEARLING.

Believe me, young lady, had I suspected you were outside, I should have opened it.

GIRL.

No compliments, old gentleman.

YEARLING.

Why do you call me old?

GIRL.

Because you are old; but you are a very handsome old gentleman, though, of course, handsome in an old way.

YEARLING.

But I am strong; healthy.

(As he speaks, he coughs and chokes in a weak manner).

Of course, not as strong and healthy as when I was young.

GIRL.

Were you ever young?

(She asks this question whimsically and smiles as she asks it).

YEARLING.

Why do you ask such a question?

GIRL.

Because I remember a remark you made when I knocked on the door. It hurt me dreadfully, for I did want to come in. I had a gift for you.

YEARLING.

You—you really are mistaken. Why, what could I have said to hurt you?

GIRL.

You told me you were too old to be made a fool of by a pretty face, that you understood my pleasure in giving, and that it was only a question of time when I would demand my gift back again.

YEARLING.

What was the gift?

GIRL.

My lips upon yours.

YEARLING.

Then let it be now, instantly. I have thrown my door open. Give me the gift, sweet lady—

(He is very eager as he notices the smile on the beautiful lips that seem to taunt him).

GIRL.

Ah, no; not now. Upon your forehead, perhaps—that means respect; but you are too old for love.

YEARLING.

No! No!

GIRL.

Yes! Yes! for my love, for the passion that I give, I must receive. The beauty of my face must be

THE MIRROR

matched by the youth of your heart. I'm sorry, but that's Truth.

YEARLING.

Is Truth so unjust?

GIRL.

Were you not selfish you would understand. It is an eternal law and, being so, must be founded on justice; but, come, let us not talk of such dry old things. Let us enjoy each other's company as best we can. You are unhappy because I cannot love you. I am unhappy that the eternal law will not permit it. But I can respect you; and—and, in secret, you may love me, though I warn you let it be in secret, for the world laughs at old lovers, and my old lovers hate to be laughed at.

YEARLING.

You are a cruel young woman.

GIRL.

Not at heart, believe me. I am sorry for you, but this much I'll tell you. My kiss is like a fascinating wine, fit only for lips that can taste and forego. You are too weak. You would drink too much and die of the sweetness.

YEARLING.

But if I am content?

GIRL.

The one who sends me to you knows what is good for you; let us give him the credit.

YEARLING.

That is a most extraordinary circumstance. Is there some one who is taking enough interest in me to send a beautiful creature to my room to torture me?

GIRL.

If I'm a burden to you, you have but to ask me to leave. There are many who think me not only pretty, but entertaining, and not only admire my face, as you have done, but admire my heart.

YEARLING.

Pardon me, pardon me. I am so unused to such beautiful sights that I forget to be courteous.

(As he speaks he rises and pours two glasses full of wine).

Come, pretty lady, drink with me.

(She takes one of the glasses and, smiling coquettishly at him, holds up the glass).

GIRL.

A toast, old gentleman!

YEARLING.

To the joy of Life!

(At this she laughs and he joins her, for the wine has the joy of memory in it).

YEARLING.

Drink another. I do not understand, but when I drink this wine I fancy I am young again. Perhaps, if you drink with me, you will be deceived as well.

GIRL.

The wine is memory for you; for me it is only wine.

YEARLING.

And why?

GIRL.

Age symbolizes beauty. Youth loves it for itself.

(He looks at her a moment. The truth of her words beats its way slowly into his brain. She watches the expression of his face in an amused manner).

YEARLING.

Then—then I am symbolizing you.

(He seats himself at the table and leans on it as he talks; his words come slowly; he is dazed).

I am only making what you really are into the beautiful creature I see.

Yes.

GIRL.

YEARLING.

What are you?

GIRL.

Life, as you see it.

YEARLING.

You creature of beauty, creature of youth, with the glint of the sun in your hair, the color of the rose in your face, a laugh of a thousand melodies in your heart—you the epitome of the dreams of all dreamers—Life!

(Throwing himself at her feet he sobs):

Beautiful creature, have pity on an old, old man!

GIRL.

It is the wine that talks. I am the memory of what you've lost.

(He rises, snatches the wine-glass from the table and dashes it to the floor).

YEARLING.

It is myself I plead for—an old man, an old heart that yearns for what it never had to lose, for what it never knew existed.

GIRL.

Have you never lived? Have you never been young?

YEARLING.

Never! Mine was a phantasy of youth. I pictured you a horror. Oh, I have thrown away my chance to fold you in my arms. I have never known what it was to feel your kiss, your passion. Will you deny me now in my hour of need? Your lips, sweet Life, let me touch them to mine! Give me a moment's joy, for an everlasting dream.

(She eludes the old fellow, who tries to follow her).

GIRL.

What! Touch my lips to yours! What have you to offer? Not even the memory of your youthful passion to make me forget your age's cold desire! You are indeed an unworthy beggar for Life's caresses.

YEARLING.

Pity me! These arms are too weak to crush you in their embrace. It means so much to me.

GIRL.

You woo a woman poorly. Tears in a man's eyes beget laughter in a maid's. Youth demands its pleasures and gains them. Age prays for them and loses.

YEARLING.

Oh, I am learning.

GIRL.

I've said enough.

(He becomes possessed of strength, his voice rings out).

YEARLING.

Enough; yes, more than enough; Oh, what a fool I've been, not to have known that philosophy is for those whose blood is dry, whose heart is filled with the ash of burnt-out passion and desire. Life is to live, not to talk about. Life is to kiss, not to whine about. Life is an hour and every minute is a pair of lips to press to ours and hold to ours—until the hands of the clock drag us apart—drag us apart.

GIRL.

That's it. That's the secret—Life is to live.

YEARLING.

Then let me live it.

GIRL.

The hands of the clock have passed the hour.

YEARLING.

Ah, God! for the strength of Youth to drag them back again!

(He falls at the window and lies there sobbing).

The girl laughs and her laughter fills the room. Ife hears the sound and looks at her).

YEARLING.

Laugh on! You have the right to laugh at me! I laughed at you. Take your revenge now! You are welcome, but you will laugh at no one else!

(She ceases laughing and gazes at him a bit puzzled).

YEARLING.

They shall know what I know, they shall know in time.

(He sits at table and writes; she becomes alarmed, confused).

GIRL.

What do you write on that paper?

YEARLING.

A book. It shall be called "Life Beautiful." Every shade of your hair, the light of your eye, the blood that prances through your veins, the music of your laughter, the joy of you, the beauty of you, the heart of you—all this it shall contain!

GIRL.

And when it is done—

YEARLING.

The world shall see it and be strong enough to win you and conquer you.

GIRL.

No! no! give it to me, and what you wish shall be yours! I'll linger close to you until the end.

YEARLING.

Torturing me with the lips I dare not touch? No!

GIRL.

I will give you my lips—if you cease.

YEARLING.

What is your kiss to me? My desire is but the dust of passion! The breath of a kiss would scatter it as leaves in a hurricane, and even the longing would be denied me. I am too old to give my eternal hope of happiness for the moment of its reality.

GIRL.

Do you not know that my kiss symbolizes eternal happiness? Once know the joy of life and the joy of youth is yours forever.

(He rises quickly and holds out his arms).

YEARLING.

Your lips! And youth! It is enough for me to know that Life is worth the wooing.

(Tears up the paper; throws it into the air. They grasp and kiss the bits that flutter down as if blessing them. YEARLING starts back, his face bright with youth, passion and health. The girl smiles at him and goes to the door).

YEARLING.

Wait!

GIRL.

I must hurry. Lover of mine, if you wish another, you are young enough to overtake me, wise enough to woo me, and strong enough to win me, if you will.

(She laughs and shakes her golden curls at him, throws a light kiss to him, and runs, still laughing, out into the world. YEARLING looks about the room. "Goethe" is in the bookcase. The pictures are on the mantel. The light in the hall is burning. The sleigh-bells are again heard, and the singers still sing the same old song, but this time YEARLING's eyes dance and he laughs for sheer joy. He walks over to the table, picks up the MMS. and tears it in pieces).

Of course it was a dream—a silly, ridiculous, fantastic dream.

(He dashes the torn MMS. into the flames).

But, by Heaven, it's good to be young!

"The Dope Sheet"

An Account of the Effort to Stamp Out Race-Track Gambling

By Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago

(This article, copyrighted, taken from the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post of June 9th last, is of great interest owing to the fight recently begun here against the race gambling evil. It shows how the fight was pushed in Chicago. It describes conditions that are exactly duplicated in St. Louis. It suggests the necessity of National legislation against the race track gambling trust. The St. Louis branch of the gambling and race track syndicate has a track in Madison County, Illinois, and the hand book evil flourishes have on the dope from that track. If the National Government can regulate Interstate Commerce and prohibit interstate gambling on lottery tickets, it can prohibit interstate gambling on races. The National Government can prohibit the use of telegraph or telephone wires and of the mails for the purpose of facilitating betting on races. This power will have to be exercised because the Western Union Company having been frightened out of the dope distributing business in New York and Chicago, a gang of gamblers, Cella, Condon, Brush and others, purpose leasing wires and operating as an independent company. They intend to establish pool rooms or hand books in all the towns of the country and sell them the dope—the form of the horses, the weights of jockeys, track conditions, betting odds and results—just as the Cella Commission Company of this city, the largest bucket shop in the United States—an institution run in violation of law, since none of its trades is conducted on any Board of Trade—has established hundreds of bucket shops in the smaller towns of the West, Northwest, South and Southwest, and by means of special wire facilities has introduced grain and stock gambling in villages where the game was never known before. The establishment of these bucket shops is against the law. The pool rooms will be as numerous as the bucket shops and as effective in the making of rural defaulters and suicides. The St. Louis Chronicle and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch have taken up the fight in Missouri, and will extend its scope until it becomes National. Mayor Harrison of Chicago is with District Attorney Jerome of New York in the anti-race gambling fight. They will, shortly, be reinforced by Gov. Folk of Missouri. The papers will be prohibited fostering the gambling interests by publishing tips on winners, and the better class of papers will discontinue that feature of news of their own initiative. The anti-race-gambling fight is now the greatest moral movement in the country, and it is as hard a fight as the war against boodle. The battle for the suppression of race gambling is bound to win. It is a fight for social purification—for the race gambling bosses are corruptionists in politics, and their tools are corrupting the women and children, and ruining the working people and making criminals out of trusted employees who cannot resist the temptation to try for a fortune by playing the ponies.)

AT INTERVALS more or less regular a country concerned for the welfare of its people finds itself under the necessity of taking radical, vigorous action to exterminate, root and branch, some form of gambling that threatens to vitiate the very strength of its citizenry.

Our country confronted such a necessity when it made war on the Louisiana Lottery. It now finds the problem before it again, this time in the shape of race-track gambling.

An epidemic of the gambling mania gets a ready start because it builds itself upon an inherent characteristic of men. Men may have discovered how to eat first, but they invented games of chance before they invented an alphabet.

An insidious mania from which few, if sufficiently exposed, are exempt, gambling on the scale allowed before by the lottery and now by the race-track does more than cost the victim the money lost in failure. It destroys his ideas of political economy. It breaks down the "sweat of the brow" theory. It takes from him the desire to live by honest work.

That is the real harm done a nation by indiscriminate gambling. It was the harm that the Louisiana Lottery was doing when suppressed by Federal legislation. It is the harm the race-track is doing now. The clerk whose ideas of advancement had embraced

a schedule of work and thrift substitutes for this a programme of luck and hazard.

Give this virus an opportunity to inoculate all classes of a country and you have allowed a blow to be struck directly at the source of a nation's prosperity.

It may be admitted that race-track gambling would have to continue for many years in increasing power before its general effect could be observed in all parts of the country. That is no argument against precaution. The effect can be detected now, and the cause is growing. In the cities race-track gambling has a greater following to-day than was enjoyed by lottery gambling in the palmiest days of the Louisiana octopus.

Luckily, the remedy is being developed at the same time. An attack that has begun with individual cities is being carried into the State Legislatures. From the State Legislatures it must be carried to the National Congress. There, and probably only there, can an effective measure be devised that will destroy race-track gambling. It was there the lottery was killed.

Chicago, leading the fight, has worked, with the aid of the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Chicago Telephone Company, to suppress poolrooms and handbook making. New York has followed in the same lines, meeting with even greater difficulties. Chicago is now preparing to appeal to the State Legis-

lature, which meets in Springfield in January, for legislation that will give a new weapon against this form of gambling.

Thus the two principal cities of the country have recognized the gravity of the disease and are operating for its cure. They will do something, but not enough. The Federal Government must turn the final trick, as it did with the lottery.

The mails must be closed to the operations of race-track gamblers, and bars must be placed across the way of the inter-State transmission of news so as to prevent the carrying of race-track information to be used in making bets.

There need be no fear of overestimating the danger that attends the mania for race gambling. When the Louisiana lottery was at its height a considerable element of the people of New Orleans regarded it as a waste of time to spend any energy in ordinary occupations. What was the need of work when a lucky combination in the lottery meant a fortune without labor? What was the use of toil when a drawing could provide a life of luxury without the lifting of a finger?

That idea is a good spade with which to dig a national grave. The Government broke this particular graveyard implement into small bits, and when it is appreciated that another has taken its place it may be imagined that the action against it will be just as thorough in its results.

When Chicago began the work of correction the city officials were surprised by the general character which the gambling mania had assumed. It had permitted all classes without regard, seemingly, to occupation, age or sex.

The girl stenographer of a big firm studied the "dope sheet" as she rode downtown to her work or when she went out to her luncheon. She knew the vocabulary of the race-track. She knew the horses and what they had done. She could tell which horse was a "good mudder" and which liked a dry track. She knew the riders as well as the mounts.

She was as proficient as a race-track "tout." She gave her commissions when she could not get to a poolroom or to the track. Another surprise was the discovery that poolrooms were operated especially for women, with "barkers" at the doors and every arrangement for feminine comfort within. To these places went the highly respectable women of family.

And as with the stenographer, so with the great army of workers who fill downtown Chicago during the day—not every one a race-track "fiend," but every one exposed to the same temptation that had converted the stenographer into one. A glance at the crowds in the cars going to the races or at the crowds in the grandstand, the clubhouse or at the rail will be sufficient to give an idea of the scope of the race-track mania.

We discovered that the big downtown buildings were so saturated with the craze for gambling that agents of poolrooms made it a practice to visit office after office to obtain commissions for bets. The gam-

THE MIRROR

bling solicitor was as regular a visitor as the man with the fresh towel supply.

The book agent and the peddler might be refused admittance, but the gambling solicitor entered without hindrance. From the stenographers, clerks and even the trusted men of the office he took the money that was badly enough needed for legitimate purposes, but which was risked in the insane efforts to profit by hazard.

We discovered that these solicitors worked the elevated trains and surface cars just as a baggage collector does a through train; not only the cars to the races but the cars carrying people to and from their work.

In a word, the "business" was systematized. It was developing its trade along the lines most approved by men who have made successful enterprises. With its allurements thus carefully and skilfully presented there seemed no reason not to believe that its "prosperity" would be abnormal.

It was easier to see the danger and to observe its growth, than to find a cure and a means to prevent its spread.

In the first place, several agencies that usually help any attempt to "reform" a city were aiding race-track gambling. It is doubtful if any one thing contributes so much to the mania as the newspapers. They may preach editorially against the poolroom, but they continue to be its strongest ally and supporter.

Not all the Chicago papers print the "dope sheet" giving information for the guidance of bettors, but many of them do, and among the latter are several which are considered decidedly "reform" papers.

It did not seem ridiculous or even humorous to the editors of these papers that they should "crusade" against gentlemen obliging enough to allow the public the chance of taking money from them, and, at the same time, furnish the public with the necessary information for making the attempt.

One paper had its sense of humor so little developed that it was willing to print cartoons illustrating the horrors of track gambling on one page and cartoons illustrating its joys on another.

Precept and practice went separate ways and landed miles apart. It would be possible to operate poolrooms and handbooks without newspapers, but it would not be possible to spread the mania so broadly and so thoroughly without the aid of some widely circulated medium which carries day by day the suggestion that wealth can be made by hazard.

This was, and continues to be, one of the strongest obstacles in the way of carrying out any successful measures for the suppression of race-track gambling.

My first attempt to stop handbook making was directed at the saloons. Chicago had so far blocked the "industry" years before that there were no wide-open poolrooms in the city working with all the business-like precision of a board of trade. This feature of the gambling was the easiest to put down and out, and it had been.

Handbooks in the saloons had taken the places of the poolrooms, and they were scattered all over the city. Back in one corner of the saloon, not observing any particular method of secrecy, was the handbook maker, and he plied his trade successfully and peacefully until the storm hit him.

Revocation of saloon licenses was made the first weapon. The chief of police sent out his detectives. Detection at first was not difficult. Then came the revocations. There followed a scattering of the handbook men. From the open they went to cover, but they did not stop operations. Hotel bars were closed where handbooks had been found, and suppliants be-

gan to head for the City Hall, asking that their licenses be restored.

For a short time it seemed as if the weapon was a sufficient and adequate one, but that conviction was short lived. Instead of breaking up the industry we had succeeded merely in scattering it. From saloons the gamblers went to cigar stores, and there the weapon was valueless. There was nothing to revoke.

We found that some of the larger saloon keepers with bookmaking as a side line transferred their gambling industry from their downtown places to saloons owned by them in other parts of the city.

When we had the thing suppressed in one quarter it sprang up in two others. It proved as elusive an object as ever a police department endeavored to catch.

It became necessary to plan some other method of attack. The "enemy" was mobile, but the "food supply" upon which it existed was not difficult to overtake and cut off. When this was realized the new plan of action disclosed itself. The poolroom depended on the ticker service by which the Western Union Telegraph Company supplied race-track news.

The tickers were in every saloon interested in horse racing. They were also in every brokerage office and in the newspaper offices. They alternated stock quotations, race-track news and baseball results, giving results of other athletic contests which happened to be of great public interest.

It was evident that a regulation of the ticker service was easier of accomplishment than the chasing of elusive poolrooms from pillar to post throughout the city. The ticker was what the poolroom patrons depended on as evidence. The ticker service gave reliability to the settlement of bets. It was evident that with it cut off, even if the bookmakers found some other source of information, it would not be so readily accepted by the men who made bets.

Therefore I asked the City Council to pass an ordinance placing the tickers under the license system, charging a nominal annual fee, and giving the administration the power to regulate. The carrying of race-track information and other gambling information by them was absolutely forbidden. The man using a ticker service was obliged to file an application with the city, describing the use to which he put the ticker, giving a plan showing where his connection with the Western Union wires was made, declaring that no information to be used in making bets was taken, and depositing a bond for the fulfillment of the ordinance relating to the ticker service. The sending of gambling information by the telegraph companies was absolutely forbidden.

We were given the ready support of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Although the ordinance must have cut off \$100,000 a year from the revenue of the company the officials asked only that they be assured that no other company would be allowed to undertake the service they gave up. With this assurance they gave us their co-operation, and the ticker ordinance went into effect.

The handbook makers, hard hit by this movement against them, substituted the telephone for the ticker. Instruments were placed in the places where bets were made, and the information necessary for the making and settling of bets was sent over the wires of the Chicago Telephone Company as soon as it had been received at the centres of race-track betting.

This expedient served the purpose almost as well as the ticker had done, and the fight opened along a new line. I detailed the assistant chief of police, Herman Schuettler, an energetic, resourceful police officer, with a squad of men, to hunt down these tele-

phone exchanges and the saloons and betting-rooms they supplied.

When the evidence had been obtained we carried it before the officials of the telephone company. It was in this feature of the contest that the Chicago fight against race-track betting most nearly compared with the New York fight which followed it. In New York, which took up the same line of action previously adopted in Chicago, the city found the Western Union Company hard to convince. In Chicago we had the Chicago Telephone Company to deal with. It must be said in fairness that the officials of the company finally came to the aid of the city and now are working hand in hand with the police.

When it was demonstrated to the company that the handbooks were in existence by the aid of the telephone wires the men back of the telephone management decreed that the service should not be used for such purposes.

In convincing the company it was necessary to go to the men of the directorate, men of the highest business and social position in the city. This was what New York did afterward with the Western Union Company, going directly to the men and women in control of the company.

With the telephone company back of the city the suppression of handbooks depended merely on detection. The tickers were out. We had still the power of revocation where the evidence involved a saloon-keeper. We were able to cut off the telephone wires where they were found to be supplying the information. The telephone company sent its men to take out wires as rapidly as our detectives reported their use for handbook making. We also had the power of the courts, but the securing of legal evidence sufficient to secure conviction is one of the slowest, hardest methods of fighting a vice of this description, and the other methods brought speedier and more satisfactory results.

The handbook is still with us, and probably will be with us, in spite of all a city single-handed can do. At least it has been reduced to proportions that are not threatening the moral welfare of the city, and six months ago this could not be said.

As a further step in the fight to drive out the bookmakers entirely I have asked the Council to have prepared a bill for the Legislature when it meets next winter. The aldermen have ordered the bill drawn, and if the State Assembly will pass it we shall be aided materially.

It is the purpose of this bill to make illegal the publication of race-track information which is used primarily and entirely for the making of bets. It is not a part of our intention to suppress any information for those interested in horse-racing as horse-racing. I figure that such a person does not care to know in advance what the condition of the track may be, how much weight a horse carries, what the odds against it are. Such information is of interest in advance to the man who bets on the races, but not essential to the man who is merely interested in the horse race; or, at least, it is a thing he can do without until the race has been run, and no great damage to his pleasure.

Such, in brief, is the line of action taken in the first systematic campaign against the "dope sheet" and the dangerous national disease it spreads.

There still remains action to be taken by the Federal Government before any measure adopted by a city or a State can be thoroughly effective. If Congress will take the same cognizance of race-track gambling that it did of the Louisiana Lottery it will be possible to exterminate the former as the latter was exterminated. The use of the mails must be

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The above is an excerpt from "Social life in Mexico," one of the subjects collated for club study and lectures on Mexico. A complete list will be furnished any applicant. One of the first clubs in the country to take up this study was the X. Club of Sharon, Pa., and they have issued a very tasty program for their meetings during the year 1904, containing some twenty or thirty subjects to be discussed at their sessions.

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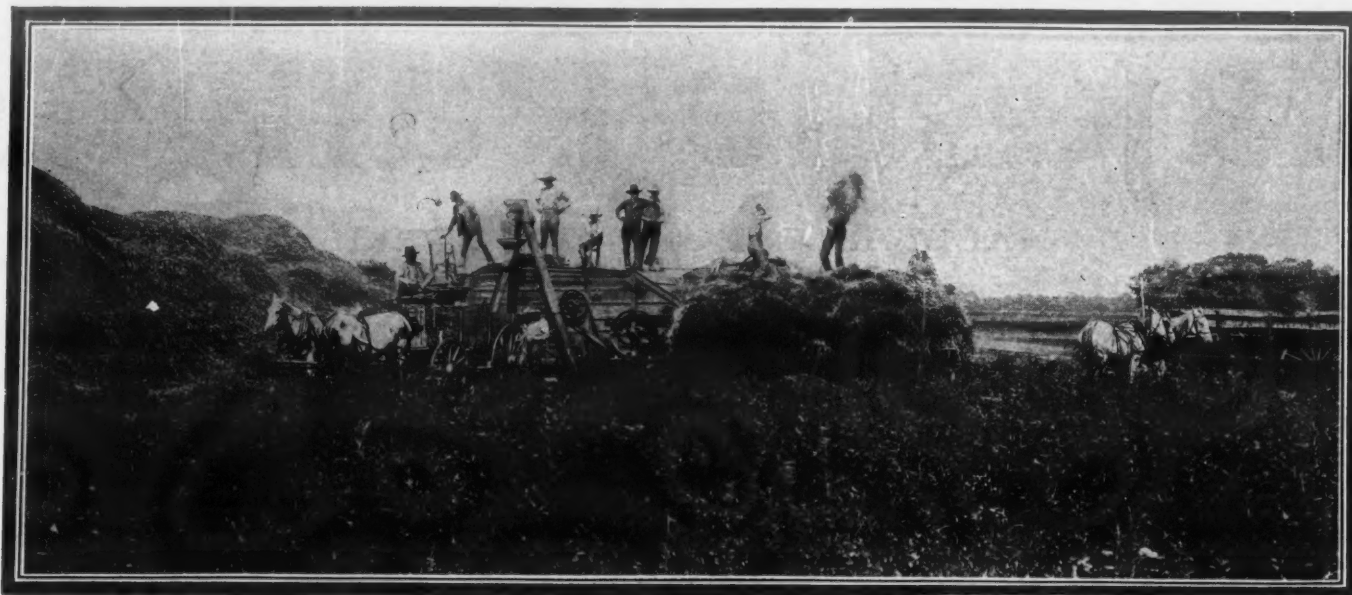


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To the Homeseeker.

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forbidden to race-track gamblers. It must be made illegal to transmit race-track "dope" from one State to another.

Until this has been done the individual cities and States may wage war more or less effectual but without complete success.

I have already pointed out some of the dangers which threaten as a result of the race-track mania. It would be possible to elaborate on this theme if there were any necessity for it to convince thinking people that the danger exists.

I have been told by a credit man of a wholesale house that a particularly apt illustration of the power of the mania was recently afforded in his line of business. The retail stores with which he is connected commercially were recently made patrons of the racing form sheets. These are delivered every evening after the results have been obtained. They are scattered throughout the city for the convenience of race-track followers, for their close study and perusal.

Each card is surrounded soon after delivery by groups of men who have "played" the races of the day, and their talk concerns itself with loss and profit.

Since this particular class of retail stores has been taking the "dope" cards the credit man said he was at a loss for accurate information as to the financial standing of the proprietors. Many had been taken with the mania. They had heard the stories of easy winnings discussed night after night by the groups about the "dope sheets" until they had been filled with the desire for suddenly and easily acquired wealth, and the hazard of race-track gambling had been added to the ordinary business risks.

If necessary to prove the danger, it would be possible to recite case after case of individual disaster in every walk of life resulting from the mania. The story of wrecked lives and ruined careers which starts at the race-track is a long one and fairly well known.

The race-track mania is the successor to the Louisiana Lottery, and must be treated as such.

write to Maynard. In the meantime, he was living over his college days by lounging through the old scenes again. Some of the riotous vigor of those jolly days was gone. But how much larger harvest of mature delight in the outlook of his life now. This unexpected stepping into an environment so much more enviable than any he could have reasonably forecast, gave a touch of novelty to living which was not a half bad offset for the impetuosity of youth.

The aged gold-fish had ceased his ramble and hung motionless, a gold blur in the cloudy water. So with hands thrust in the pockets of his peacoat, the Earl of Illerdale abandoned him and lounged pensively through the Quad; down the black, well-worn stone steps; out into the broad sweep of Christ Church meadow. It was nearing the close of the tender summer afternoon. The towering elms of the broad walk were swaying gently quite as they had swayed fifteen years before; bending toward each other for the same languid but amorous confidence. He lounged on till he came to the river. Then, turning to the right, he followed along the sleepy stream.

As he worked his way back into the town he heard the sound of brisk music. There were tubas and the boom of a bass-drum and the shrill insistence of wind instruments. Then he saw the struggling ranks of a band of Salvationists, composed of scraggy-looking men and primly demure Hallelujah lassies. Some of these maidens of Gen. Booth's Evangel looked out from under the enormous thatches of their dark blue bonnets with rather fresh faces, Capt. Hugh thought.

A small following of men and women and children accompanied them as concomitant matter for conversion. Three or four urchins walked in front mimicking unregenerately the Gospel Soldiers, and then ran off and rolled upon the grass as if overpowered by the rare fun of their own travesty.

The Salvationists halted and grouped themselves into an ill-formed circle. Then a small man not more than twenty-three, stepped forward, *vulgique stante corona*, and began to exhort.

"Oh, my brethren," he piped in a high-pitched voice, "you've got to save yourselves. *I'm* saved, praise God, for I've taken *hold* of the rock. You can be saved, too; but you must come forward and take *hold* of salvation. Now, to-morrow night we're going to have a *good* time at our hall, a *real* good time. I know we *shall* enjoy ourselves. And Capt. Palmer, one of our female Captains, is goin' to be with us, and she will speak, and I want you to come and enjoy yourselves in the *Lord* with us. She will tell us the good news of the Gospel, and we will all enjoy ourselves. *Come*, and have a good time *with* us."

At different points in these remarks the speaker's comrades, spurred to moral support, cried out, "Praise Jesus!" "Bless the Lord for *that*!" and like patronizing gusts of praise to the Deity. Then they formed again. The man who was responsible for the loudest of the brass instruments, proceeded to go wrong on it anew, and the lassies shook their tambourines like Mænads.

Illerdale had stood and taken in the demonstration with moderate amusement, of which, like a true Briton, he gave no outward sign. He found himself wondering how Capt. Palmer, the "female Captain," had acquired her prestige; and whether she really deserved any. Then he went back to the Mitre and ate his dinner heartily, in the snug little dining-room, with a general sense that it was a deuced good sort of world all round.

The Last Straw

By John J. a' Becket

IT was a picture: The man standing in the Torn Quad of Christ Church that quiet summer afternoon, his gaze apparently fixed on a senile goldfish moving torpidly in the rusty-brown water of the basin. The expression on his face was slightly quizzical; as if he were dallying with a mood tinged with sentiment not apprehended as such.

He was the sort of man who can revisit the scene of his undergraduate life for the first time after years of absence, and be impervious to any suavely melancholy memory of that joyous past, dead beyond resurrection, as one that need not be considered. His emotionality is not outside the pale of rude appetite.

If there was anything calculated to render him insensitive to the retrospect it was the vastly different future he faced now from that offered by those earlier days. When Hugh Errington had punted on the Cherwell, been a hero at the wicket, and made merry with the pretty bar-maid at the "Black Swan," he saw before him the *paysage de la vie* of an Earl's second son, with several brothers, to-wit: A deucedly moderate income and what it involved. It was not a pretty procession of years.

Only a month ago to a day his stolid brother, whose one redeeming passion had been hunting, broke, almost as if thoughtfully, his thick neck, in Leicestershire, where his hunter had not cleared a stiff fence, but had cleared the way to the title and its consequences for "Handsome Hugh." He was looking at his old acquaintance, the sluggish gold fish, for the first time with the eyes of the Earl of Illerdale. The fact sweetened reminiscences born of his undergraduate days at Oxford.

He had won his spurs in the Egyptian trouble, and was a Captain in the Horse Guards. A jolly good sort, he had always been more popular with everybody than his beefy brother, except, of course, dowagers who had to marry daughters off with a view of securing happy dowagerhoods for them.

So as he loomed large above the aged hermit of the basin, he could call back old Oxford days with pleasure, thanks to Marmaduke's hunter! That half-smile now is due to the nocturnal vagaries with which

he and kindred souls at Christ Church had outraged the venerable old Quad. They were a bit rowdy; but original (?) and intemperate enough to be alluring. What sport, ranging the marble celebrities of the library around the center of Canterbury Quad, like petrified sea-gulls for the proctors to blink at in the morning. But they always were gentlemen, and if a few brass knobs were wrenched from doors, in their exuberant sportiness, they paid for new ones quite as good. They had handled the busts with a reverence worthy of an undertaker.

He recalled now, with composure, how he had rather envied Lord Radleigh, who tooled his four-in-hand up to Canterbury Gate, when he came up for term. Doing your University with a four-in-hand harmonized with Hugh Errington's scholastic views. He remembered that Radleigh's rooms had been in the swagger Canterbury Gate quarter.

This was his first visit to the mellow old town since he had left Christ Church, and these memories rose jocund because of his enlarged outlook. There was not a girl in Mayfair to whom he could not now aspire. He felt, rather than recognized, that he was a strapping fellow, well put together, and it was not vanity to know that his eyes were clear, rather searching, and blue; his thick, tight, waving hair and full mustaches, a live yellow, and that his ruddy color went with his strong, if very handsome face. And he was still young; not used up a bit. Thirty-two is within the border line of youth—to those who are thirty-two.

His coming up to Oxford as soon as things were settled and he could command money by the mere movement of his hand, showed he was not a bad sort. For the object of his visit was to look up Maynard and tell him, if he was still as keen for opportunity to study oriental inscriptions as he had been, to take two or three years and rummage them out. He would see him through. His generous zeal was mildly dampened on learning that Maynard was in Scotland for some weeks of the Long Vacation, visiting the library of a Marquis, who had a passion for cuneiform and other antique writing.

He meant to go back to London the next day and

The next afternoon he was passing the "Black Swan." He drifted in to see if the old place was changed. It had not altered a whit, except that the barmaid was another than the one he had chaffed in his Oxford days. He ordered a "Special Scotch," and the present barmaid filled it out in a small pewter measure and looked as if she was not so much another as to mind being chaffed a bit herself.

But the day was warmer than yesterday, and Illerdale wanted to go up to the walks in Magdalen, which were cool and shady. So he paid his sixpence with as staid a restraint as if he had not seen the Hebe, and came out, rubbing his heated face with his handkerchief.

A young woman of neat figure and sweet ingenuous expression was passing. She looked at him, and a pained interest shot into her gray eyes, so innocently clear. Her dress was of some simple black stuff, and a small cape hung natively from her shoulders. Her look, and the flagging way in which she went on, excited his attention. The interest in her gray eyes justified curiosity, though it did not appeal to his vanity further than to pique it slightly. He wondered whether he were the object of a general, or specific solicitude.

A moment's hesitation, and he followed after her. "She's a jolly pretty girl," he said to himself, extenuatingly, as he marked the neat figure and rich brown hair. She was evidently lagging through some indecision of mind. As he came up with her she raised her eyes again to his with unrestrained directness, which, strangely, did not seem out of accord with a modesty that was primitive rather than ordained.

The face turned fully toward him was even prettier than he had thought, with a prettiness like to a sweet-brier rose cropping out from a gray stone-wall by the wayside. He deliberately slackened his pace, and an audaciously friendly smile played under his yellow mustaches. There was no responding change of expression in the girl's face, though a sudden elastic pressure gave fuller roundness to her corsage. Then she spoke, hurriedly, her clear eyes not flinching before the friendly confidence of his.

"Oh, why do you go in there and drink!" There was poignant emotion in her voice. "You don't need that liquor. You are only helping others along the road to destruction. You're strong, and you don't feel it, perhaps. But you help every weak soul that sees you, along the way down. Oh, if you knew what that hateful stuff does as well as I do you wouldn't think so lightly of it," she exclaimed passionately.

For the Captain's amused smile had broadened and the look in his blue eyes bent upon her only showed what different quality can temper two glances equally direct and sustained.

"Why, my good girl," he protested, a ripple of mirth in his deep tones, "I'm not such an awful example, you know. I don't drink enough to hurt myself or anyone else."

"But why do you do it at all?" she returned earnestly. "You can't need it. You are strong, and well, and young, and you will poison yourself with this curse of drink. You may think I'm going out of my way to speak about such a thing. But it's my place to speak out, praise God, when I see such things. It's drink that brought me to this life," she added, with infelicitous explanation. Noting the twinkle in the Captain's eye, she hastily said: "The Lord, bless His name, took that way of leading me to serve Him. I'd be a coward and ungrateful if I didn't speak when He moves me to, after He put such an

example before me that I determined to work against all drinking."

She had resumed her walk, and Capt. Hugh paced on good humoredly by her side, trying to adapt his long, loose stride to her smooth, short steps.

"Well, now, I like that, you know," he said, slightly tempering his easy air of amusement. "You speak like a soldier."

"I am a soldier; the Lord's soldier; and I have just come to this town to fight for Him. And when I saw you come out of that 'pub,' with your face so flushed, I had to speak. We only have to do what He puts on us. He does the most of the work. I had to speak or feel like a deserter."

"Oh, I say! Are you Capt. Palmer?"

"Yes," the girl replied simply, seeming to feel no surprise that he should know of her. "They sent me here, thinking a change would do me good; though I'm strong enough. And oh!" she continued in her pleading tone, "think about it! If you'd only give up all drinking and serve the Lord!"

"Well, let me talk to you about it again," said Captain, the Right Honorable Earl of Illerdale. "I couldn't do it so suddenly. I shall be here two or—some little time," he added, the statement taking on truth in its utterance. "You're going to speak to-night, aren't you—at the Hall?"

"Yes," she said.

"I will come and hear you," he declared, nodding as he left her with a smile.

Illerdale stayed in Oxford several days. There was hardly one on which he did not meet Captain Palmer. He adroitly threw himself in her path as a brand to be plucked from the burning. How could a Soldier of the Cross decline to help one who wished to make the heights! It seemed to Capt. Palmer a mission providentially adapted to the conditions of her stay in the sweet old town, where she was to care for her health. He helped her in her quest, for he knew all the pleasantest walks, the most soothing spots in the old college gardens, and the modern historic associations of every locality. And if she could only show him the One Narrow Path where the air was so pure, if the footing was a bit rough, why, that were good return.

She had to walk frequently, for the open air of "the earth below" was the best tonic for her, whatever benefit a more celestial atmosphere might prove for him. What more natural than that this hardy fellow, who had nothing to do except wait till his friend returned, should walk frequently, too, and that they should meet sometimes and walk together?

And what could suit her calling more than to try and cast some seed of a holy thought in this strong, but errant soul sent across her path? A body as perfect and as comely as his should house a fine sweet soul. She could not be insensible to the charm of her companion's face. Sometimes she had been driven to a touch of religious exhortation by the emotive force there was in his bright blue eyes, and by the witchery of his smile, as enthralling as a voluptuous day of spring. It was the fencing of her conscience against subjugation to his physical beauty. But this beauty was one of God's works, and the nature underlying it was wholesome and clean. Why try not to feel that the smile was winning? Why shun the melting tenderness in the clear eyes? Theirs was only chance companionship which she might improve to his advantage. He was so gently strong, so naturally easy and protecting in his manner. Why should not a stanch gracious man and a pure, simple woman, thrown into passing association be good comrades, with no thought beyond?

So Capt. Palmer let herself drift down the current

of those happy Oxford days as lightly as a rose leaf on the bosom of a placid stream. She was ready to go wherever he suggested, knowing she could like nothing better than what he should choose. She could not imagine anything more beautiful than the college gardens with their trees and shrubs and neatly graveled walks and the ivy climbing so thickly over the old walls. It was such a dream of restful peace, even its memories embalmed in repose.

The buildings had little interest for her. Once, when he had asked if she would like to see the Bodleian Library, she queried, quite artlessly, "whether it" would not be better to go to that old garden again," meaning that of Merton College. She had strolled by his side blissfully through the idyllic loveliness of the walks at Magdalen, along the Cherwell, and had watched, from the green and gray repose of the inner quadrangle, the dainty deer browsing on the rich sward in the adjoining park under the most glorious elms in the world, the sun dappling their smooth sides; had watched it with intensity of delight.

But when Errington had called her attention to the tower, that salient architectural glory of the old town did not get into the soul of her at all.

One day she did ask him "would he take her to the College where Newman had lived," and she visited Oriel as a pilgrim would a shrine. But she evidently cared for the place only because of the great religious mind that had dwelt there.

Insensibly, to her, the religious strain in her talk with Errington had lapsed. The conversation of the other Captain was not accomplished, yet he felt only too surely that she was more interested in his lead than in giving a religious turn to their conversation. He felt, too, that she liked better to wander with him in the Broad Walk, or sit in a green corner of Merton Garden, with the twilight gathering about them soothingly, than to take part in the exercises of the Army.

"It does me so much good to be in these beautiful places and feel this soft air," she said to him once when they were sitting thus. "I feel so much stronger than I was."

Whereat he had smiled: a double smile, one with his lips, one with his heart. For he had an amused sense that she was not one-tenth as strong as when she had first met him with his face flushed from the heat and had implored him not to drink. He had marked a falling off in the spiritual exhortations which could not be attributed to a belief that his conversion had been accomplished.

They were sitting on a bench in the Broad Walk on the third meeting between them when Capt. Palmer said artlessly: "What is your name? And what do you do?"

"Oh, I am a soldier," he replied, bending his eyes on her. "I am a Captain, too," he added with his magnetic smile. "I never thought before that we were of the same rank. I am Captain—Hugh."

"But you fight to kill people and I fight to save them," she said, as if thinking to herself.

"Well, they can't be saved till they are dead," returned Capt. Hugh, as if this was a pleasant dovetailing of their respective *metiers*. Where his function ended, hers began.

"You can never be saved after you're dead if you're not saved before," she made answer, rebukingly. "Oh, why don't you come to Jesus? He wants you." There was a winning cadence in her voice.

"Who knows but that I may, some day," was his reply with a gay smile. He did not care particularly to talk religion, and he thought the familiarity the Salvation Army showed the Lord was beastly bad form. "What is your name?"

"Ellen."

Capt. Hugh did feel, however, like a keen sportsman who is chasing shy game. There was the same sense that too bold a movement might create an alarm which would beget flight, while a series of guarded approaches might enable him to stalk his quarry successfully; i. e., tame her innocent boldness till she would eat from his hand, knowingly.

Both Captains were marking time.

And now it was the tenth day. They were sitting again in the delightful isolation of the garden at Merton in the waning summer afternoon. Absolutely alone, with cheery comfort in their solitude. They seemed so much nearer each other in that spot and at that hour.

"You are getting on finely, aren't you?" he said, after a little pause. "Even your hands show it." He took one of them in his stout, strong fingers. It was the first time he had touched her. He felt that delicate little quiver at the contact of their flesh with which the solvent Psyche signals a hidden reef. It was like the quick beating of a bird's heart fluttering under its soft coat of feathers. But the quiver passed and the hand remained in his. Only her eyes grew more dreamy as they gazed on the silvery cumulus clouds in the blue sky.

"How is it, Capt. Palmer," he said, modulating his voice, "that you have not married? Have you never been in love?"

He saw the blood surge hotly as if a *coup de piston* beneath her delicate cheek. In so many things, this woman was a child!

"Yes," she answered constrainedly, after the slightest pause, so low, he could hardly catch the word.

He was somewhat set back by the strength of her double affirmation of feature and voice. Then he said: "Well, why didn't you marry him?"

"Because," she returned more firmly, but with the same low intensity, "It was nothing but love."

"That ought to be enough," he retorted at once.

"You do not understand." Her eyes sought the comforting silent blue sky.

"No, I do not," was his blunt rejoinder. A pause. "Do you love him now?"

"Yes. As I love home. Or as you love your college here," said Capt. Palmer. She quietly withdrew her hand. Perhaps through unconscious fealty. "I was a girl of fourteen," she went on, as a "sinner" does at an "experience" meeting. "He was the son of the gentleman on whose estate my father was gamekeeper. He must have been ten years older than I. I used to see him sometimes when he was home for the shooting, or vacation. He was a young man, and I was too little a girl for him even to notice. But I loved him; and it wasn't as childish as you might think. It was—Love. My father was sent away because he drank so much. That is why I *hate* drink so! Then I came to the Army. It seems so many years ago. I have never seen him since. I shall probably never see him again," she said, pensively, almost solemnly. "But when you asked me that question just now I had to say 'yes,' for I did *love* him in this wild, foolish way. I would hide myself behind the blinds only to see him ride by," she added, with the humility of a penitent.

"And has that kept you from loving anyone else?" inquired Capt. Hugh, regarding her with interest.

"Yes. It *has* kept me, I suppose," she replied with a droop of her head.

"Would you know him again if you were to meet him?" persisted the Earl. What a little, simple, sensitive thing she was, at bottom. He felt half

cruel in compelling her disclosure. It was prying open a rosebud to see its pink heart.

"It seems to me that I would know him if I were to pass him in the dark! Something would tell me that it was *he*!" Her words would have been almost inaudible but that her articulation was so distinct, and that she felt so keenly what she was saying.

"What was his name?" he asked, after a moment's silence. Then, as if feeling this were rudeness, he added: "Perhaps I may know him. The world is small."

"Errington. Hugh Errington." She lingered softly, on the stately name.

"I beg your pardon! A bee came buzzing right against my face," said the Earl of Illerdale. He looked about in quest of the discourteous honey-seeker that had given him such a start. Then he settled into his place again, and his blue eyes fastened on the flushed face and drooping figure with a distinctly new feeling.

But his sudden start seemed to break the spell. She drew a long breath and rose slowly from the old seat. A film of weariness seemed to envelop her. It hurt Illerdale, a little. "I must go now. There is a meeting this evening and I ought to be there. It is foolish to talk or even think about such a thing. You ought not to have asked about it."

"I like to have you tell me what is near to you," he said, gently. He made no effort to detain her, but walked by her side in silence till they reached the High street, where he bade her good-bye, with a quaint touch of deference.

He wanted to think a little over this new phase. It would be rare pleasure to be his own rival and as an unknown, oust young Hugh Errington from the girl's heart, where he had lingered as sole master for these continued years in the atmosphere of love. It would score a bull's eye twice on the same target, and would justify some pride. The man downing the boy; history correcting itself.

When he was back in his room at the "Mitre" and was getting into his evening clothes to dine with an old Oxford friend, he suddenly stopped and burst into a laugh.

"By Jove! She thought she would know him if she were to pass him in the dark!" he said to himself.

He did not mention the subject to Capt. Palmer again. A dreamy repose seemed to come upon her when she was with him. Confession is often a closer bond between souls. The second day after hers, they were sitting once more in the old garden at Merton. They had been talking in desultory fashion.

Suddenly he half turned toward her and placed his arm along the back of the bench. His strong, shapely hand touched her shoulder, lightly. "Nelly!" he said, in his lowered mellow tones, "tell me this. Don't you think you will ever love anyone again?"

To his surprise her bosom began to heave gently, her head sank a little; then, very simply, she put her hands to her eyes, and he saw a few tears wash down her cheeks. He was touched to the heart.

What could any man do but comfort a woman after throwing her into such emotion! Even Illerdale could not have forbore. Certainly Hugh Errington could not.

"There, there, little girl," he said soothingly, drawing her head toward him gently, while with his right hand he took her fingers from her wet eyes. There was more than physical delicacy in the action, and even that, from the big, virile man, was seductive. He softly carressed her cheek with his hand as he lightly pressed her head against his shoulder.

Capt. Palmer let it rest there helplessly, turning her flushed face toward his breast, and hiding it there, like a bashful child. His touch was of a mother's sweetness, though suffused with something no mother's, no father's can ever give.

Then she raised herself, drew a little away and looked at him with her swimming gray eyes, dumbly, pitifully. He smiled down on her sunnily, and bent his head, nodding in encouragement. He took possession of her hand again and said masterfully, but gaily:

"Now we understand each other better, don't we? We two Captains. I will tell you what I want you to do, Nelly," he went on slowly, and with lowered tones, more potently quelling. "I want so much to have one real happy day with you. Only you and I, you know. Let us go where we shall be all by ourselves for a little while with no one to bother us. 'A solitude where none intrudes.' 'The world forgetting—by the world forgot.' To-morrow, if it is pleasant," he went on with brisk cheerfulness, "let us drive to Woodstock together, in the afternoon. We will have a jolly little dinner there, a nice talk afterwards, and then come back in the evening just when we like. It will be so cool and pleasant and—restful. It will do us both no end of good. You can tell your aunt, you know," he added, thoughtfully, but lightly, "that you may stay the night at the Barracks, so if we come back late you need not feel that she will worry. I will see to that part of it, and take good care of you. We will have such a jolly outing all to ourselves. Will you do this, Captain Nelly? Will you do this, to please me? Nelly? My little Nelly?" He murmured the words softly, caressingly. "Why should we not have *one* day in our lives that shall be *perfectly* happy? Surely, we have a *right* to that! And we will. *Won't* we?"

He bent over her again to catch her eyes which were downcast. She felt his breath warm upon her cheek. It seemed to melt away the earth beneath her feet—to bring Heaven close. Her head sank away, dizzily. But his hand brought it gently round. His low, rich voice almost whispered as in the Presence, the while she felt the intoxicating closeness of his face to hers. "Will you not do this one thing to please me? The only favor I have asked you?"

She knew well if she looked into those clear, melting, mastering eyes which she felt bent upon her that their blue would flood her soul and he would read the "yes" with which her whole being pulsed—which her whole being *was*! A moment's swimming pause. Then, she turned slowly, and let her eyes rise to his. Hers were held as if she looked upon the Holy Grail.

"That's right, my little girl. Now, let us see," he went on boyishly, gaily. "I will be at the other side of Magdalen Bridge with a dog-cart at half past four to-morrow afternoon. Meet me there, and we will go off on our happy day." He was like a boy planning for a school holiday. "We will live one day in our lives only for ourselves, and be as happy as ever we can. Eh!"

She nodded slowly, her face tensely serious, but with a happy calm upon it like that of the dead. Then, as if with effort, she rose. Capt. Hugh, with the same animation, got quickly to his feet, faced her with smiling mien; then passed his arm slowly about her, pressed her close to his broad chest and kissed her fair forehead with his full, clinging lips. With a trembling, irresistible movement, she put her arms about his neck, as a drowning person might clasp a deliverer. For a moment they were still as statues. Then, with a long, quivering sigh, she gently disen-

gaged herself, and walked slowly away, as one in a dream.

Capt. Hugh suffered her to leave the garden alone, following her with his eyes till she disappeared. Then he sat down on the bench again. He drove his hands into his pockets, stretched out his long legs and indulged in unusual reverie, for him. The shadow of a smile now and then parted his lips, as if unconsciously, in the earlier part of his thinking. But it would quickly fade and his brows knit. At last, with the air of a man who is declining an altercation where all the reason is on one side and all the desire on the other, he got up impatiently, pulled himself together, and strode out of Merton Garden, rather aggressively.

The next afternoon, about three, the Earl of Illerdale was making his way rather slowly along the lower end of High street. There, not far from Saint Thomas' Church, in that little white-washed cottage, with the box of mignonette in the window, she was probably sitting. It would soon be time for her to start for the trysting place. He had ordered his man to be there with the dog-cart.

Such a heavenly day! A blue sky, a purring summer breeze that breathed so delicately as to cool, but not distract, and brightness flooding the world. No day could be better for walk or drive; for living or—for loving! It was Nature's elect moment, the heart's imperious hour.

Yet he was loitering there, drawn to this neighborhood, despite himself, instead of waiting at the trysting place. He was sure! It was no indecision looking that way which dragged him irresolutely hither. She would come.

Sitting there, in that lonely, humble little room, with the innocent mignonette bordering the window, and wafting to her its pure perfume. Its pure perfume! What would its breath upon her be—tomorrow?

Bah! He was an odd sort of fellow; a weakling and a fool! He had never felt in this divided mood before, when he had only to close his hand on attainment of a throttling desire. It was to-day with which he had to do. To-morrow was—anyone's. He was not its heir nor its creator. Hugh Errington had lived in her heart for years, and it had not disturbed her peace. He had routed him, and should he give her nothing in return?

A woman passed him and paused. He darted a glance at her, vexed by the intrusion, however slight, of any alien element at such a moment. She looked at him with her leering eyes; a glance of perfect frankness, if frankness means thorough disclosure. Undeterred by the irritable intolerance of Illerdale's face, her lips parted in a loose smile, and she said in a slightly cracked voice, with crude cajolery:

"Ah, darling."

He glowered at her. The universe could hardly have supplied his present mood with an object more utterly repelling. Invisible things looking to finalities far more potent had been beating at his heart and brain. But this was concrete, explicit; with no nuances, no muffling atmosphere. When his soul was in the grasp of a real, an intense temptation, to have this sordid foot-note with its suggestion of slovenly commonness thrust upon him, this mockery of lure was more than vexing. It was more than debasing. It was infuriating—a bolt of God that seared his brain.

He turned his face, disgustedly. Even the woman's crass sense was pierced with the look of utter loathing Illerdale had darted on her. But she was

not routed. She even moved a step nearer to him. "You're cross, darling. Don't be nasty. Gim'me a sixpence for a drink, anyhow."

Had it been a man who roused such a passion of resentment in him he would have felled him with a blow. He turned sharply on her, his blue eyes flashing, a scowl creasing his forehead deeply. As he eyed her abhorrently, he realized, like a sword thrust, that the dim eyes were gray, that the lusterless hair was brown! Never had he known a moment of swifter decision. It was like the whirling aloft of the Prophet of old in the chariot of fire.

"Here!" he said harshly. "I will give you a pound if you will take a note for me. Will you do it?"

"Well, rather," she said, with her slavery, hateful smile. "In a bloomin' hurry for a 'quid!'"

Illerdale fell away from her several steps, breathing heavily. He took out his note-book. With his brow crumpled by his scowl, he thought for a moment. Then, hurriedly, but with a pause after each sentence, he wrote this:

"Nelly, I shall not be there to-day. Do not go. I leave Oxford by the next train. But you may feel sure that I never cared for you as much as I do at this moment. I have never cared as much for anyone; but I must go. I have been thinking constantly of you since you left me yesterday—of you and Hugh Errington. If we went to Woodstock to-day he might never live in your heart again, as he has done. And he has been there so long! Do not despise the woman who will hand you this. I am not sure that she has not done a good work to-day. Try and feel as if this note came to you from—Hugh Errington. Keep him in your heart. Perhaps this will be a happy day for you, if I tell you I shall be a different man all my life; and it is you who have made me so, because you are good. Good-bye."

He folded it twice, hastily. Then turning to the woman, and looking at her with the same stern aloofness, he said incisively: "Look down the street there. Do you see that window with a box of mignonette on the ledge? Go there. A young woman is probably sitting at it. If she is not, knock at the door and ask for Capt. Palmer, and she will come. Give her this. If she isn't there, bring it back to me, straight. Do you understand?"

The woman nodded, and grinned, in her wretched insensibility. "I can see from here if she takes it," said Illerdale significantly. "Here is the sovereign."

He gave her the note, and dropped the coin into the outstretched hand, avoiding contact with her coarse, shiny fingers.

The woman started down the street, and Capt. Hugh followed her with his eyes. Even her carriage, with its lumpish alacrity, stirred his loathing.

He saw her stop before the window; then speak to some one within. A slender white hand fluttered forth, took the note, and was hastily drawn in again, brushing the tops of the mignonette in its passage.

The woman had purposely held the note so that the receiver would have to reach forth to secure it. It was ocular proof of her faithful service. Illerdale hated her for even this. It seemed to associate her with him for the moment.

The woman walked on a little; then turned her head back with a grin, to see if he had noticed the transaction.

But she did not see him. Once the note had disappeared above the mignonette, he had swung sharply about, and with shoulders square set, his lips compressed, the Earl of Illerdale strode down the street, a look upon his face which would have marked him as a Conqueror.

Chant Royal of the Flight of Time

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

THE primal dawn, which once in rosy glow
Did in the east through dappled mist appear,

The new moon's crescent in a silver bow
Marking the seasons of the first-born year,
The Spring's young herald and autumnal stain
The song of streams and woods' æolian strain,—
These, in their turn, long since were cast away
Like shreds discarded from the potter's clay;
Deep-buried under Paleozoic slime.
While cleaves beyond their memory dim and gray
The silent and unwearied flight of Time.

The Sphinx that waits by Nilus' current slow,
And pyramids that rise in state severe,
The tombs of kings who perished long ago,
On lone Egyptian deserts stretching near,
The crumbling relics of Osiris' reign
In sunken monolith and shattered fane,
The tufted palms beneath the moon's cold ray—
Shall yield at last where centuries hold sway
O'er king and camp and royal pantomime;
While glides above their ruin and decay
The silent and unwearied flight of Time.

The wars of old and Paynim overthrow
In far crusades by Christian knights austere,
The streaming banners, the opposing foe,
And clash of mace, of scimeter and spear,
The swords of France, the chivalry of Spain,
And Cœur-de-Leon's gallant quest in vain—
How, in a breath, has passed this proud array
Like fragments of some minstrel's roundelay,
Or echo from a monastery chime,
While soars remote from tumult of the fray
The silent and unwearied flight of Time.

The golden age of Shakespeare's rhythmic flow;
The sole note of the Master, sounding clear,
The rage of Richard, Lear's resistless woe,
Iago's smile, and lorn Ophelia's tear,
The madness of the melancholy Dane,
The magic of the Poet's sweet refrain,—
Aye! even these, the player and the play,
Shall wither as a blossom sprung in May
Which lingers on to sere October's prime,
While poises o'er their long-forgotten day
The silent and unwearied flight of Time.

And we who loiter with the passing show
Amid a throng of mortals summoned here,
Will melt into oblivion as the snow
Which fades from Winter's threshold chill and drear.

A little while the heights our souls attain
A little space for laughter and for pain,
Before the High Gods' message we obey;
With then no more of either Yea or Nay,
Nor wine, nor song, according to my rhyme.
While towers, like a falcon with his prey,
The silent and unwearied flight of Time.

ENVOY.

Prince! æons vanish; planets go astray;
Races and creeds remorseless ages slay.
One thing remains, eternal and sublime;
This follows on with neither halt nor stay
The silent and unwearied flight of Time.

The Poe Legend

By Michael Monahan

NOT long ago, while making an uncommercial journey in the West, I had to stop over night at a small town on the Rock Island Railroad. The place seemed hardly more than a way station—a gray wolf of a prairie settlement over a hundred miles from the nearest counterfeit of civilization. Such, however, was the destination my uncommercial ticket called for, and having been dropped there suddenly toward the late afternoon—the train rushing away as if it was ashamed of me—I thought with dismay of the long stretch of hours between me and bed-time. From the sprawling wooden shack that did duty as a station, I could see only the “hotel” (the New Waldorf!), also of wood, and evidently the work of the same genial architect; with the blacksmith’s shop hitched alongside and, straggling up a low hill in the foreground, two or three rows of blotchy looking frame houses, carrying out a general family resemblance. It was a dreary prospect, but that was not the expression, admirable though trite, which came to my lips unbidden at the moment—no, the natural man found a better phrase.

However, there was joy in store for me, or at least what might well pass for joy in that howling solitude. I had not, at the first glance, done strict justice to the town—there was more of it beyond the rise. This I learned from the confiding Barkeep of the New Waldorf—he was also the night clerk and the proprietor, but his manner was one of peace, though his liquor was not of that brand. It was he who broke the joy to me, which I have just mentioned. There was to be a play at the Opera House (over the post office, which you couldn’t see from the depot). I went there, after a while, with what seemed to be the rest of the town. They weren’t many, but I have no doubt the late Mr. Vincent Crummles, of the Provincial Circuit, often played to smaller houses.

As I passed into the hall, a boy handed me a programme and I read thereon in flaring type, “The Mystery of Edgar Allan Poe.” “Ah,” I said to myself, with a thrill of mingled artistic curiosity and content, “the Poe revival!—even to so humble a place as this the genius of our stage carries some faint but no doubt worthy echo of the fame of our greatest poet.”

Then I reflected on the poetic fitness of the thing, the poet having as it were sprung from the stage, the son of parents who had both trod the boards, and who had in days of sad adversity received much kindness from their fellow players. Even if this play is bad, as I have every reason to expect, I shall not, I said, be shaken by any mere critical scruples from my present feeling of satisfaction.

But alas! the trial was more than my critical conscience, hard as I tried to bribe and placate it, could withstand. I have never seen—I do not suppose James Huneker could imagine or Clyde Fitch contrive—a worse play. I might have enjoyed the exquisite badness of the thing, if it was not for the subject, and also if it did not heavily underscore the sort of pitying contempt with which the name and fame of Edgar Poe are italicized even in polite mention. So I just sat back, resolved to put in my time at any cost to my feelings, and let the sad, bad, mad misery of it all roll over and through me during two

mortal hours. Often I said bitterly to myself, with the late Vincent Crummles, “This, this is fame.” But, unlike Mr. Crummles, I did not wonder why so much dramatic genius is suffered to remain neglected in the provinces.

What it was all about the de’il alone knows, my dear—I did not attempt to follow the plot, but you may be sure there are far finer and more ingenious ones, saner, too, hatched in Bloomingdale on any fine poetical moonlight evening—oh, those poets and dramatists of Bloomingdale, neglected and forgotten of the world!—some day I will tell you a story about them.

So I took no trouble from the plot, but I did, however, laugh a wild sardonic laugh at one point in the play, which caused my neighbors to squirm round in their hard seats and look at me with a certain meaning. Recollecting that I was in the midst of a Western audience, I at once recovered myself, with native presence of mind—there’s no telling what to expect from a lot of crude Westerners whose artistic sensibilities have never been refined by contact with the great critical minds of the New York press. The situation was where Annabel Lee was introduced (with song) and began to flirt violently with the poet, practising at him all the coquetties of the Continuous. Think, oh think of Annabel Lee on Fourteenth street, I groaned. The sight was too maddening to look at—I also felt that it was unsafe, and, in order not to be tempted again, to my peril, I hid my face in my hands.

I should have said, perhaps, that the unknown dramatist himself played the title role—the same is one of the reasons why I prefer that—so far as any effort of mine is concerned—he should remain unknown in these pages. Yet I will admit his make-up was not as bad as the play—and it certainly had more vraisemblance than his literary style—he looked much as Poe may have often looked, according to the harshest of his biographers. And this reminds me that if there was any mystery at all about “The Mystery of Edgar Allan Poe,” that mystery was how the poet could be drunk during the whole five acts and yet take his part in the fearfully complicated business of the plot. Still, if he had been a whit less drunk the audience, I am sure, would not have liked the play half so well as they did—they had come to see, not a bum poet, but a poet on the bum. They got their money’s worth, from the beginning to the last curtain, when the poet died in the tremens (acted with superb realism), after declaiming “The Raven” with rapturous effect. Annabel Lee wept bitterly, and I hope she repented her previous levities—but her sorrow was as nothing to mine.

When I try to call up before my mind’s eye the figure of Poe, the man in his habit as he lived, his daily walks and associates,—the picture is at once broken up by an irruption of red and angry faces—old John Allan, Burton the comedian (who could be so tragically in earnest and so damned virtuous with a poor poet), White, Griswold, Wilmer, Graham, Briggs, the sweet singer of “Ben Bolt,” and others of the queer literati of that day. Each and all declare in staccato, with positive forefinger raised, “We tell you, the man was drunk!” Then Absalom Willis appears, bowing daintily, and says in mild deprecation,

“No, I would not precisely say, drunk—but do me the honor to read my article on the subject in the *Home Journal*.” The saintly Longfellow evoked from the shades, seems to say, “Not only drunk, but malignant.” And a host of forgotten poetasters looming dimly in the background, take up the Psalmist’s words and make a refrain of them—“Not only drunk but malignant!”

Since this is what we get, in lieu of biography, by those who have taken the life of Poe, it is no wonder that the obscure dramatist seizes on the same stuff for his purpose. Whether or not it is possible at this late day to separate the fame of Poe from the foul legend of drunkenness and sodden dissipation that has gathered about it, I would not venture to say; but very sure am I that no one has yet attempted the feat. Even the mild and half apologetic Dr. Woodberry is gravely interested in the number, extent and variety of Poe’s drunks. Let me not forget one honorable exception, Edmund Clarence Stedman, who has taken his brother poet “as he was and for what he was.” I do not, however, include Mr. Stedman with the biographers of Poe—he stands at the head of those who have sought to interpret his genius and to safeguard his literary legacy. And though (I think) he brought no great love to the task, he has done it fairly and well.

I agree with Poe’s biographers that he got drunk often, but I am only sorry that he never got any fun out of it—the man was essentially unhumorous. I should be glad to hold a brief for Poe’s drunkenness if his tipling ever yielded him any solace, or, better still, if it ever inspired him to any genuine literary effort. We know well that some great poets have successfully wooed the Muse in their cups, but you can take my word for it, they were cold sober when they worked the thing out. It is true, Emerson says (after Milton), that the poet who is to see visions of the gods, should drink only water out of a wooden bowl; but Emerson belonged to the unjoyous race of New England brahmins who, like a snow man, lacked natural heat—and bowels. If I were writing a literary essay (which I am not), I could easily show that Milton is the most prodigious bore of all the wooden English poets and that he is altogether played out as an appendix to the Bible. It is not worth while. Besides, a poet who stands for all time as the perfect type of sanity and genius, has remarked that no teetotaler can make a success of the poetry business.

I allude to Horace and I should quote the lines here, in the original, to please my fellow Latinist, John Hay, but for the solemn fact that dead languages do not go in a live weekly magazine. Therefore I refrain.

So there was the best poetical warrant for Poe’s drinking, if he could have got any good of it—but he couldn’t and didn’t; he was merely, at times frequent enough to justify his enemies, an ordinary dipsomaniac, craving the madness of alcohol, mirthless, darkly sullen, quite insane, though physically harmless, hardly conscious of his own identity. Of the genial god Booze, who rewards his true devotees with jollity and mirth, with forgetfulness of care and the golden promise of fortune, who makes poets of dull men and god of poets,—of this splendid and beneficent deity Poe knew nothing. That spell from which Horace drew his most charming visions, which inspired Burns with courage to sing amid the hopeless poverty of his lot, which kindled the fancy of Beranger,—to him meant only madness, the sordid kind from which men turn away with horror and disgust, and which too often leads to the clinic and the potter’s field. The kindly spirit of wine that for a brief time at least works an inspiring change in every man, enlarging

THE MIRROR

his sympathies, softening the heart, prompting new and generous impulses, opening the soul shut up to self, to the greater claims and interests of humanity,—was in the case of Poe turned into a malefic genie intent only upon the lowest form of animal gratification and reckless of any and every ill wrought to body or soul.

In other words—for I must not write a literary essay—Poe was the kind of man that never should have touched the booze. For there are some men—oh, yes, I know it!—to whom the mildest wine ever distilled from grapes kissed by the sun in laughing valleys, is deadly poison, fatal as that draught brewed of old by the Colchian enchantress. And of these was poor Edgar Poe.

Neither were there for him those negative but still pleasing virtues which we do often credit to a worshipper of the great god Booze—perhaps they are mostly fictional, but this is a fraud at which Virtue herself may connive. I am very sure no one ever called Poe a “good fellow” for all the whiskey he drank, and his biographers also make the same omission. The drunkenness of Burns calls up the laughing genius of a hundred matchless ballads, the dance, the fair and the hot love that followed close upon; calls up the epic riot of beggars in the ale-house of Poosie Nancy—and we see that the whole vivid life of Burns was of a piece with his poetry. To wish him less drunken or more sober (if you prefer it), is to wish him less a poet.

Not so with Poe, as I have already shown. He got nothing from drink, in the way of literary inspiration, though Mr. Stedman seems to think he did, and, being himself a sober man and poet, appears to doubt whether anything so gotten is legitimate. I hate to lay irreverent hands on the popular belief that “The Raven” was composed during or just following a crisis of drunken delirium—the poem is too elaborately artificial for that, and has not Poe told us how he wrote it, in a confession which more clearly than all the labored efforts of his biographers, explains the vanity, the weakness and the fatal lack of humor in his make-up? I do not find any suggestions of drink or opium in the mass of his prose which I dislike, such as some of his “Old World Romances.” If there is any dope in this stuff (Mr. Stedman fears there may be), it is, in my opinion, the natural dope of faculties when driven against their will to attempt things beyond the writer’s province or power. And there is also the dope of what could be, at times, a fearfully bad style. But I am not now writing a literary essay.

I conclude, then, that in the case of Edgar Allan Poe, drink had no extenuating circumstances, though many might be pleaded for the poet himself. It made enemies for him of those who wanted to be his friends (if you will only believe them); it lost him his money—deuced little of it ever he had; it helped to break his health and it gave him no fruitful literary inspiration. Some solace I would gladly think it yielded him and maybe (who knows?), there was a blessed nepenthe in the peace it brought him at last when, after babbling a while on his cot in that Baltimore hospital, he half rose, as at a spirit summons, with a wondrous light in his great eyes. . . . Lenore!

All his life long Poe dreamed of having a magazine of his own and never got his desire. He was always writing to his friends and possible patrons about this one darling dream, but nothing came of it. The nearest he ever got to his wish was when he had succeeded in drawing into his plan one T. C. Clarke, a Philadelphia publisher. Clarke had money, and he put up a certain amount toward the starting

of the *Penn.* Some initial steps were taken and the moment seems to have been the most sanguine in Poe’s long battle with adversity. He was full of enthusiasm and wrote to many friends detailing his literary hopes and projects in connection with the new magazine. Then, suddenly, and rather unaccountably, everything was dropped. It seems likely that Clarke took cold in his money—at any rate the *Penn.* died a-borning. Poe had gone far enough to incur a good-sized debt to Clarke—he left in the latter’s hands a story as security, which we may suppose did not raise the temperature in that gentleman’s finances.

Then the planning and the letter-writing and the making of prospectuses, with other projects of the Spanish variety, went on and continued to the end of the chapter—good God! how pathetic and yet grimly humorous it all is to one who has carried the same cross, and knows every inch of that Calvary! Poe was at last spared the struggle which comes after possession, but I am aware this is no consolation to the man who is dying to make his fight.

Yet once again the chance almost fluttered into his hands, when he bought the *Broadway Journal* from a man named Bisco, with a note of fifty dollars, endorsed by Horace Greeley. Not long afterward Horace had the pleasure of paying the note and about the same time that the philosopher parted with his money, Poe gave up his brief possession of the *Journal*. But still he went on in the old hopeless, hopeful way, dreaming of that blessed magazine, which he had now decided to call the *Stylus*, instead of the *Penn.* And a name only it remained to the last.

From these and many other facts in the life of Poe his biographers to a man conclude that he had no business ability. I am not so sure—I am only sure that he never had the money. In fact, Poe was never able to raise more than one hundred dollars at any time in his whole life—once when he borrowed that sum to get married, and again when he won a like amount with a prize story. Yes, he got a judgment of something over two hundred dollars against his savage foe, Thos. Dunn English, but I am not aware that it was ever paid—think of Poe suing a man for literary libel! His usual salary was ten dollars a week—Burton held out a promise of more but discharged him when the time to make good came round—and this after he had gained what was considered a literary reputation in those days. With such resources, to start the kind of magazine Poe had always in mind, would have tasked a man of great business ability, with no poetical ideas floating in his mind to divert him from the Main Chance.

Certainly Poe was not the man for the job—I doubt if he could have sold shares in El Dorado. But I don’t think his failures, such as they were, justly convict him of a complete lack of that ordinary sense which enables a man to carry his money as far as the corner. There is a popular cant now, based on the success of some fortunate writers, that literary genius of a high order is not inconsistent with first-rate business ability. I do not care to go into the discussion—especially as this is not a literary essay—but I will say that in most instances cited to prove the point, the money sense is a good deal more obvious than the literary genius.

To make what is called a business success in this world, a man is required to do homage before many gods. But though he pay the most devoted worship to the divinities of Thrift, Enterprise, Courage, Energy, Foresight, Calculation, he will still fail should he omit his tribute to a greater god than these—Expediency!

In his poetical way Edgar Allan Poe went a-questing after many strange worships, and he was learned in all that mystic lore as far back as the

Chaldeans. But he seems never to have got an inkling of that true universal religion in which all men believe, which settles all earthly things, the relentless but impassive divinity of affairs, already named, by which success or failure is determined for every man that cometh into the world.

Toward the close of Poe’s life a horde of female poets rushed upon his trail. His relations with them were not wholly “free from blame,” to quote his biographers—they were at any rate platonic. A poetess who is always studying her own emotions for “copy” is not to be taken unawares. I think Poe himself was in more danger of being seduced than any of the ladies whom he distinguished with his attentions. It is to be noted that they invariably speak of him as a “perfect gentleman,” even after he has ceased to honor them with his affections. To me there is something rather literary than womanly in such saccharine charity and forgiveness—have we not heard that lovers estranged make the best enemies? At any rate the lover of “Ligeia,” “Eleonora” and similar abstractions was not a man to be feared by a poetess of well-seasoned virtue.

Yes, I am sure they only wanted to get copy out of him and to link their names with his. They were mostly widows, too—which makes the thing even more suspicious. One of them—that one to whom he addressed his finest lyric—was forty-five. Lord, Lord! what liars these poets are! I give you my word that until very lately I believed those perfect lines “To Helen,” idealized some youthful love of Poe’s,

*Oh, Psyche from the regions which
Are fairy land!*

Psyche lived in Providence, which is in the State of Rhode Island. She was, as I have said, forty-five, an age that should be above tempting or temptation. She wrote verses, now forgotten, and her passion for Poe was of the most literary character. After a two-day’s courtship he proposed to her and was accepted, on condition, however, that he amend his breath—which is to say, his habits. Poe seems to have regretted his rashness, for he at once started on a bat (these remarks are not literary), as if the prospect of his joy was too much for him. Still Helen would not reject him, she merely wrote him more poetry—and the poet again turned to drink as if to drown a great sorrow. A day was set for the wedding and he began celebrating at the hotel bar long before the hour appointed for the ceremony. Helen heard of his early start and, knowing what he could do in a long day, with such an advantage, she sent for him and broke off the engagement. This is the only instance I know of in Poe’s entire career, where his drinking had any semblance of sanity.

Before this and, indeed, during the life-time of Mrs. Poe, he had broken with Mrs. Ellet, a lady who made feeble verse, but whose ability for scandal and mischief was out of the ordinary. It was through this daughter of the Muses that the poet became estranged from Mrs. Osgood, and there was a beautiful woman’s row, in which Margaret Fuller took a hand. Mrs. Osgood was a gushing person, ferociously intent on “copy,” but of mature age and quite capable of taking care of herself. She declares and asseverates that Poe chased her to Providence—that fatal Providence!—and to Albany, imploring her to love him. I wonder where he got the money for these journeys—about this time he was lecturing on the “Cosmogony of the Universe,” in order to raise funds for his eternally projected magazine. The very popular nature of his subject and his own qualities as a lyceum entertainer, which never would have commended him to the late

Major Pond,—incline me to the belief that Poe was not at that time burning much money in trips to Providence and Albany.

At any rate, Mrs. Osgood cut him out, though on her deathbed, with a last effort of the ruling passion (or literary motive), she very handsomely forgave him and pronounced a touching eulogy on his moral character.

Then there was "Annie," a married woman living near Boston, to whom Poe addressed a sincere and beautiful poem. The exigencies of her case rather strain the platonic theory, but I do not give up my belief, mind you. I suspect that Annie was behind the breaking off with Helen, but of course, he couldn't marry Annie for the reason that she had a husband already (of whom we know no more), and divorces were not then negotiated in record time. Annie was therefore obliged to be content with the sweet satisfaction of having foiled a hated rival—and to a woman's heart we know that is the next thing to landing the man. Annie, by the way, was not a literary person; she wanted love from Poe, not copy; and she seems to have sincerely, if not very sensibly, loved the poet for himself.

Remains the last of these queer attachments which throw a kind of grotesque romance over the closing years of Poe. Mrs. Shelton was of unimpeached maturity, like the rest, and like all the rest but one, a widow. She lived in Richmond, Virginia, and had been a boyish flame of Poe's. She was neither beautiful nor literary and she had attained the ripe age of fifty years. But she was rich, and though Poe was not a business man, I dare say he felt the money would be no great inconvenience—and then there was always the magazine to be started, dear me! Still he made love to her as if he was half afraid she would take him at his word—and he kept writing to Annie. But Mrs. Shelton was of sterner stuff than the poetic Helen. She made up her mind to marry Poe for reasons sufficient unto herself, and she would have done it had not fate intervened. She made her preparations like a thorough business woman, and strong-mindedly led the way toward the altar. The wedding ring was bought (I can hardly believe with Poe's money), and all things were in readiness for the happy event, when Poe wandered away on that luckless journey whose end was in another world.

Mrs. Shelton wore mourning for him and all her women friends told her it was wonderfully becoming—I think Annie's crape was at the heart.

Edgar Allan Poe was a child in the hands of women, and that's the whole truth—a loving, weak, vain and irresponsible child. This count in the indictment is the weakest of all. I should not have referred to it—had I been writing a literary essay.

A last word as to Poe's enemies—those whom he made for himself and those who were called into being by his literary triumphs. Here again I think Poe failed to hit it off, as he might have done. Though he labored at the gentle art of making enemies with much diligence, he never utilized them with brilliant success in a literary way. (Most of the criticism which procured him his enemies is hack-writing, not literature). For example, he did not make his enemies serve both his wit and reputation as Heine so well knew how to do. The latter turned his foes into copy; throughout his life they were his chief literary asset, and I have no doubt that he almost loved them for the literature they enabled him to make. This is the most exquisite of revenges upon a literary rival—to make him your pot-boiler and bread-winner as well as a feeder to your fame and glory. It was beyond Poe, and therefore the chronicle of his

grudges has hardly more piquancy than the tale of his borrowings.

But his biographers weary us with it, as if the matter were of real importance. Nonsense!—our literary manners are doubtless improved since Poe's day; the brethren are surely not so hungry, and there is more fodder to go round. (I have said this is not a literary effort). Still the civility is rather assumed than real; there is much spiteful kicking of shins under the table; and private lampoons take the place of the old public personalities. I grant that authors are more generous in their attitude toward one another than formerly, and the fact can not be disputed that they are fervently sincere in their praise of—the dead ones.

No, we shall not condemn Poe for the enemies he made. The printed word breeds hostility and aversion that the writer wots not of—yea, his dearest friends, scanning his page with jealous eye, shall take

rancor from his most guileless words and cherish it in their bosoms against him. Write—and your friends will love you till they hate you, for there is no fear and jealousy in the world like those that lurk in the printed word. Write then—write deeply enough, down to the truth of your own soul, below the shams of phrase and convention, below the insincerities of self—and you shall have enemies to your heart's desire. The man who could print much and still make no enemies, has never yet appeared on this planet. Certainly it was not he who struggled desperately for the poorest living in and about New York some fifty years ago; who saw his young wife die in want and misery, with the horror of officious charity at the door; who not long afterward and in a kindly dream (as I must think it), left all this coil of trouble and sorrow behind him, bequeathing to immortality the fame of Edgar Poe.

Mirandy's Christmas Gift

By Bessie L. Russell

MIRANDY was distinctly disturbed. Mirandy herself was conscious of it. In fact, she made no denial when Hiram walked into the freshly scrubbed kitchen with his muddy boots and exclaimed: "What's up, Mirandy?"

Now, when Hiram interrogated his wife in that fashion, it meant as much as a volume of selected phrases. It told the whole story, which was that his usually smiling wife was in distress.

"What's up?" reiterated Mirandy, with no effort at conciliation. "Well I reckon if you'd worn one brown merino for over seven winters, blizzard or blazin', you'd think enough was up to set the country talkin'. That's all, Hiram Smedley." And Mirandy burst into tears.

Hiram moved awkwardly near his better half with that measured tread of the man of the plow, and exclaimed in tones strikingly calm: "Your own doin's, Mirandy. Many's the time I've brought you crop money and said to you, says I, 'Here, go 'long and get a bonnet, or a dress, or anything you see fit, Mirandy.' Then when time passed on and I saw no change in you, I would say, 'what's come of that last ten dollar bill, Mirandy, old girl?' 'Oh gone to the heathen,' you'd say, quick enough. Of course, now, if a woman wants to persist in dressin' up savages what the Almighty intended should never be dressed, of course, that's her business. To be honest, though, I call it a woman's first Christian duty to get peart lookin' herself at home."

After which expression of his feelings, Hiram walked out of his wife's freshly scrubbed kitchen, on to the broad veranda that commanded a view of one of Missouri's finest farms. A heavy frost had fallen the night before and every growing thing showed the effect of it. The vines were withered and drooping. The frosty air brought that feeling of exhilaration that only frosty air can bring. It had its effect upon Hiram, who rashly repented his hasty words. He walked into the kitchen again taking care to slam the door.

"I'll tell you, Mirandy," he said softly, "what I've made up my mind to do. I've made up my mind that you shall have a bran new Christmas gown if you have to go to St. Louis to get it. Yes, yes!" as

Mirandy dried her eyes and looked up at her husband wonderingly enough.

"That's what I said. There's no use now in talkin' over bygones, which don't bring you in any interest money, and there's no use cryin' about things either, for cryin's more like than not to fetch the family doctor. There's only one way out of any difficulty, Mirandy, and that's the sane and right way. If you've been spendin' too free now, then call a halt and save, and if you've staid shy of the city stores for a space, then it's time to get on a train and spend some money. How does to-morrow strike you, Mirandy?"

"Oh, Hiram," sobbed Mirandy, gratefully, "you're too good—you're real extravagant now, Hiram. To-morrow, indeed! Well, I swan!"

That night found Mirandy telling her closest neighbors about her prospective trip to St. Louis, and above all, about the new Christmas gown that Hiram had consented to let her have. There was only one sentiment expressed and that seemed to be general. "What extravagance!" they said. So Mirandy set forth the following day brim full of honest enthusiasm, enthusiasm that gave color to her cheeks and elasticity to her step.

Rapidly sped the Missouri Pacific train over a country which for agricultural richness has no superior anywhere.

"How fast it flies!" thought Mirandy, who had not been on a train in fifteen years. At twenty she had stood up in the little country church and promised to love, honor, etc. For fifteen long years she had kept the faith reposed in her. Four children had been born to them, one only of whom was left and he was growing up into the image of his father. He it was who had helped Mirandy on to the train, his last words being, "Maw, don't lose it, Maw."

Mirandy wiped away a tear at the thought. Lose it—the idea! Why she had never handled so much money in all her life.

Twenty-five silver dollars! Lose it, indeed! Why she had sewed all but five of it in the lining of her black alpaca skirt so securely indeed that it would have baffled the efforts even of a Missouri Pacific train robber. And so the hours rolled on. And, all

too soon to suit Mirandy, the train dashed into the station that has been the wonder and admiration of more than one Mirandy.

It was Mirandy's intention to spend only one day in the city, and she had brought along sufficient wherewithal to preclude the necessity of any lunch counter orders, or dinners *a la carte*. In fact, her one considerable item of expense would be the night's lodging, which she got as reasonably as could be gotten, so that next day, bright and early, particularly the last named, found her on a Broadway street corner, open-eyedly looking at things.

"Anything I can do for you?" said a big, genial-faced policeman, with all the suavity he was capable of. "Looking for someone or somebody?"

"Why, yes sir," returned Mirandy, reddening some. "I want to find the Collins sisters."

She had the names and addresses of several fashionable modistes, but, as she explained to the policeman, "The Collins sisters were raised up in our county," and she knew what they were. There was Codear, now, who she had been told did evening gowns, and Luzette who made a specialty of street suits. But either one was not to Mirandy's liking as she went on to explain.

"Evenin' gowns, indeed! Much use I'd have for them, sir; while as for street suits, why, bless your soul, on the farm there was nothin' but hog paths, so a street suit would not be appropriate in any sense."

"The Collins girls are what I want," said Mirandy, now more briskly, realizing as she did that time was flying. "If you will just tell me how to reach them, I'll say thank you, too."

"You have the address, I presume—you know the street and number, Madam?"

"Why, of course not," sighed Mirandy, plainly vexed. "If I did I wouldn't be troubling you. I thought everybody in St. Louis knew the Collins girls. Why, when they lived up in the country, sir, their father's farm was smash up against our farm and many's the time they've eat and slept at our place. Yes, sir, and clever girls they were, too. Always could sew right smart, even in those early days; and for a weddin' or a buryin' now, nobody could beat the three Collins girls, sir."

Vainly striving to conceal his evident amusement, the kind-hearted policeman—for policemen *are* kind-hearted—with the help of a directory in the nearest drug store, managed to see Mirandy started to the address she sought.

Gray, gloomy, forbidding rose the residence on fashionable Kindell boulevard that domiciled the much-talked-of Collins sisters. Mirandy looked in awe at the shining door knob, at the smart English houseman that answered her ring.

"Yes, this is the house. Card, please," he said.

"Card," echoed Mirandy. Why, she had never owned a card in all her life.

"Card—why, Honey, just you tell Belle and Lucy and Kate Collins that it's Mirandy Smedley and it will be all right, I reckon. What? Can't see them now? Have to wait my turn?"

Well, there was a time when she could see them without waiting, thought Mirandy; a time when their sun-bonneted, bare-footed selves had run in upon Mirandy without so much as "If you please, Ma'am."

One by one the elegantly gowned city women were waited upon by the fashionable modistes; when it came Mirandy's turn.

"Well, I'll declare!" exclaimed Mirandy, as she kissed them all warmly, "who'd ever have thought now when you girls were seedin' watermelons down in our patch and dryin' the seeds for old Doc. Hig-

gins, that you'd one day be livin' in a city and fixed up so smart and grand!"

The sisters smiled, but rather coolly, Mirandy thought. "What can we do for you?" they said, or one said for all three, in icy tones. "You see, Mrs. S—, our time is very, very valuable. If you wish a gown—" this, looking nervously at the door, as if afraid of something—"you had best make your selection at once." And goods were shown in small bolt samples. "Here is a neat black chantilly that we can get you up for one hundred and twenty-five dollars; here is a darling green robe that comes at one hundred and fifty, and these other novelties are from one hundred and seventy-five up."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mirandy. "And that's what you get for makin' a dress to cover you with? One hundred and twenty-five, one hundred and fifty, one hundred and seventy-five dollars! Lands alive!"

Then Mirandy set to thinking just how much of one gown her twenty silver dollars would cover. She thought, too, of her frigid treatment and wondered how it could really be, and if all rich city folks, who were once poor country folks, succeeded so admirably at forgetting their old friends. She did not say this though. Instead, she said: "Got nothin' cheaper, girls?" modestly, as was Mirandy's wont.

"Cheaper? We handle nothing under one hundred, Madam," came the curt response.

Mirandy felt the chills creep down her back. She

thought of Hiram with his good, honest smile and she grew hungry to see him. It was almost train time, too. She would have consumed nearly a day in going to and from and waiting upon the fashionable city sharks and her heart cried out against the folly of it all.

"Well, good-bye," she said presently.

That night, when Hiram met her at the train, she burst into tears. "Hiram," she said softly, "I'm so glad to be home again. New Christmas gown? Never; but a new heart to enjoy the old one dear."

Then she related her experience. The wagon creaked as only farm wagons can creak, and its untired wheels sank deep in the mud every now and then, making the drive to the farm a slow and tedious one. Yet, beneath the rough exterior of these two homely folk—God bless them—beat two honestly happy hearts.

"Hiram," said Mirandy, snuggling up to him, "I feel like God sent me to the city. He sent me there to help me realize how sweet the country is."

Then, after a little pause, "It ain't all of life to wear fine clothes, anyhow, Hiram. I just love this old gown now. I'll put new lace in the neck and frills in the sleeve and—and—"

But she was not permitted to finish the sentence for the warm kiss that came straight from Hiram's heart. "Anyhow, Mirandy," he said as she moved playfully away from his caresses, "anyhow, I see in the papers, *brown's to be the leading shade this Christmas.*"

How I Would Like to Die

By L. R. Whipple

SOME of us, perhaps, have laughed over the story of the punishment meted out by the Athenians to a certain philosopher who maintained that death was the greatest good that could come to him. With true Athenian irony, they condemned him to death. Some of us, too, may have wondered whether his philosophy persisted steadfast when the dark draught was brought to him. Did he pour a thanksgiving libation to the Death God? Or did his brow start sweat, and his hand tremble as he lifted to his lips the key that was at last to unlock the casket of "the highest good?" Whatever the old Greek's soul said then, he was right in this: Death is not a fearful thing, nor one to be left unthought of till the evening. Certainly there is some foolish superstition in our mumbled mutterings on the theme; some tawdry theatricalness in our burial manners. We lie even of death.

Why shouldn't we look at death as honestly as at life? Pouf! but I am tired of these people who blink at the truth, and who, if someone suddenly slips in a pleasing falsehood between them and a truth they are too lazy to find, choose that and *name* it true. I like stern, old coal-eyed Carlyle; he did not quibble, nor half-lie, nor blink stupidly at things. He looked to tell what he saw. If he had believed that truth lay in the regions of the damned, he would have snatched aside any vaporous, half-light veil, and glared straight into incandescent hell. And had he done so, hell for him would have died, and shrivelled, and sputtered out into a heap of dusty ashes, blown away with a breath. Be true. Be true. Have done with lies, and lip-truth, with hypocrisy and compromise, with sayings, with *eidola* no longer believed in. Crumple the smirking mask in your hands until it be a pulp. Don't merely take it off; crush it, tear it apart for a plaything of God's four winds. Annihilate it forever, lest another than you find it tossing on the ash-heap of old ideas, and wear it again.

This is the philosophy we need to-day when the

strange gods tramp through our homes and our hearts. If you are a carpenter, drive your nail straight and claim your price; if you are a statesman, make your law straight and live by it; if you are a man, guide your soul straight and let the old world wag on. Look square at Love and Faith, at Work, at Life and Living, and then, I say, look square at Death.

Already I hear "Morbidity" bawled in my face; but, I pray you, friends, is eating morbid; is marrying morbid; or work, or childbirth, or sleeping? Yet death is as natural as these. You, little soul, with loose-hung jaws that clatter in a pointless wind, is it morbid to measure life by death, when you measure your life by, "after dinners," and "before breakfasts," and "at tea-times?" Go watch your belly-horologe, and cease yelling "morbidity" at a man. Such then is my morbidity.

I would like to die on a pleasant day of the early spring after late winter has been blown into space by the jolly boisterings of March. I even am unafraid to say that I want to die in April—month of tiny green buds, and faint new flowers. Surely when the sap stirs, and the fragrance of harbinger blossoms fills the air, I can trust the Master of the Show to take care of me. Whatever lies beyond the grave, the flowers come back again.

I would like to die at evening, by an open window. Out of the South should drift a slow, sweet air; over my bed should stream the white window curtain, fluttering gently—now afloat broad, now sinking to slackness against the sash as if alive. That I may not tell you exactly, why I want this, nor that it may not happen so with me, does not worry me; it is not wrong to wish it thus. Moreover, out of my western window, I want to see my fair friend, the sun, slanting to me a final ray of cheery good-bye. Then let him sink. We have been gay cronies, and I had rather see him wink hopefully beyond the fretted horizon's edge, as if to say, "Glad I have been able to help you, old comrade," than shake hands with



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that fawning sneak who comes to see if I may leave him a few tinkling counters.

Yet I do want to say *au revoir* to those who love me. Let them sit talking with me of now and then, until gold and purple melt to grey, and grey begins to flatten into black. So, too, there must be no silence round the house. Must others stop still because one little soul is going out alone into eternity to-night? That were selfish dying it seems to me. Let one boy shout to another about to-morrow's sport, and a girl's laugh raise up; perhaps one old man say tremulously to another, "We've had a fine day, to-day." And then, when the dark is come, and a single star keeps watch high over the hills, in that dear time of night, tiredness will come upon me, so that readily will I close my eyes and drop into the long sleep that men call death.

Next morning take the rubbish that was my body, and put it decently out of sight in the ground without weeping or vacant ceremonial. Or, if it be more healthful for you, burn it to dust whence it came and scatter it over the earth, perhaps to fertilize a blade of grass, or tint the petal of a rose. Do not have any vain mummeries over the lump of clay I leave, nor any reading or words of mouth by those whose business it is to utter words of mouth. What good can such do me? And do not let that man who would not greet me cheerily when I met him on the street, come in black garments to sit where I used to sit, and draw long faces while he figures the cost of the wooden box you put me in. But if that man, beside whose desk I had mine in the workshop, and who lent me a match to light my pipe, or slapped my shoulder when I had good luck, if he come, tell him I remember him still.

At last, when all are come and gone, open the windows of what was my room, and let the four fair winds of heaven blow through until it is clean. They will sweep away laughingly all my old lies, and cries, and murmurings; they will take out the stench of my body, and the stain of my tears. And that night the room will be ready for a better man than I. But keep my books and the memory of what good I did.

So if any ask you whither I have gone, tell him you know not, but you think to rest; if he ask you what I am doing, tell him you know not, but you think I am at peace. And if any shed tears for me, bid him cease from his unkindness; he seems to have wished me harm. For, doubtless, I shall be happy.



That "Small Boy"

The principal of one of the lower East Side primary schools is a tall spare spinster, of spectacled and severe mien, says the *New York Sun*. Once a week she pays a formal visit to each classroom and investigates personally the progress of the pupils. She entered the second grade classroom a few days ago to find a fluffy haired young teacher trying to explain the meaning of the word husband, with which the spelling class had been wrestling. The fluffy haired teacher made a long explanation of the dictionary definition of the male party to a marriage contract, but none of the youngsters had grasped the problem. "Well, now, children, suppose Miss —, the principal, were to get married, what would she have?" was the final resort of the young instructress. The spinster principal looked horrified, but none of the children ventured a guess. "Can't you suppose what she would have?" encouraged the teacher. A small boy at the end of the line raised his hand timidly and then, gaining confidence in his knowledge, waived it frantically. "Teacher, teacher, I know," he announced. "Well, Jacob, what would she have?" smiled the teacher. In the silence that followed the small boy's voice declared very solemnly: "A baby."

BONNY LORAINE

By JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

*BONNY LORAINE, have you now forgot
The day we walked on the morning lea?
I still keep the blue forget-me-not*

*That you took from your hair and gave to me;
Would you care to walk those woods again
With me at your side in the morning time?
Do you ever think of your youth's sweet prime
And your young boy lover, Bonny Loraine?*

*Ah well I remember the hour we stood
By the glancing river when day was done,
And whispering trees in the dim old wood
Turned crimson and gold in the setting sun;
When your heart and your eyes and your lips were fain
To cling to me there as your life's one love—
While the stars came out in the skies above—
Do you remember it, Bonny Loraine?*

*Surely your heart could not forget
The night when I told you that last farewell,
Your long, soft lashes with tears were wet
And your anguish more than your lips could tell,
And you kissed me there, as we stood in the rain,
And held me fast as you bade me go;
With your desolate golden head bowed low,
I know you remember it, Bonny Loraine.*

*Across the street where the music swells
You glide with the throng in the shadowy dance,
In your ears the chime of your wedding bells
In your heart the dreams of the old romance,
I see you shimmer across the pane
The jewels aglow on your shining hair,
And the arms of another about you there,
But I do not envy him now, Loraine.*

*Let him bow down low at your royal feet,
Let him sing Love's song, if it give him joy;
I sang it once, and I found it sweet,
In the days when you charmed me, a foolish boy;
But I never shall waken the old refrain,
Its beautiful music is always hushed,
My heart was touched, but it was not crushed,
And I love you no longer, Bonny Loraine.*

*Dance on while the music throbs and beats,
Drink memory to death in the wedding wine,
He knows not your life whose quick glance meets
The false, sweet light in your eyes divine;
I can look on you now with never a pain
On your proud, fair face, and splendid eyes,
Then, looking up in yon starlit skies,
Thank God that I lost you, Bonny Loraine.*

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The Happy Prince

By Oscar Wilde

HIGH above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him impractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince," asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks, and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! But we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the Spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows, "she has no money, and far too many relations;" and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And certainly, when the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtsies. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love traveling, and my wife, consequently, should love traveling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head; she was so attached to her home.

"You have been trifling with me," he cried, "I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column. "I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince. "I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried, "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said: "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw—Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay behind it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead, yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What, is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honor to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow.

"My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!" "I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel," said the boy, "I must be getting better;" and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Everyone quoted it; it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince: "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

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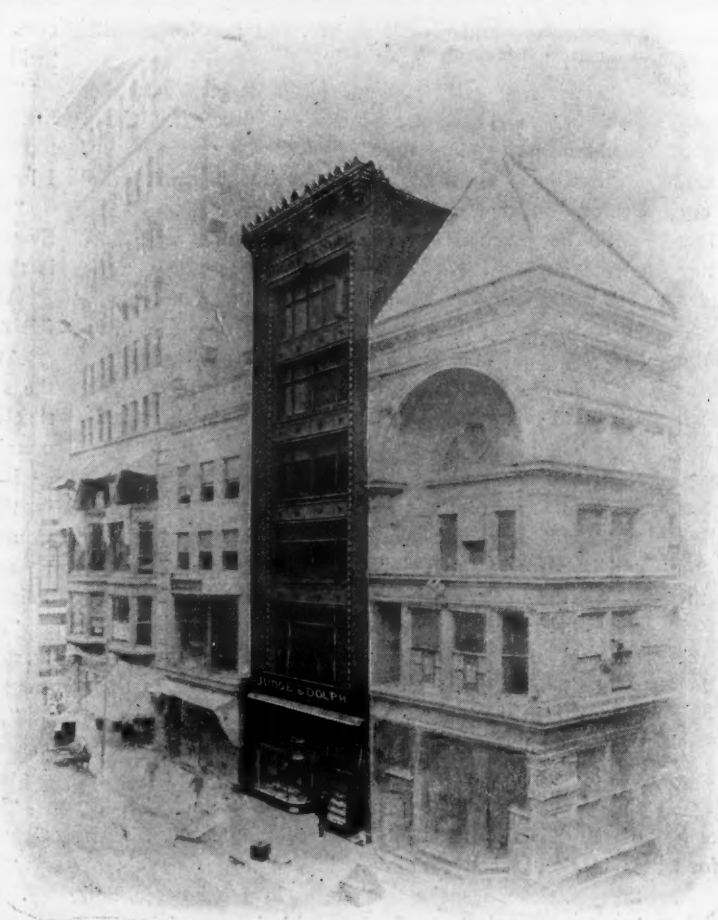
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"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bullrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theater, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweler, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that;" and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried, "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbor. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave ahoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home

some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvelous things, but more marvelous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are," they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and gray. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he muttered, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow, "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue; "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor, and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor; "in fact, he is little better than a beggar."

"Little better than a beggar!" said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor.

"We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarreled. When I last heard of them they were quarreling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in My garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing forevermore, and in My city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise Me."

Love Beyond the Grave

By CHRISTINE G. ROSSETTI

Many in aftertimes will say of you
 "He loved her"—while of me what will they say?
 Not that I loved you more than just in play,
 For fashion's sake as idle women do.
 Even let them prate; who know not what we know
 Of love and parting in exceeding pain,
 Of parting hopeless here to meet again,
 Hopeless on earth, and heaven is out of view.
 But by my heart of love laid bare to you,
 My love that you can make not void nor vain,
 Love that foregoes you but to claim anew
 Beyond this passage of the gate of death,
 I charge you at the Judgment make it plain
 My love of you was life and not a breath.

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Theology and Social Science

By Elbert Hubbard

SOCIOLOGY is the science that treats of the relations of man with his fellows—the science of society. That sociology is not a fixed and positive science, like chemistry or mathematics, is very true, for the reason that, so far, no man has arisen who is great enough to place humanity on the slide, or to analyze it and resolve it into its constituent parts.

But this I think holds: Our best knowledge of humanity is gained from observation and experience, and not from so-called Sacred Books. When we get hold of a real fact, and somebody declares it is not a fact because it is contrary to scripture, we cleave to the fact, and are not troubled about the scripture. This is a condition that could not have existed a short time ago.

The cry of "infidel" and "atheist" still goes up, but we are not deterred, remembering, with Andrew D. White, that the term, "infidel," has been hurled by theologians at nearly every man who has ever done anything for the race. Every man who has stood out for freedom and progress and who has achieved distinction in art, science, history and philanthropy has been called atheist and infidel. That is to say, the men who have benefited the world most have been the so-called "infidels."

❖ ❖

The true type of theologian is a man who never learns a new thing nor forgets an old one.

Theology still presumes to dictate to men what they shall think, what days they shall work, when they shall rest, and how they shall manage their domestic relations.

The church has always taught that the giving of alms was a duty, as if poverty were a disease in itself and not a mere symptom—the result of a cause. To abolish poverty by striking at the root of the cause has ever been, and is now, opposed by theologians. The church is built on mendicancy, and the higher laws of sociology and economics are as unknown to theology as were the laws of astronomy in the days of Copernicus and Galileo.

No theological convention meets but the subject of divorce is brought up for discussion. At the recent Methodist Conference at Los Angeles four days were given to the "divorce problem," and the opponents of divorce all made their most telling points by citing scripture. During that discussion, in which forty-seven men took part, one man said, "Let us leave scripture out of this argument, and try to reach truth through the facts of social science." At this simple utterance there was a howl of disapproval—a score of men sprang to their feet and demanded to be heard. The chairman slivered and shivered the desk with his gavel, and shouted for order. Finally a woman stood on a table and lifted the hymn, "Come to Jesus Just Now." Two thousand voices chimed in, and the little man who had suggested that the relationship of men and women should be considered without reference to the Bible, was drowned in the tumult like a blind bitch's puppy.

On this same occasion a resolution was offered, as follows: "As Jesus allowed divorce for one reason only, so do we countenance divorce for one reason, and refuse hereafter to marry the guilty party," which

involves the delicate assumption that the clergyman is able to determine who the guilty party is.

In all of these discussions by theologians who seek to regulate society, there was not a single instance where the point was made that, in many instances, divorce is an attempt to cancel a vicious and immoral condition. The parties to a divorce may be actuated by the highest and loftiest motives that move mankind instead of the basest and worst, as charged by those Los Angeles preachers, but this was not admitted.

Divorce often is a direct move in the interests of peace and purity, but your true theologian does not know it. Also, it may be that the marriage of the "guilty party" may be the one thing that will redeem him, save his soul alive and give him back to society a useful individual. But theology will not for an instant admit this. Theology believes that marriage is a bad thing given to bad people as reward for not being worse—read St. Paul!

When it is found that a man and woman are absolutely mismated, and together they can only live out a lingering death, civilization says that the state performs an act of humanity in setting them free. To fix the cause of this mismating on one party, or both, and declare that the bond is irrevocable, is the work of men who believe that this little life, with its blunders, accidents and frailties, fixes man's place in eternity. From those who believe in the righteousness of eternal torture, small justice can be expected here. If you believe in the eternal damnation of a man in another world, the damnation of a man and woman now and here is, to you, a trivial matter.

Question—Do the people who preach eternal damnation as a matter of justice, hold a monopoly on pity and mercy, and are they better fitted on account of their belief in the justice of eternal damnation to formulate a code of ethics here? Further, if a man believes in the justice of infinite damnation, does not the inhumanity of this belief unfit him for dealing out finite justice here? If so, then why should not all orthodox priests and preachers be debarred from having a voice in the codification of laws where human happiness and welfare are involved?

When the clergy band together and declare whom they will marry and whom they will not, in spite and in defiance of the legal enactments of the land, setting aside the laws of the state, it is time that the state stepped in and took from them the legal right of performing the marriage ceremony at all.

The divorce of church and state is now believed to have been a very great and wise movement toward social betterment. The clergy once were our law-makers—they were the only notaries—the administering of oaths was theirs exclusively—and now they have been cut off from all part in legal procedures, excepting performing the marriage rite. In some countries this privilege has also been denied them—that is to say, a marriage by a clergyman in France is not of itself legal, neither is it in most of the states in America. It is not forbidden in France for a priest to perform the marriage rite any more than the sweet satisfaction of jumping over a broomstick by colored people in Alabama, is forbidden. The church rite of marriage should be no more in the

eyes of the law than is baptism or "consecration." This is as it should be everywhere, and as it will be in all the states soon.

That is good which serves, and the science of sociology is seeking to solve what is best for humanity; this through the study of history, through observation and experience, and not through books written by barbarians centuries ago.

In all these theological discussions on the divorce problem, the assumption is that in the relationship of the sexes there is something essentially base, low, wicked, perverse and immoral, but by a wise provision, God has arranged to sanctify the relationship through His agents, the priests. The assumption is carried still further, that what the church sanctifies is necessarily good and right.

Here social science steps in and shows that incompatibility of temperament is not removed by the words of a priest. That which God has put asunder no man can join together.

And just here you get the actual reason why the church opposes divorce—the church claims to consecrate. If you allow divorce you admit the impotence of the so-called consecration. If a thing is consecrated, it is beautiful, beneficent, true, right and altogether lovely.

If a man and woman are unfitted by nature for each other—if they annoy, disturb, distrust, distress, thwart and bring out the worst qualities in each, the church still sticks to it that their marriage is a consecration. A fact is nothing to a churchman—the wine, he swears, turns to blood, although nobody sees it, nor does the microscope reveal a single corpuscle, still when the bell rings the miracle takes place.

"Whatever shall be bound on earth shall be bound in heaven." The priest has the power to unite now and forever. Of course, we know better—we know that the priest can no more unite discordant elements in human character than he can mix an alkali with an oil that contains no fatty acid.

When a court steps in and cancels the bond consecrated by a priest, having found it delusive, fickle and futile, then the whole idea of priestly power crumbles into nothingness.

We still allow priests to marry folks in America, but we do not allow them to issue divorces. If the Pope of Rome should cancel the marriage of a man and woman living in New York, we would smile—the courts do not recognize His Holiness.

And so when the theologians of Christendom seek to have their say in the regulation of conduct, it is only a last feeble, convulsive protest, because their official life has been taken away. The appeal to scripture will not do—we want the truth. And as we have gone to nature for our facts, in geology, chemistry, astronomy and biology, so are we now going to nature for our social facts.

When I speak here of priests, I do not refer to the priest of the Roman Catholic Church, exclusively. Protestantism has been as bitter a foe to science as Catholicism. Luther and Melancthon fought astronomy step by step. Luther declared, "A man who says the earth is not the center of the universe is a liar, and the truth of God is not in him."

Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, opposed Darwin tooth and nail, and so did Rev. Dr. Hodge of Princeton, and the Rev. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn. A priest is a priest, and the difference between Protestantism and Rome is microscopic. In proportion as a priest doubts the divinity of his mission, and loses faith in the sacredness of his institution, does he grow and progress. If Dr. Buckley and Bishop Doane have lost faith in an infallible Pope, they still

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claim to believe in an infallible book, and when they want to prove truth they appeal to it. For myself, I would rather believe in the infallibility of a man I know, than in the infallibility of a book that was written by unknown persons, and has been translated and retranslated by men of whom I know nothing.

A Catholic priest who is honest and sincere, should be respected for his sincerity, but a Protestant clergyman is beautiful in character just in proportion to his pretence, and his excellence lies in his hypocrisy. The Catholic is consistent in his frank superstition, but the Protestant preacher, while deriding superstition, yet demands faith in miracles, and for truth, cites us to a volume in which he does not believe. Theology opposed divorce for exactly the same reason that Wilberforce berated Darwin, and the Pope banished Copernicus. That which threatens the curtailment of their power theologians have always bitterly opposed as sinful. It was thought that "evolution would banish God from the universe," to use the language of Dean Hodge. To say that the earth moved, was contrary to scripture. And to give the civil authorities sole control of divorce was to declare that marriage might be a sacred contract, and it might not—it all depended upon how it turned out. This rendered the priest superfluous. If a marriage is to be sacred, only the man and woman themselves can make it so.

When the courts are appealed to for a divorce, it is the culmination of a long siege of terrible misery and awful heartache. People do not get up in the morning, eat their breakfast, and say, "Go to, we will go down town and get a divorce."

Divorce is the last expedient of a man and woman sorely stricken by unkind fate. People may enter lightly into marriage, but they do not enter lightly on divorce. It is a fearful ordeal. And men and women are wise, usually, in stumbling through life in bonds, and dying in harness with famishing hearts unquenched rather than face the disgrace of a divorce court.

No man or woman can go through divorce proceedings without awful scars, and most divorce candidates are ruined by the ordeal, utterly. Swallows may wing their way through spider's webs, but flies are caught and perish.

Divorce is heroic treatment. It seeks to give relief from the results of a most unhappy accident—the mismatching of a man and woman.

There is only one thing more terrible than divorce, and that is to go through life manacled hand and foot, with an iron compress on head and heart. But usually the victim had better die than seek relief through the cold chisel and sledge hammer ordeal. Divorce means to have your soul dragged naked at the cart's tail for the amusement of the mob.

Divorce does not break bonds—it amputates ligaments and tears through tendrils.

But the consensus of scientific thought is that this amputation and uprooting, at times, is wise and well. It is better that the courts and their adjuncts, the newspapers, should use their cold chisels than that men and women should die, and dying slowly, should vitiate the atmosphere and spread social pollution.

Divorce is an expedient directed towards moral health. The courts of the world believe this; the people who sustain the courts believe it; the clergy alone, as a third sex, protests.

A man from Mars would surely suppose that these high-choked, self-appointed guardians of their neighbors' business, had invented the Sexual Impulse, duly filed caveats on it, and were now renting

it out on royalty; under terms and regulations dictated by themselves in convention assembled.

And as we have seen, the clergy protests because divorce is a tacit acknowledgement that in the priestly rite there is no virtue.

Only that is sacred which serves. Hitch a racer with a draft horse and you get a team that can neither make fast time nor pull a load.

Woman has gained her present degree of freedom through the legal right of divorce, which the courts of the civilized world have granted her.

Without divorce—with an indissoluble marriage tie—she is a chattel. Divorce gives woman the right to her own person, and insures her immunity from innate brutality.

It would be quite absurd to claim that all divorces spring from right motives, but this I believe holds: The desire for divorce is not, necessarily, any more base than the desire to wed. Just take a little time and think that over!

No doubt fickle and foolish people often demand divorces when what they need is merely a vacation. And the courts, recognizing this instability of the human heart, have tried the expedient of the "interlocutory decree." There are also various other delays provided that often rescue people from their own rashness. But no doubt the courts are occasionally imposed upon through the connivance of lawyers, and men and women are separated who really need each other and are better off together than divided. Judges are sometimes imposed upon and make mistakes very much as clergymen are constantly marrying the headstrong and unfit.

But the world is now demanding wiser judges and better lawyers, and in response to this law of supply and demand, we are getting better lawyers to manage our courts.

I know many attorneys who refuse to take any part in divorce proceedings until they have fully gone into the vital issues, and done all they possibly could to bring about a reconciliation. That such lawyers are the exception, I am not willing to believe. They are, in every city, the attorneys who, realizing human limitations, work to keep their clients out of court and seek to bind up broken hearts and heal the hurts of unkind fate.

Yet these men of heart, who look upon humanity with pitying eyes, seeing things from the broad vantage ground of wide experience, know full well that there are cases where separation is wise and well. They realize that the intent of statute law is not to make perpetual the blunders of youth. Wise judges and great lawyers do not view this important question like Methodist preachers, from the snug fireside of their own domestic hearth; nor do they look at it from the standpoint of a priest who changes his housekeepers at pleasure, and sits secure against rumor, smiling placidly at every charge but that of rape.

"Unfaithfulness is the only biblical excuse for divorce, and therefore the only cause upon which divorces should be granted," said Bishop Crafts. This is about as far as your theologian reasons. He does not perceive that unfaithfulness, usually, is the result of a cause, and that cause is incompatibility. Neither was the truth mentioned in the entire discussion at the Los Angeles conference that in those states where unfaithfulness is the only legal ground for divorce, unfaithfulness or pretended unfaithfulness is often resorted to in order that freedom from an intolerable bond shall be gained. Neither in this ministerial discussion was it once admitted that both parties to a mismatching may be, and usually are, absolutely innocent—that the causes of incompatibility

are congenital and fixed in the natures of each, and that in such instances these innocent parties cannot gain freedom without moral disgrace, and the social undoing of one of the parties.

When theologians discuss divorce they start with the biblical assumption that the human heart is depraved and altogether wicked, and that men love darkness rather than light. Close students of sociology no longer believe this. We believe that the man who does not desire to do what is proper and right is the rare exception—such a one is an unnatural production, a victim of degeneracy. The natural man wishes to do what is best for himself, and least harmful to others, and if not too much interfered with will work out his own salvation, just as animals avoid by instinct the poisonous vine. The belief that man needs constant looking after, and his welfare demands many laws, regulations and specially appointed supervisors to mete out punishment, is all purely priestly and quite gratuitous.

In ancient Rome men owned their wives and put them away at will. Later, when a man put away his wife he had to record the fact before the nearest procurator. Still later, this procurator took upon himself the privilege of investigating the case a little, and if the woman was not at fault the man must provide for her.

And there we get the first glimmering recognition of the modern rights of woman.

In the time of Marcus Aurelius, a woman for the first time in Roman rule came before the tribunal, with a woman friend as attorney, and asked for divorce and protection from a brutal husband. The case created great astonishment and some merriment among the lawyers. But the woman's cause was heard and her prayer granted.

When Constantine made all Rome Christian by edict the rights of women were practically canceled. A thousand years of night went by, and when natural science demanded that it should be freed from priestly rule, woman, too, asked that she be recognized by the courts as a human being, and not a thing.

Now three-fourths of all divorces are granted on the requests of women.

Very, very slowly has the world made head. Woman's right to divorce has been granted by the infidel courts, and not by the church. Even yet the Catholic Church and the Church of England refuse to recognize divorces granted by the civil courts, and declare that divorcees, who again marry, are living in concubinage, their children illegitimate. And so we get the queer spectacle of William of Albany tying his bull-dog to a horse-block, adjusting his breeks, and going into a convention, declaring who shall marry who, on penalty of social ostracism and eternal damnation hereafter.

And likewise comes from Los Angeles the nasal yammer of preachers who declare their intent to set their churchly rules against the laws of the land.

The priestly clutch for power veils itself in a whining solicitude for mankind, and declares divorce base and immoral, citing you scripture as proof, and refusing so much as to look through Galileo's telescope and see that divorce, in the main, is founded on a higher conception of morality than the world in savage times could comprehend.

Instead of a move toward laxity and license, the desire for divorce may spring, and often does, from a passion for purity. A passion for purity, I am well aware, to the average theologian, is quite preposterous. To be honest, to him, is to be absurd. He cares more for the world's approval than for an up-right life, free from quarrel, quibble, bickering and



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misunderstandings that dwarf, stunt and finally destroy all that is holiest, purest and best in man's nature; and never for a moment will he admit that the relationship of the incompatible is essentially immoral.

Divorce lays bare your imperfections before the world and the world whips you with its displeasure, not for what you do, but for being found out. In good church circles you can talk about anything you wish, so long as you do not do it; and you can do anything you wish, so long as you do not talk about it.

Individual priests and preachers, I am told, are

often modest, truthful, honest in their unofficial characters. They may know the truth, and often speak it, confidentially; but a convention of preachers does those things it ought not, and leaves undone those it should have done. It is stupidity seven times compounded, where the rule of the blatant reigns. Each delegate is afraid of all the rest, and none dares express his honest thought for fear of being unfrocked. Truth to a preacher is preposterous. The vital things to him are a bishop's voice and a high-cut vest.

Men may speak the truth as they honestly see it—but not in a convention, Dearie, not in a convention.

ception, these certificates have always been cashed by the Treasurer. The exception happened towards the close of the regular session of 1899, when Treasurer Pitts called a halt on the certificate payments until the appropriation bills were passed. This move proved so unpopular that it defeated him for State Auditor at the following Democratic State convention. Few members of the Legislature and employes can go until the close of a session without more means of support than the "skin" poker games in Jefferson City afford, and when they are shut off at the Treasury they must look to greedy money lenders or lobbyists for cash, and accordingly they charge their distress up to the State Treasurer.

On every side the Republicans will be watched by shrewd Democrats, well skilled in State affairs and legislative business. Everything possible will be turned to their disadvantage for use in the campaign two years hence. That the Republicans will be able to avoid all the pitfalls placed in the road over which they will have to travel, seems impossible. If they escape most of them they will be exceedingly lucky. Right or wrong, the Democrats will shift every responsibility upon them and make the most out of every mistake. The chief business of every Democrat about Jefferson City next winter will be to take every possible advantage of the Republicans, and after duly embellishing and labeling the same "For Use During the Campaign of 1906," continue along the same line until the close of the session.

Much is being said by well-meaning Republican newspapers to the effect that there will be no lobby in Jefferson City this winter. Perhaps these guileless editors believe what they say. If so, they are doomed to disappointment. Green men fall the easiest prey to skillful lobbyists. Moreover, experience has developed the fact that Republican law-makers are just as corrupt as Democrats. The House of 1895, controlled by the Republicans, reeked with corruption. The railroad lobby ran the House to suit its own ends. Not a single bill ever passed that body, in which the lobby took any interest, that was not "O. K'd." by the lobby before it left a committee. From a lobby standpoint, it was said to be the "cheapest" House that ever convened. An old lobbyist made a remark, touching the venality of that House, to the effect that he could buy a whole committee much cheaper than a single member of the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis. He had bought both and ought to have been good authority on the subject.

The lobby will do business at Jefferson City this winter the same as usual. It will not act so brazenly as of late years, but it will be in evidence just the same. Its agents will be members of the Legislature and outside pluggers who will not attract too much attention, for obvious reasons. Members will be bought and sold like so many pigs, some bringing one price and some another. Business will be conducted more quietly than in former years, for the simple reason that the lobby agents fear Joseph W. Folk—not the Legislature.

Within a very short time the Republicans will realize that power incurs serious responsibilities. The boot will be on the other foot this time. If they do anything or fail to do anything, that meets with public disapproval, they, not the Democrats, will be damned.

How timely seem the words of Major Wm. Warner, of Kansas City: "Have the Republicans of Missouri the wisdom to hold the victory they have achieved?"

Trouble for "The Mysterious Stranger"

By Charles B. Oldham

THERE will be a new deal at Jefferson City early next month. A Legislature, composed largely of new and inexperienced men, will assemble, while four of the most important State offices will pass from the hands of the Democrats to their Republican successors. The Governor will be a Democrat and the Senate will be Democratic, but the House will be Republican and that party will have control of the General Assembly on joint ballot and elect a United States Senator. It is not with the contest over the United States Senatorship, however, that this article has to do, although that of itself may prove the turning point of the Republicans' future in this State.

All the important boards will be under control of Republican officials. Of these boards, the State Board of Equalization is deemed the most important. It is composed of the Governor, Secretary of State, State Auditor, State Treasurer and Attorney General. It will be observed that the Governor will be the only Democratic member of the board. Although it will be fully six months before this board will perform such functions as concerns the public, to-wit: The assessment of and the equalization of real estate and personal taxes of corporations of a public-service nature, yet meantime, no discerning person will lose sight of the campaign charges, made by the Republicans that successive Democratic boards assessed private property too high and corporation property too low. It is evident that this board will have to "make good" or lose a very important position in the next campaign.

The Board of Prison Inspectors, while usually not attracting much attention, will undoubtedly be brought face to face early in the year with some very serious questions. This board is composed of the Attorney General, State Auditor and State Treasurer—all Republicans. The Republican State platform is pledged to the abolition of the contract system of working convicts. By the first of the year every contract will have expired, save one, and it will run for but a single year. For a number of years the profits arising from working the convicts under the contract system have made the penitentiary entirely self-sustaining—in fact, every expense, including official salaries, has been paid from the profits of convict labor, and even a small surplus was converted into the State Treasury. The contractors, in view of anticipated

hostilities, have refused to renew their contracts, or at least they say they will not do so, and if they carry out their threat, the State will have something like 1,000 unemployed convicts to care for, next month. This will entail an enormous expense, and will no doubt prove a severe test of the mettle of the new officials. Nothing so provokes the average farmer as the idea of being taxed to support criminals in idleness.

It has been said that had the Republicans believed, during the last campaign, that they would carry the State, they would have been more careful in the charges they preferred against the Democrats and would have left many loopholes for escape that they closed up in anticipation of defeat. This may or may not be true. But in any event, the Republicans are "right up against" the real situation now and they will be compelled to produce the goods or stand the consequences. They will be forced to make some attempt to keep their promises.

It is said that Missouri was never before confronted with the political situation that will exist at Jefferson City next month. In 1895 there was a Republican House, a Democratic Senate and a Democratic Governor, but the Secretary of State, State Auditor, State Treasurer and Attorney General were Democrats. Then the balance was against the Republicans; now it is in their favor. The difference between 1895 and 1904 is therefore quite marked, for the Democrats, this time, will have but the Governor and State Senate. But in spite of the fact that the Republicans will really have the balance of power in their favor, they will still be at a great disadvantage through lack of experience on the part of their State officials and members of the Legislature. Already State Treasurer Gmelich has publicly announced that he will not honor warrants from the General Assembly until after appropriation bills covering the same have been passed and approved by the Governor.

While the State Treasurer will be acting clearly within the law if he pursues this course to the end, yet he will make himself unpopular by so doing. It has long been the custom to hold back appropriations until the close of the session. To prevent a money stringency among the members and employes, both houses pass resolutions requesting the Treasurer to honor certificates from each body representing salaries due members and employes, and with a single ex-

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The Heavenly Maid

*Notes From the Journal of a Literary Man, Living in a Country Town;
a Scholar, Refined and Gentle, but Somewhat Fastidious.*

By Columbine

JUNE 20th. In the early morning I like the sound of birds—of nature. I thus begin the day as primitive man began his existence, in a new, fresh world, ready to be re-made. But evening finds me quite civilized, even cultured; and, though I do not enjoy the society of my kind, I am ready for its music. Only, I am very decided in my musical desires. I am not an "executionist," nor a connoisseur; indeed, I do not care greatly for brilliance in performing. But the music must be of a certain type—the best. It must be rendered correctly, and above all, poetically. The performer must feel that there is something in the music beyond mere sound and harmony, and must so render it that the listener will perceive this. Of course the conception of the performer may differ from that of the audience, but the main thing is the guessing at, the struggle toward, a hidden meaning. In other words, music must have an over-soul.

I have been wonderfully fortunate of late, so fortunate that I speak beneath my breath lest the happiness should vanish. For just opposite there lives—a musician. Hardly a concert hall performer, I should say, but a lover and interpreter of the great masters. Every evening during the long summer twilight, she is at her best. I say "she" for reasons that I will explain at length—and I sit in ecstasy by the window, drinking in the rich music and the early light of the stars; or, if the mood be on me, I light my lamp and work like mad with the inspiration that music—true music—alone can impart. My neighbor in the meantime plays now an old song, living on like a ghost among us, its substance, its meaning long forgotten, only the melody remaining; now a passage from the vast operas by Wagner; now one of the new, the ultra new compositions into which my sympathies have not quite penetrated, and which have a tendency to make me feel rather old-fashioned. But she plays oftenest and holds dearest the three whom I love to the point of worship—Chopin, Schubert and Beethoven. When she renders the marvelous nocturnes, my soul is lifted into the realm of the supernatural; I wander in an exquisite world, all mist and grey-ness; when she plays the divine sonatas, I realize the full depth and height of man's nobility—the largeness of his scope, the heroism of his action; but when she makes her instrument burst into Schubert-song, my heart is filled to overflowing; love, tenderness and pathos, too passionate for words, fill my being as with a golden fluid. I bury my face in my hands, and weep delicious tears.

But alas! alas for human happiness! The crumpled rose leaves in my bed of bliss are as veritable nettles; for, how shall I tell it?—with the advent of lights and garish merriment, comes another performer. The piano which has lately breathed and trembled and throbbed to the music of the masters, now resounds to the horrid blare of *rag-time*! Clatter, clatter, bang, bang, crash! It is all a meaningless jargon, from which I fly to my most remote chamber, where I shut out, as much as possible, the hateful din.

There are two sisters in the house opposite, who

perform in these diverse ways. I know this because I have a very discriminating ear, and I *never* make a mistake. I know a woman's touch, and moreover, I can tell a younger from an elder touch. My musical (?) neighbors are two young women, but women as far apart as the poles. I confess the elder interests me greatly. I live a very retired life, and not one of the few people with whom I come in contact can tell me anything about the family, though I stooped to questioning even the servants. For so much my love of music is accountable.

JULY 1ST. I have seen the younger sister. She tripped jauntily down the steps last afternoon, wearing a white linen frock, and a white hat with several miles of snowy veil floating behind her. She also wore white shoes, white stockings—(yes), and white gloves. I am bound to state, as a just man, that her appearance in all this spotless daintiness, was rather attractive. There was a certain freshness about her face, a dewy brightness in her eyes, a spring-time grace in her movements. I fell to thinking of the girls I had loved in my college days, and wondering whether I had quite done them justice. Youth has a charm of its own. But it is this young creature who nightly racks my nerves. Let me frown sternly upon the engaging memory of her deceptive fairness. Wait till the elder sister appears!

JULY 15TH. I have met her! That is, I have met the younger sister. I called last night upon a good friend and neighbor who grieves over my bachelorhood and lonely life, and who thinks me something of a lion because I do magazine work. She received me effusively and introduced me to a fluffy girl whose white dress just showed the dimples in her shoulders. She did not look a hardened criminal, but I steeled my heart against her, and as soon as I could, introduced her sister into the conversation. She stared and then I explained, with some little pride I confess, how I had discerned the identity of the two performers. She threw back her head and laughed far more musically than she ever played the piano. When she stopped laughing with her lips, she still laughed with her eyes. I have read of eyes that danced, but I had never seen them till I met her. I suppose she thought it amusing that a man approaching middle age, and of settled bachelor habits, should show any interest in a young woman. However, she became communicative about her sister, whose name, after a moment's hesitation, she told me, was Cecilia. Could anything be more charming? In my own heart, I had been calling her Saint Cecilia. The younger sister, to my regret, discouraged my calling at the house. "Her mother was an invalid." (I suppose the young men who troop in at night are her own friends). "Your sister cares for her constantly?" I said. "Oh yes," she exclaimed, dimpling again. "Cecilia is a model daughter and she plays for Mamma every evening." "And whom do you play for?" I asked rather bitterly. "Oh, Papa," she answered with her laugh which, I am bound to confess, is like a chime of flower bells. I saw it all. What a strange thing is heredity—sometimes, as in this case, so simple and consistent. The mother is a delicate woman in black with wistful

eyes. The father is fat and jovial, laughs boisterously, and wears a collar with a wide opening in front. Hence, the different natures of the children, and, indirectly the different performances upon the piano. When she left me, my provoking neighbor sought her hostess, and the two had a hearty laugh over something—perhaps myself. I think that is all. She has a curl on her left temple—one has a curious desire to touch it—but I will think of Cecilia.

JULY 20TH. I called again upon my hostess of a few nights ago, and questioned her about Cecilia, but got nothing out of her save that the younger sister was a sad rogue—a fact which I more than half suspected. On my way back I met her—not Cecilia, the other one. She was in pink from her head to her feet, and the color in her cheeks was much lovelier than that in her dress. Her eyes still danced. She would not tell me anything about her sister—but said that she herself was going, the following Tuesday night, to my friend's. I have never before seen dimples that played about the corners of a mouth. They are rather—maddening. I do not believe Cecilia has dimples.

JULY 30TH. I went again to see my old friend. She expressed pleasurable surprise at the frequency of my visits. I did not realize that I had neglected her so long. I must be more thoughtful in the future. She was one of my mother's dearest friends. My hostess was on the gallery, and when I went into the drawing room, I found the young woman who is interesting to me because of her relationship to an interpreter of Beethoven. She seemed in a gentler mood, so I again introduced the subject nearest my heart. "Cecilia," I said was an appropriate name. She was seated on the piano stool, and replied, "She is considered at times like the picture of St. Cecilia." With that she impertinently took the pose of the picture, and with her upturned profile, upon which the evening light fell, and slender outstretched hands, she was, despite the frivolous curls, wonderfully like the picture herself. And then what did the minx do but burst into the latest two-step, and at the same moment peal after peal of laughter rose from her lips. I was so disgusted that I fairly turned my back on her, and talked all the evening to my host about politics which I loathe. But just as I was leaving she came up to me and said, "I have something to whisper to you." Then she came close to me—so close that her dress brushed against me, her breath fanned me—think of it, think of it! The little curl on her left temple was close, close to me, the maddening little dimples around her mouth—why, if I had but stretched out my arms—what nonsense! She whispered: "Cecilia is going out to-morrow at eleven. If you watch, you will see her." I have an important engagement to-morrow morning, which I shall break.

AUGUST 1ST. I have seen Cecilia. She walked demurely down the steps—she did not dance as the other does. She wore a dove colored dress and bonnet, and her hair was parted in the middle, and drawn in bands across her forehead. She was the picture of maidenly modesty and decorum; but I fancied for one moment, as she raised her eyes, that I saw in them a glimmer of mischief. They were lowered in an instant, however, and I cannot associate mischief with Cecilia. How greatly preferable is such a woman, staid, calm and thoughtful to a butterfly like the other sister!

Ah, but why is it the nature of man—a remnant of boyhood, perhaps—to chase butterflies?

AUGUST 10TH. I have had a long day with her—a picnic I believe, given by my old friend, but on my soul, I am not sure what pretext brought us together. Enough that we were alone in the woods, that the sunshine lay on her hair, the light of dying summer burn-

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ed in her eyes. Why does nature bring men and women together so strangely and instinctively? In a drawing room or on a porch I would not have dared, and then I would have remembered how unsuitable she was to me, how antagonistic our natures were. But in the pine woods, when she tortured me with her girlish laugh, and maddened me with the little dimples around her mouth, I took her in my arms and kissed her—yes, I kissed the little dimples and I kissed the little curl—and I am nearing middle age, and have always been a dreamer. She broke away from me, more frightened than angry, and for the rest of the evening was white and feeble, and moved like a wounded thing; and I! Yet would I have undone that moment. She would not take my hand at parting. I shall write her a long letter before I go to bed. To bed? I shall not sleep. I have never loved before, and I did not know what a fever it was, what a liquid madness in one's veins.

AUGUST 11TH. I wrote her a long, long letter, entreating her to let me come to her. I have never been in her home, and I wish to steal her out of it. She wrote: "Come at seven this evening." How did I live through the day? There was not a sign from her. At seven I was in her little parlor. Before I entered, I heard soft music and felt a strange misgiving, a premonition. I had actually forgotten that it was Cecilia's hour; and she sat at the piano, in her dove colored dress, with the bands of hair upon her forehead, with upturned eyes, and outstretched hands.

She was playing divinely, and I am ashamed to say what thoughts surged within me as I watched her. She was, after all, my ideal, the lady of my dreams, and I had been snatched away from her, beguiled away from her by a fairy trickster. I had sold my birthright of music and spiritual sympathy for a curl, a dimple, for the dewy freshness of ripe girlhood. How unworthy is man! How sublimely generous is woman. Cecilia turned and looked at me, and a change came over her. She seemed to melt, to become transmuted before my very eyes. It was like a scene of fairy enchantment. Little dimples played about the corners of her mouth, a curl strayed over her left temple. Her eyes filled with mischief. Suddenly she raised her hands above the keyboard. They were ready to crash down upon it. I saw what the minx was about, and I caught her and crushed her in my arms. That is all I shall tell. I do not understand it yet, my heart burns, my head tingles with it all. Oh woman, woman, how strange thou art, how unguessed thy heights and depths. How can two such diverse natures be united in one strange, sweet, entrancing personality?

Although it is quite late, a sound comes from the room across the way. Another moment, and the night is filled with the passion of Schubert. Oh, exquisite beauty, too perfect for the heart of man to endure! The almost intolerable sweetness and passion and mystery throbs upon the night. I love and am beloved. My heart is breaking with joy.

"But Mary, the disgrace! I never shall be able to go to the shop again. My boy hanged! Oh, if you'd only listened to me, the time you first hinted to me of being churched for him!"

"Patrick, darling, don't reproach me."

"You could have avoided it. The other children don't come near us in our sorrow and disgrace."

"More shame to them." z

"The disgrace! The disgrace!"

"He was our own boy."

"A murderer!"

"And you wanted me to be a murderer that time. No, Patrick, it's better as it is. The boy lived to repent. He died in the faith."

"The disgrace!"

"He was our boy. God gave him to us and God knows what is best."

"If he never had been born."

"Oh, Patrick, if he never had been born I never should have loved him so, my own little boy. Oh, I know he wrung my heart with all his wild ways, but I loved him the more, the more he hurt me. Oh, now that he is gone, I take comfort that I did love him so. And he needed my love so. Oh, Patrick, maybe, if I had loved him more he might not have done that fearful thing. It was at me he was angry when I refused him money, and he went to rob and killed the man. Oh, Patrick, it was I murdered the man. I could have given him money when he begged, and begged, and was crazed for more of the drink that was dying out in him. Oh, do you remember him, the sweet, blue-eyed, curly-headed little baby that he was, and how you looked at him, and you used to come up after looking and put your arm around me and say: 'Mary, I was wrong.' Oh, he looked in his coffin as he looked when he was a little boy. And the last day I saw him alive—the day before he died, he said, 'Mamma, do you forgive me?' And I did. Oh, Patrick, he did not reproach me, in the black shadow, with having brought him here—and there, where he stood. And he might have done it."

"Yes, yes, Mary."

"But Patrick, if he'd never come to us at all, we'd never have loved him so. Oh, my poor little boy! I'm happy, happy, happy, that I did love him; sorry, sorry, sorry, that I didn't love him more."

"Mary, forgive me."

Then the two old people kissed each other and knelt down and said a prayer for the repose of the soul of their little boy.

PARMA VIOLETS

By ALTHEA GYLES

PALE purple flowers, sweet lingering scent,
Magical violets—

Ah to what depths your message went,
Unloosed what winged regrets.

How swift across the silent years,
Across the sundering sea,
From night and rain of desolate tears
I come again to Thee.

Sharp from illusion drawn I see
How thin the veil of Death,
Whose mists fade, melted suddenly
Before a flower's frail breath.

Cover my heart; hide tenderly
(Violet on violet)
My tears for fear the cold world see
All I would not forget.

The Story of the Baby

By William Marion Reedy

"T'S murder you suggest," said Mrs. Collins. "It's not," said Mr. Patrick Collins. It's mercy."

"It's against God's will."

"I tell you, Mary, we cannot support another child. We have three now. Another will take from them and will not take enough to support itself."

"The Lord will provide," said the woman doggedly.

"Well," replied the man, "provision has not been bountiful thus far."

"We have been happy enough, God knows. There are other people who have twice as many. They live, and they have no more than we have."

"Yes; and of the seven Snyder children, three are in jail and one is a loose woman."

"I'm sure you don't class ourselves with the Snyders."

"Mary, it isn't a question of classing ourselves. It's a question of justice to the child. We have no right to bring it here to misery, with all the chances against its happiness."

"Patrick, we are the servants of God. His will be done. The priest has said what you suggest is mortal sin. We are responsible now, as we shall be in future. He says the child-to-be is our own act, and we cannot evade it."

"All right, Mary, but you're not reasonable. You'll be an old woman. You'll be worn all your days. It is time you were having your ease."

"I never would have ease again if I should do what you say. I am not a society woman. Never

mind me. I'll do without something, everything, to provide for the comer."

"Women have no reason."

"No, Patrick, they haven't. But they have hearts."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Collins sat together in a little room in a large tenement building.

The funeral was over. They had returned from the graveyard.

"Mary," said the husband, "this day a month was Jimmie's twenty-fifth birthday."

The woman turned away her head and motioned "hush" with her hand.

"It would have been better for us if he never had been born. My God! That our boy should have died on the gallows."

"Oh, Patrick, it was the drink, the drink. D'ye remember when I was carrying him that I wanted brandy, and you said no, it never would enter the house, for Tommy was with us then, and the liquor would drive him mad."

"I remember."

"Well, the doctor told me it was that made Jimmie the fool of the drink."

"But I thought it was for the best."

"You did. But Tommy died of the tremens for all and all."

"Well, but we had a decent funeral for him, and no one can come to sit up with us over Jimmy but the jail guards, who liked him."

"And if they liked him, who were his jailors and his executioners, he was not so bad. Oh, Jimmie was a good boy."

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Is He a Literary Ghoul?

Hall Caine Replies to the Question

ALITERARY controversy of unusual interest is on in England. In Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son," Oscar Stephenson, a young Iclander, places the only existing manuscripts of his musical compositions in the coffin of his dead wife. It is the act of a man stricken with remorse, wrung with sorrow. The passages in the book which relate the incident set this forth convincingly, for we read:

"Thora," he said, in a calm voice, "these are the only copies of my compositions, and I wish you to take them with you. They were written in hours when your faithful heart was suffering through my fault—when I neglected you and deserted you for the sake of my foolish visions of art and greatness. That was the real cause of your death, Thora, and in punishment of myself for sacrificing your sweet life to my selfish dreams, I wish to bury the fruits of them in your grave. Take them, then, and let them lie with you and fade with you and be forgotten. I will never write another note of music as long as I live, and from this hour onward my ambitions are at an end. Saying this he put the papers beside the body of Thora, and wrapped them in the long plaits of her beautiful hair."

But this self-sacrificing impulse of the hero of Caine's novel is not lasting. A few years pass, and then, inspired by the amorous *Helga*, his mistress, he causes the precious manuscripts to be dug up, in order that he may have money to play at Monte Carlo, and win the wanton woman back to him.

Of course, this incident in fiction is strikingly like one in fact, and the *London Times*' reviewer excoriates the novelist for what he calls treachery to the memory of his dead friend—an "unpardonable offense;" and Mr. Caine has replied to the *Times* in a long article in the *London Mail*.

The incident to which allusion is made is perhaps familiar to many, but will bear rehearsal. Some biographers of the poet chiefly concerned make no reference whatever to it, and others are but brief, so it easily may have escaped the notice even of those familiar with the life of the poet.

In 1850, when Dante Gabriel Rossetti was twenty-two, he met a young girl of seventeen—of remarkable beauty, but of obscure and undistinguished family. Her father is variously reported to have been a cutter, a watchmaker, and an auctioneer. She herself, when Rossetti met her, was a milliner's assistant. Her education was ordinary, but she was dowered with a certain grace of mind, and we read that, having found one of Tennyson's poems on "a piece of paper which she had brought home to her mother wrapped around a pat of butter," she was so struck by it that she carefully cut it out and preserved it—a rather amusing story.

It is this girl, Miss Siddal, whom Rossetti painted in very many poses—her lofty neck, her uncommon features, her greenish-blue, unsparkling eyes, her large perfect eyelids, her brilliant complexion, and her wealth of heavy coppery-golden hair are familiar to all students of the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites.

For nine years Miss Siddal served as model for Rossetti, and during almost, if not quite, all of this

time, they were lovers, and the somewhat peculiar relationship was ended by marriage only in 1850, when Miss Siddal's life was despaired of.

But it was not a happy relationship. Rossetti, at the best, was not of puritanic and steadfast character, and, as Mr. Benson says, his "sensuous nature gained a firmer hold on him as he grew older." Mrs. Rossetti clearly was jealous and unhappy. Her own love was a steady and intense flame, and she was immeasurably wounded by his wayward conduct.

The world will probably never know, however, whether the slender, loving woman met her death by her own hand or whether it was indeed an overdose of laudanum that caused it. Mr. Benson, the poet's biographer, thus relates the occurrence:

"In February, 1862, she dined with her husband and Mr. Swinburne at the Sabloniere Hotel in Leicester Square. She and Rossetti returned early, and as she appeared to be tired and in pain, he advised her to go to bed; he himself went out to a drawing class at the Workingmen's College. Coming back later he found her unconscious; she had been in the habit, under medical orders, of taking laudanum, and she had miscalculated the dose. Four doctors were summoned, and all was done that could be done. Rossetti, in the course of the ghastly attempts to resuscitate her, went out distractedly to call on Ford Madox Brown at five in the morning; Mrs. Rossetti died an hour or two after. The finding of the coroner's jury was 'Accidental Death.'

Rossetti's demeanor at the inquest and during the sad days before the funeral was extraordinarily courageous and dignified. Just before the coffin was closed he left the room in which some friends were assembled, taking with him a manuscript book of poems, and placed it between the cheek and the hair of his dead wife. He then came back and said what he had done, adding they had often been written when she was suffering, and when he might have been attending to her, and that the solitary text of them should go with her to the grave. Rossetti evidently meant it to be a punishment to himself for sacrificing the gentle tendance of love to his ambitions, and for even deeper failures of duty, and the volume was buried with his wife in Highgate Cemetery that day.

In comment on this, Rossetti's biographer, Mr. Benson, remarks that "it may be doubted whether in the annals of literature there is any scene which strikes so vehement a note of sorrow and self-reproach—the abased penitence of a strong, contrite, and passionate soul."

Nevertheless, the poems were not to remain where they had so tenderly been placed. During succeeding years Rossetti began to indulge in chloral, which finally caused his death. He was obsessed by the idea that he was visited by manifestations which proved that the spirit of his wife was near him. Once, so it is said, he picked up a chaffinch in the road, which allowed itself tamely to be caught, and he seemed to believe that it was in some way connected with the spirit of his dead wife.

However, as time passed, and one by one, Rossetti's friends—Morris and Swinburne—attained distinction as poets, he, too, began to hanker after poetic reputation, and to reflect with pain and regret upon

the hidden fruits of his best effort. Some of the poems he could remember, and thus recovered, but others not; and, at last, urged by his friends, and fretted by his inability to recall the poems, he agreed that the body of his wife should be disinterred. Mr. Benson says:

"The matter was arranged with the Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce, afterward Lord Aberdare. One night, seven and a half years after the funeral, a fire was lit by the side of the grave, and the coffin was raised and opened. The body is described as having been almost unchanged. Rossetti, alone and oppressed with self-reproachful thoughts, sat in a friend's house while the terrible task was done. The stained and molded manuscript was carefully dried and treated, and at last returned to his possession. He copied the poems out himself, and destroyed the volume. But it is impossible to resist a certain feeling of horror at the episode. Rossetti was not a man to have yielded tamely to the suggestions of friends in this or any other matter; such grace as belonged to the original act was forfeited by the recovery of the book; and there is a certain taint about the literary ambition that could thus violate the secrecy of the grave, however morbid the original sacrifice may have been."

The book was published; it met with a chorus of praise, and Rossetti stepped at once into the front rank of contemporary poets.

Such is the strange, true story which Hall Caine, Rossetti's intimate friend, now makes "copy" of in his novel, and his defense, at best, is weak. Mr. Caine says in his own behalf:

"My answer is that in so doing I think I was true to the principles of art, and I am sure that I was following the precedent of great writers. Did not Charles Reade employ fact for the purposes of fiction when he used the letters of Erasmus in the making of 'The Cloister and the Hearth'? Did not Charles Dickens do the same when he used Carlyle's 'History of the French Revolution' in the writing of the 'Tale of Two Cities'? Have not other novelists shot the web of fact into the web of fiction, and have they thereby wronged the principles of imaginative literature? What of George Eliot in 'Middlemarch,' of Dickens in 'Bleak House,' of Lytton in 'Eugene Aram,' and of a score of other novelists in novels great and small? Does it follow because Harold Skimpole is a rough portrait of Leigh Hunt that the public is to attach the incidents of the novel in which he figures to the facts of Hunt's biography? Because a brilliant and illuminating sketch of Rossetti himself appears in 'Aylwin' is it to be concluded that Mr. Watts-Dunton has saddled himself with the responsibility of pinning on to Rossetti's life even the fringe of the romance of Sinfu Lovell? Dickens said: 'The author no more thought (God forgive him), that the admired original (Leigh Hunt) would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature than he himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture.'"

The reply to this, as the London papers do not fail to point out, is that the world is always ready to believe the worst; and that it will fail to know exactly where ends the fact and where begins the fiction. It is liable to believe, in its loose-thinking way, that Rossetti exhumed his poems for purposes purely mercenary. And, besides, it is pertinently asked, "Will the fame of the Lord Hertford ever recover from the wound it received when Thackeray took a part of him as model for the Marquis of Steyne? In 'Diana of the Crossways' did not Mere-

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dith create the impression which the defenders of the Hon. Mrs. Norton were never able to dissipate? Will not Leigh Hunt be Harold Skimpole to many because Dickens in some things identified the two?

Will not Smithson always be associated with Pickwick? These questions are quite unanswerable. At the very best, Mr. Caine's act was in the worst of taste.

Twin Immortalities

By Louise A. McGaffey

THE Twin Immortalities, and Other Poems," by Charles E. Russell, is a late contribution to American literature which ought to make more than a passing ripple on that, as yet, slumbrous sea.

A book of verse is not an alluring bait for a fickle-minded public fed on swashbuckling romance, studies in eroticism, and odds and ends of prurient fancies, and therefore the poet cannot hope for a large audience. A present writer who knows whereof he speaks says that "the poet who wishes his work to live must follow one cardinal rule. He must write over the common herd, addressing himself to the elect alone." And this elect he reckons as only one to every thousand.

This would seem a discouraging outlook were it not that in the survival of the fittest is to be found the apotheosis of humanity, the ultimate hope of the race. And who but the poet shall determine that fitness? He is the only one who sees behind the shows of things, who discerns the soul through the form, and in melodious numbers discloses it to the world.

Mr. Russell is one of those who do not write for the crowd. His lofty themes, his virile treatment of them, do not appeal to the popular taste, and he may safely wait for the verdict due him of the chosen audience that will surely be his. In the apprehension of the common mind poetry is, indeed, a drug in the market, but when the true note is struck all minor chords are silenced, and the real symphonies of the universe make themselves heard.

In the poem which gives title to the volume this stanza occurs—a Pythian glance into the depths behind phenomena that proves the seer, in contradistinction to the bard whose song is learned by rote, and made up of the mere daily aspect of things:

*"There is no death; men come and go,
And with their little fruitage wax and wane;
But till the primal sunset glow
On the vast mountain fane,
Till burnt and bleak the sweet fields lie,
And time dis sever
All light from life and earth forever,
These voices in the sky
Shall sunlight be and starlight! Ah, no death!
Not bitter change nor slow decay
Hath power to chill the summery breath
Of their eternal day,
Or make man's soul so dull and dim
It starts not upward when they whisper him."*

To many writers, especially to many who have chosen poetry as their field, Italy has always been an alluring force. Whether it is the grandeur that was Rome, the splendor that was the Renaissance, or the glory of her artistic renown, the very name of Italy has been an enchantment from Wyatt, Suffolk and

Milton down to the present time. And Mr. Russell, following so many illustrious examples, has found also in the home of Dante and Petrarch

"The light that never was on sea or land,"

and has brought back from it memories like "Della Bella Simonetta," with its echo of the divine Beatrice.

*"Oh, wistful face of woman fine and true,
Was it from this then that his spirit drew
The light that led him all his way along,
And brighter than all the stars before him grew,
And in his heart was hope, his soul was song?
Was this the face touched with some day-dream deep,
Sad with some question wherein sense saith naught,
With speech unspoken and with gainless thought
That came to make his straining heart up-leap,
His vision clear, his soul grow sweet and strong
Before the face he wrought."*

And this from "Pegli:"

*"So slumbrous in the green lap of the hill
And to the sea's low-singing lip so near
That let the pine trees pipe their loudest, still
The other's song is ever in her ear,
Sweet in the sunlight dozes
The fairest town of roses
With upturned face the wild winds kiss, unknowing
tear and fear."*

In another direction, and in an entirely different vein, Mr. Russell shows again the same subtle sympathy which distinguishes his Italian reveries, as in "Mary Magdalen," wherein he sounds the depths of woe and contrition in a passion of pathos not reached by any of the many attempts that have been made to portray that immortal penitent. Nothing can surpass these exquisite lines:

*"Yea, should I lift at some great judgment seat
This broken soul of mine
And show its torn wings there before his feet
Where angels shine,
"And cry, This soul was white—Who burned it black?
Should any in that place
With clear untroubled eyes on me look back
And unshamed face?
"Nay, I know naught of all—but this I know:
Whatever dark may be,
One sun hath shone—one soul, touched of my woe,
Hath pitied me."*

There are thirty-six poems in all, and each one contains striking lines, and beautiful images aglow with poetic fervor, while many of them are symphonies from beginning to end. Among the shorter ones "The Dance of the Autumn Leaves" is a sweet, wild melody that weaves in and out with the autumn winds in the forest, as

*"Flying merrily, dancing airily, nestling cheerily,
round they go;
Brooks are stilled with them, air is thrilled with
them, hollows filled with them, to and fro.
Ah, the tunes of them; hills and dunes of them, with
songs and croons of them, ring and ring;
The whole dun daytime is but their playtime, dearer
than Maytime to fly and sing."*

Other notable ones are "Adam's Sons," strong, uplifting verse: "The Wreck" that brings a vision of Turner's "Phantom Ship;" "In a Single Gap" that carries one

*"By winding shore and willowy screen,
Across tree-shadows gray or green,
By shelving beach of crinkling sand,
And deeps where browsing cattle stand;
By meadow's rim, by mill-wheel's brim,
By white vine-scented cottage trim;*

*Where the strong white eddies leap;
Where the broad blades run in the burning sun."*

It is a dream of summer, and summer shorelands steeped in balm.

The book is handsomely printed and bound and amply illustrated by the text itself.

("The Twin Immortalities, and Other Poems," by Charles E. Russell, The Hammersmark Publishing Company.)

Ballad of the Sinful Lover

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

FOUR years he sinned, because she died.
With base corroding anodyne
He numbed the noble pain in him.
Four years he herded with the swine.

And then at last he died, and went,
With hurry of immortal feet,
To seek in the Eternal Life
The face that he had died to meet.

Up all the stairways of the sky
Laughing he ran. At every door
Of the long corridors of heaven
He knocked, and cried out "Heliodore!"

In shining rooms sat the sweet saints,
Each at her little task of joy;
Old eyes, all young again with heaven,
Watched angel girl and angel boy.

And o'er the fields of Paradise,
Scattered like flowers, the lovers passed,
All rainbows—saying each to each
Heaven's two words: "At last! At last!"

But nowhere in that place of peace
Found he the face that was his own,
Till, on a sudden, by a stream
He found her sitting all alone.

With outstretched hands, he cried her name;
She turned on him her quiet eyes:
"Who art thou that so foul with sin
Darest to walk in Paradise?"

Amazed, he answered: "If I sinned,
My sin was sorrow for thy sake;
The pain, O Heliodore, the pain!
I sinned—O lest my heart should break."

"I know thee not," the saint replied,
"Thy sorrow is all changed to sin;"
And, moving towards a golden door,
She turned away, and entered in.

From December Harper's Magazine.

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A Late Confession

By Henry Lavedan

Translated From the French for The Mirror by Francis A. House

HEY sat side by side before the bright, crackling fire, dreaming with open eyes. They relived their days of youth, of love, of hope, of glory. Both were now old in years; deep wrinkles furrowed their cheeks and foreheads, and their hair was white as snow.

He was known as Monsieur Valere, she as Madame Lisa. These were their old stage-names, which had clung to them, and which they loved and cherished like the half-forgotten memories of days long flown by. They had appropriated them when they made their *debut* on the stage and did not dare to disclose their real names, for fear their theatrical career might bring humiliation to their relations. They were both of respectable lineage, for among their ancestors could be numbered a Roman prince, two barons, three generals, four noted criminals, a royal *maitresse* and several bankrupts.

Very simple was their heart's story; it was naive like the intrigue of a one-act curtain raiser; innocent like the dialogue of a comedy produced by undeveloped girl students. How they loved each other. He was twenty-four, she almost nineteen, at the time. They soon agreed upon marriage. Their union had remained childless. In spite of this, however, they were happy, oh, so happy, so foolishly happy. For twenty years they had appeared in tragedies, comedies and farces. They had considerable talent, hosts of friends and admirers. They wept, laughed, raged, died, hundreds, aye, thousands of times—upon the stage. And then they had celebrated their silver wedding. That was the end of their public life. Soon thereafter they decided to retire to a charming little provincial town, nestling among the vine-clad hills.

* * * *

The antique marble clock of Louis-Quatorze times has just struck two. Valere roused himself from his reverie, and tried to stifle a light sneeze in his silk handkerchief. And then he said: "How quiet we are to-night, Lisa."

Lisa sighed and nodded assent. She appeared strangely obsessed with something. "Yes, yes," she replied, "but, then, I am thinking of so many things."

"What are they, Lisa?"

"I have a confession to make; I have to tell you something which I ought to have told you many years ago."

"A confession? To me? Is it *une affaire d'amour*?" His eyes suddenly began to glisten with donjuanesque flashes.

Lisa replied: "Yes, indeed. You believe that I have always been faithful to you?"

"Most assuredly I do, my dear. Why should I doubt it? You never gave me any reason for suspicion of any kind."

"Well, I have deceived you. I have been faithless."

"You? Faithless? Impossible!" Valere straightened up in his arm-chair. "You, by whose virtue and loyalty I used to swear?" And here Valere

dropped into one of his stage-roles: "Ha, wretched, treacherous woman! And this is how you thanked me for my innumerable evidences of affection, of devoted love!"

In a low voice, meekly, Lisa answered: "Yes, Sire!" And then, in ordinary plebeian language, she resumed: "Yes, dear, I have been faithless, that is, in a certain sense, but in one that now seems to me to have been worse than any other would have been."

"You speak in riddles," said Valere, stagily.

Lisa continued: "Do you remember the day when you avowed your love to me? And how many admirers I had at that time?"

"Silence. *Desdemona*; ha, jealousy!" And Valere muttered some apposite words of *Othello*. Then he resumed: "I loved you,—I love you yet; how beautiful, how adorable you were in those days. What do I say! Lisa, you are still winsome and admirable."

Lisa, interrupted him: "No doubt, you still recollect the numberless *billet doux* which I generally received every night after the performance. They came by the hundreds."

"Yes, I remember; they were showered upon you. Some of the senders were very young, and—"

"Others very old. You will probably also recollect that after our wedding day these fervid declarations of love ceased very suddenly. While I was completely absorbed in my love for you, still I felt displeased, disappointed, almost miserable over this unexpected apostasy of my erstwhile admirers. And soon I began to grieve, to weep (in secret, of course), and, finally, to emaciate, to suffer in health and appearance. Did you never notice it?"

"Never, I assure you!"

"Just like a man!" flashed out Lisa. "Husbands never notice anything. You interrupted me! Well, one beautiful morning, there came, oh, Valere, oh, *Fantasio*, a, a—

"A letter?"

"Yes, a letter, a real love-letter. And the following morning another one, and then another one, and so on for an entire month. Every morning I received one. And I was so happy! At least, I thought, you have found some one who is still devoted to you, who still considers you desirable, although I have been metamorphosed into a humble, married *bourgeoise*."

"And then?"

"Afterwards, the letters arrived less frequently, and finally they ceased altogether. Our correspondence lasted about two years."

"And who was your correspondent?"

"He never signed his name, and I never saw him!"

"If that was the case, you cannot accuse yourself of having been faithless to me."

"But I was, Valere!"

"How so?"

"Because his letters were so inflammatory, so ecstatically expressive of admiration, so undisguised in bold avowals of love. Every time I read one, I

felt as if somebody caressed me. You cannot imagine what I experienced!"

"And you saved them all?"

"Certainly; I have them hidden somewhere!"

"Where?"

"I will tell you later!"

"When?"

"On your one hundredth birthday!"

"Did that fellow ever mention me in his letters? Did he ever speak ill of me?"

"No, never! He always referred to you in most respectful terms; he implored me unceasingly never to do anything likely to injure your honor or feelings."

"And what did you say in response?"

"Oh, nothing particular; just silly things. You know what foolish women say in such cases. And, then, you know, there's really no harm in such things. To write a silly letter is much better than to do a silly act."

"The letters must have been interesting?"

"Indifferently so, *Horatio*. But you will never come to read them; I presume they have all been destroyed."

"Another question: Did you at any time endeavor to ascertain the name of your admirer?"

"Never! I had no special desire to see or know him. The ideal sufficed me. I feared the reality, flesh and blood. I thought of *Psyche's* lamp."

"You may have been right; a foolish woman is, in such cases, more clever than a clever man."

"Now, at last, Valere, I have revealed my secret; I have made my confession, after my sixtieth birthday, on Christmas eve. Will you forgive me?"

Valere tragically stretched forth his hands: "I will, Madame, if you will give me the letters!"

With a little smile, she freed herself, went to her bureau, opened a drawer, took out a package of letters, tied with a golden cord, pressed her lips upon it, and murmured: "Oh, how silly one is when young!"

And then she handed the perfumed letters to him, with the grace and gestures of a duchess.

"Very well, Madame! Will you permit me to read these letters?"

"Certainly, Monsieur. But not in my presence; you must not begin reading until I have retired!"

"As you please, Madame!"

She began her preparations for retiring; he gallantly turned his chair, with the words: "I shall not disturb you, Madame; I shall be discreet. But do not forget to put your shoe before the fire-place!"

"If you wish it, I will not forget it. And, with this, she put a dainty velvet slipper in the appointed place. And then she retired. He remained perfectly still until he heard the rustle of the silken coverlet. Then he rose from his chair, bent over her, and kissed her tenderly upon the lips and forehead, with the half-whispered words: "Good night, good night, my dear old girl!" A few minutes later, she was sound asleep.

For a while, he remained motionless in his seat. Then he chuckled gleefully, and, tip-toeing, went to his writing-desk, pushed a button, and from a secret drawer withdrew a package of letters, tinged yellow with age, and held together by a silk ribbon. Then he tip-toed back to the fire-place, knelt down and hid his package in the little velvet slipper.

"Here are the answers!" he murmured. "What a surprise for Lisa in the morning!"

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The Sin of David

Stephen Phillips' New Play

MODERN poets, unlike modern novelists, cannot be charged with the crime of over-production. True, there is a ceaseless flow of minor verse, but the singers who count are by no means prodigal of their wares. Mr. Stephen Phillips, so far as his published work is concerned, has been silent for two years, and his new venture is contained in a slim volume of seventy pages. This frugality of utterance can, of course, be accounted for in different ways. Some may pessimistically ascribe it to a drying up of the fount of inspiration; others to rigorous self-criticism, to the *labor limae*, to a protest, conscious or unconscious, against rhyming to order. After all, poets are not to be gauged by the bulkiness of their literary baggage. Sappho's immortality, recognised by so early a critic as Longinus, rests on a few score lines; and in our own day we can but respect a writer who, with every temptation to exploit his popularity by rapid production, allows, not months, but years to elapse between his appearances in print.

In his drama of "Herod" Mr. Phillips retained the historical personages and the local color. In "The Sin of David" he has invented an imaginary parallel case with a modern setting. The time is the first year of the war of Crown and Parliament; the scene Rushland House, headquarters of the Puritan army in the Fenlands, and the home of Colonel Mardyke, a grim, fanatical elderly veteran married to his ward, the orphan daughter, born and bred in France, of an old comrade-in-arms. At the opening of the play a Court-Martial is being held on a young officer who has betrayed a girl of the neighborhood. Mardyke is for executing the culprit, the votes are equally divided, and Sir Hubert Lisle, the commander of the Parliamentary forces, arrives to give his casting vote for death. With the words of judgment on his lips, he is smitten with love at first sight for the wife of his host. Three weeks pass, and the commander still remains inactive, sunk in an amorous lethargy, to the dismay of his officers. Miriam half betrays her secret to Mardyke's sister, but Mardyke himself guesses nothing. The lovers declare their mutual passion, but their love is yet unstained by guilt, when an urgent summons reaches Lisle to send a leader for a forlorn hope; and without Miriam's knowledge, he dispatches her husband to certain death. In the third act four years are supposed to have elapsed, Lisle and Miriam are wedded, and she has borne him a son. On the anniversary of the day on which Mardyke was betrayed Lisle is summoned to relieve Pomfret. At the moment of his departure the child is stricken down with a mysterious ailment, and Lisle returns victorious to find him dead. Smitten with remorse, Lisle confesses to his wife, who had always believed that Mardyke had died in fair fight, that he had trapped him to his death. In the agony of her horror Miriam denounces him as the murderer of her child by provoking the just Nemesis of his crime. Then suddenly realizing that her beauty had seduced Lisle to his own undoing, she thinks of destroying herself. The suicidal mood soon passes, but she feels that they must part, only to be convinced by her husband's argument that by the removal of the fruit of their

unholy union they are now finally joined in a marriage everlasting:—

*"Marriage at last of spirit, not of sense,
Whose ritual is memory and repentance,
Whose sacrament this deep and mutual wound,
Whose covenant the all that might have been."*
The curtain falls on their reconciliation.

Of the effectiveness and impressiveness of the drama as a stage-play it is difficult to judge. One cannot help feeling, however, that its lack of relief—for even the love-scenes are lit with sombre fires—may militate against its popularity. Again, the condensation and concentration necessary in a drama intended for stage representation inevitably impair the verisimilitude of the narrative. Thus, making all allowances for Miriam's Southern blood, there is something bewildering in the swift succession of conflicting emotions to which she is a prey in the closing scene. Lastly, the total blindness of Mardyke to the cause of his commander's three weeks' lethargy, and the failure of his sister—warned herself by Miriam's half-confidences—to warn him in time, are, if not incredible, at any rate hard to reconcile with the rigid patriarchal Puritanism of the one and the loyalty of the other. If, however, the play fails to satisfy the tests which may be fairly applied to the characterization of a novel, one can speak with less reserve of the quality of the verse, which is uniformly dignified, rising in moments of passion, exaltation, or tenderness to a level of genuine fervour. Mr. Phillips need never fear the test of quotation. To make good this assertion we give Miriam's outburst of mutinous self-revelation in her first dialogue with Martha:—

*"MIRIAM. O thou dear Martha, living without sin,
And reputably rusting to the grave,
Thou vacant house moated about by peace,
Thou shadow perfect, and thou blameless ghost,
I cannot feed my soul on 'Thou shalt not'
I'll fight 'gainst numbness, wrestle against rust.
There's the arch-foe of women! this doth kill us.
Not pain, nor secret arrow of the midnight
That quivers till the bird-song, ended faith,
Mortal surprise of marriage, nor the dawn
Of golden-vista'd children clouded quite,
Nor fallen loneliness where love hath been.
These, these are understood, wept o'er and sung.
But worse, O, worse the folding of the hands,
The human face left by the tide of life,
The worm already at the human heart."*

MARTHA. Sooner the worm than guilt within the heart.

MIRIAM. No! I would rather drench my soul in sin
So I might fee this fire and grip this glory,
The color and the bloom and the music of life."

Here, again, is Lisle's confession of his love:—

*"When I spurred hither, all on fire for God,
Then did I gallop into human flame.
Cold I had lived, pure, narrow, temperate,
A girded swordsman pressing to the mark.
So rode I through that gate. Then suddenly
Thy beauty like a tempest fell on me;
And in one moment was I rent and riven."*

*Stunnet is my life; I wander, and I grope.
My voice is the council falters; in mid-act
This lifted arm falls at thy floating face.
They waver like to mist, the ranks of war,
They waver and fade; he fades, the armed man,
And spurring armies in a vision clash.
Or would I pray and upward fling my hands?
To thee I pray, thee, thee, with cries beseeching.
I am lost, lost!*

MIRIAM. O, I would be to thee
As gentle as the grass above the dead;
And have I been but darkness, and a sword?

LISLE. No! for a revelation breaks from thee.
Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth,
Leading me through thy beauty to all beauty.
Thou hast admitted me to mystery,
Taught me the different souls of all the stars;
Through thee have I inherited this air,
Discovered sudden riches at my feet,
And now on eyes long blinded flames the world.
Thou shattering storm, thou eve of after blue,
Thou deluge, and thou world from deluge risen,
Thou sudden death, and thou life after death!"

It may be urged that Mr. Phillips errs in importing too literary a quality into the utterances of passion, but these allusive purple patches have a singularly arresting effect, as when Miriam declares in a moment of rapture:—

*"How e'en the Fenland hath grown fairyland
And all these levels gleam as passionate
As the high gardens of Assyrian kings."*

Memorable, too, but in a more direct and poignant way, is the vivid expression of the change wrought in her love for Lisle by anxiety for their child:—

*"I am grown fearful for the sake of him;
I dread the rustle of angels in his room."*

Sonorous and musical though Mr. Phillips' verse is, it is not undisfigured by flaws in workmanship. He is too fond of ending a line with a detached monosyllable or expletive, and alternates, even in successive lines, between "thou" and "you." But these are venial blemishes in a work which, apart from the theatrical abruptness of the final reconciliation, deals justly and eloquently with a repellent theme. For Sir Hubert Lisle was not an Oriental chieftain, but an English gentleman, and a Puritan to boot. To this extent his treachery is less defensible than that of David. And yet Renan, it may be remembered, in his "History of Israel," went so far as to reject the story of the death of Uriah, and asserted that while "David was not a saint, we are entitled to clear his memory of so abominably planned a murder." In this context it may be worth while recording the views of the late Sir George Grove, whose interest in David was so keen that he regarded him in the light of a friend and a contemporary:—

"The lesson of the Bathsheba intrigue does not seem to me to be any general one of the wickedness of adultery, but the lesson of the fearful power which a passion can have over a man in the full strength of his life with his feelings as keen as those of early manhood, while he has all the force of mature age. The chivalrous knight, the darling of his people, the very man after God's own heart, is driven to depths of meanness to which the story of Lancelot and Guinevere gives no parallel. The Moabite massacres and cruelties which followed show how completely his mind was unhinged."

All things considered, we cannot but regret Mr. Phillips' choice of subject—the most odious episode in the life of a great man—though his treatment is both dignified and delicate.

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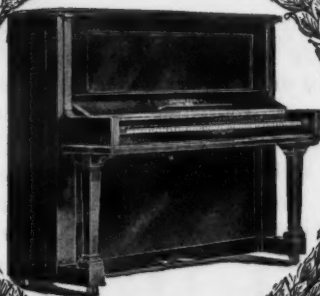
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Kitchen Dirt and Civic Health

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

EVERY educated citizen knows that the diseases of a city are mainly due to its dirt; to coal dust and street dust; to the vast deposit of excreta, brute and human, and to the masses of food exhibited and transported, with its inordinate proportion of garbage.

Every city of advanced intelligence labors mightily and expensively to rid itself of this load of dirt, by systems of sewage, by collection and removal of garbage and ashes, by the Sisyphean labors of the street cleaners, and by some futile efforts toward smoke consumption.

The most successful department of this sanitary task is that of the sewage system, especially when this waste matter is used ultimately to fertilize the land, as in Berlin.

The initial expense is great, but once established, this part of the city's work of cleaning is by far the most efficacious.

In the cities of old times, and still in those of the slow Asiatic peoples, the major death rate rests on the lack of proper sewage. The "Black Death" of the Middle Ages, and many a minor "filth disease," arose from this source.

We, to-day, in a splendid leap forward of sanitary science, have grappled successfully with this form of civic dirt, and largely escaped its resultant diseases.

We should note that the superiority of the sewage system over that of the ash-cart and garbage-cart lies in its being done comprehensively and mechanically by the city for all its houses together. There is no attempt to meet their needs privately and separately. We are relentlessly strung together by a vast plexus of pipes, so that if this venous system of the city could be uncovered it would lie like some immense horizontal tree or vine, with the huge trunk of the big sewer, the boughs of street mains, the smaller branches and twigs of lessening pipes, and the houses standing like leaves upon their stems; all bound together by this network of lead and masonry. This is far simpler, easier, cheaper, safer and more sanitary than the old night cart system. But the day cart system is still in use for our other forms of dirt. Through our streets pass thousands upon thousands of horses, and after them toil thousands of men, performing labors which Hercules would have fled from.

No Augean stables could compare with these square miles of daily defilement. This kind of dirt is swept up, scraped up, blown about by every wind, shoveled into carts, and carried off, every day, under the eyes, noses and lungs of the passer-by, and under the windows of our homes.

The ashes from our myriad fires are similarly carried off in wagons; first standing along the sidewalk in huge cans, then poured out, spreading clouds of dust, and carted away. The garbage again from the same myriads of doorways, stands similarly on the sidewalk or beside it, and is similarly poured out, reeking, into other carts, and carried along like the rest of the dirt, under our eyes, noses, lungs and windows.

The patient efforts of the health department are directed solely toward removing this enormous and daily renewed mass of injurious and offensive matter;

no one seems to think of any way of checking the production and reducing its amount.

We know that there must be a certain amount of sewage in proportion to the population; we build for it, and flush our pipes with an abundant water supply. Then we unconsciously assume that there must be the same proportion of other offensive matter as at present to be struggled with, and we struggle with it accordingly.

Let us now consider from what source comes this vast amount of air dirt, street dirt, ashes and garbage, and if there is not a way to reduce it. Here is a New York block, in the residence portion of the city, not quite a hundred houses, but near enough to take that number for illustration.

In these hundred houses are one hundred kitchens, one hundred chimneys pouring forth their contribution to the city's smoke, gas, soot and cinders; one hundred stoves and furnaces, each with its heap of ashes; one hundred greasy garbage cans. Also internally from these hundred kitchens comes the worst complication of the sewage system—the grease and solid matter from the servant-managed sink.

Then, further, to maintain these hundred private cook-shops, come to the hundred area doors each day droves of horses; the milkman's horse, the iceman's horse, the baker's horse, the grocer's horse, the marketman's horse, the horse from the coal yard and hardware store.

Five horses a day at the least, to each door, even if one firm supplied the hundred houses—which is by no means the case. For each block there are numbers of competing milkmen, marketmen, icemen, bakers and grocers; going up and down and around; and their horses, together with the horses of the ashman, garbage man and street cleaner, continually soil our residence streets with a vast deposit of animal excreta.

The sum, in tons, would astonish the casual reader; and the sum, in dollars, which it costs the city to remove this heap of dirt is a heavy tax upon us.

This refers only to the residence part of the city. I am not considering the business section, where ill-smelling industries are carried on, and where the enormous traffic of congested streets makes the cleaning of the residence portion seem a light task in comparison. But the residence portion should be wholly clean. This is where we live, where men sleep at night with their families, where the families stay all the time, where the children—for whom our homes are primarily intended—struggle through the "diseases of infancy"—i. e., the diseases of parental ignorance.

The really unavoidable dirt of the residence part of the city is entirely taken care of by the sewers.

All the rest of it is made, first by our fires, second by our food, third by our horses, and fourth by such cleaner waste as paper, rags, bottles, etc.

Let us now consider whether it be necessary for us, in the business of living, to make so much dirt; to live in such a profusion of daily waste, and to suffer from the evils arising therefrom, not only in offense to the senses and injury to the health, but in the dulling and coarsening of the perceptions sure to follow such degraded methods of living. In contrast to the present condition, suppose we make this change.

Let the whole block be heated from one plant, as an office building is heated, or a great hotel or apartment house; a gas grate could add personal choice in extra heat. Let the one main fountain of dirt, the kitchen, be entirely removed from the dwelling house—where it has no more place than a soap vat—and one food laboratory for the block take its place, supplying to the families cooked food by their own dumb waiters; cooked food perfectly prepared and ascending into the butler's pantry as it now ascends, so that the man of the house need notice no difference in his meals, save maybe in superiority. This article is not to urge such a measure, but merely to state it as a mechanical possibility, a financial, culinary and domestic possibility, and to discuss its effects on this problem of civic dirt and civic sanitation.

The result would be, first, one chimney instead of one hundred. This one firing plant could consume its own smoke, and thus the air of these home blocks would be cleansed at a stroke of coal, smoke, soot and cinders, and much of the gaseous evil also. We have begun to object to "the smoke nuisance"—call it "smoke poison"—"smoke murder," and we shall object more. No one has a right to poison public air any more than to poison public drinking water.

The one hundred ash cans, littering the sidewalks, clouding the air when emptied, requiring to be carted slowly and dustily through the streets, would give place to the one large deposit, properly dampened and delivered in one place, at one time, for removal.

The food supply, instead of being in ceaseless process of delivery at a hundred doors, would come in bulk to one door. Being there delivered it would be prepared, not by clumsy, careless, ignorant, cheap labor (think how ignorant and how cheap is the labor to which we now intrust this so primally important business of feeding ourselves and our children!), but by well trained and well paid experts. Thus prepared we at once reduce the garbage output enormously. It would be reduced in bulk, because there is less waste in handling large quantities; again because there is less waste in skillful handling; again because much that is waste in a small amount becomes valuable in a larger one, as grease, which, instead of clogging the drain and smearing the garbage can, would become marketable for soap fat.

Thus lowered in actual bulk it would be reduced in handling nearly 99 per cent, being delivered at one door in "sealed packages" if necessary.

The street dirt would be minimized about as much, for the horses tributary to the kitchen would disappear entirely from the side streets. The one center of the food industry would be, of course, on the avenue, and its bulky supplies would come in huge vans from the wholesaler—motor vehicles preferred.

The same large mechanical conveyances could take away the waste. This is conceivable, of course, for the private delivery system from small retailers, but is far more remote for economic reasons.

Nothing could more rapidly eliminate the horse from our streets than this reduction of home service, an unmixed good.

No more dumb straining agony under our eyes. No more the crack of the lash, the harsh, loud cry of the driver.

The big traffic motors run quietly, and their drivers do not yell. Thus we should escape the street dirt of the whole regiment of daily supply horses, not only those which come to the kitchen doors, but those which feed the retail markets of all sorts; and also those of the garbage and ash-carts.

The street cleaner would remain, but his task would be reduced to a very low degree, only the horses of

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those who ride for pleasure and of the dry goods and furnishing stores would remain.

With this flood of traffic would disappear not only most of the dirt and dust of grinding wheel and hoof, but most of the noise which so injuriously affects our health. The residence part of the city could be as clean and quiet as heart could wish; the children who play in the street—and, rich or poor, they have no other place save the few parks—would have far safer streets to play in.

The portion of frontage now devoted to stony areas, inlets of food and outlets of refuse, breathing places for melancholy cooks, could be given to banked earth and blooming flowers.

The homes could be more blessedly irregular in outline, and trees and vines rise greenly, softly, against their rigid fronts. There is no reason whatever why the streets where we live should be coarsened and defiled by the traffic of a swarm of clustering kitchens.

They could be made flower-sweet and quiet, healthful, beautiful and clean, if we will but give up our ancient relic of precivilized times—the private kitchen. If this is important in the already comparatively decent residence portion of the rich, see how much more it is so in the poorer quarters. There the people are thicker, and the processes of living crowd horribly together. The children are thicker, more noisy and less strong. The horses are thicker; the whole group of functions we so gracefully refine away in our wealthy and fashionable quarters are here forced into shameless prominence. With so much more dirt there is less street cleaning withal, for that costs money, and less space for ventilation.

A kitchen is bad enough tucked away in the lower rear of a rich man's home. Even a rich man's kitchen he seeks to live as far from as possible, and to shut out from him in every way its smells and sounds and sights. Yet his kitchen is large, light, airy, beautifully fitted and furnished with every convenience, provided with first-class food materials, and served by comparative competence. The poor man's kitchen is small, dark, close, poorly fitted and furnished, served by incompetence—and he has to live in it. Now the rich man, for all his tender sentiment about the domestic hearth, does not wish to spend the evening in his kitchen, nor does his wife. The sink and the stove are dirt centers; to keep them fresh and clean is constant labor, to keep yourself fresh and clean after cleaning them is further labor—and the poor have labor enough without these added. Yet the poor man, if he stays at home, and the poor woman all the time, must live in the kitchen. They are not able to buy food as good, as fresh and wholesome, nor to keep it as well as are the rich. They buy in smaller quantity, their retail suppliers are smaller and more numerous.

In "the crowded warrens of the poor" the smoke, soot, gas, cinders, ashes, grease and garbage are continually in evidence; and the streets are foul with the low stream of inferior food supplies.

The cry of the street venders is continually in their ears, the sight and sound and smell of food they have always with them—though they may be hungry also—revolting paradox! and the dirt of their innumerable kitchens—not one kitchen hid behind and below each house, but the big tenements honeycombed with kitchens—mere swarming nests of kitchens—the meager yet cumulative deposit of ash and grease and garbage from all these kitchens is never cleared away.

If from the worst of New York tenements—and earth has no more evil habitation for human life—if from there you eliminate the kitchen you clear out at one stroke the main dirt supply.

If all food was prepared in clean laboratories, open

to sanitary inspection, required to conform to a given standard, recognized as the very centers of the cities' health and guarded as such, we should strike a tremendous blow at our death rate. With a two-edged sword, for on the one hand we should have only good food to eat, and on the other hand the dirt diseases would lose their main source of supplies.

Expense? Is anyone so ignorant as not to know that the poor pay more for their food than the rich, that the more minute is retail distribution the more costly it is? The poorer people are, the more they need to have proper food at reasonable prices, and the less able they are to get it.

To rich or poor, a large, scientifically managed food laboratory would give better food for the money they now pay.

Then will rise up the voice of traditional sentiment, "bearded with moss and in garments gray, indis-

tinct in the twilight," as it were, and proclaim that the family life of the poor is going to suffer if it is deprived of its kitchen. That the wife, to be a wife, must boil, bake and fry—mostly fry—for her husband; that the mother, to be a mother, must gather her young about the stove, to their imminent peril and great discomfort.

Father, mother and child will be far happier together in a clean, quiet room that is not a workshop of any sort. Let them eat together by all means if they so desire, and in their own apartments if they so desire, but eating is one thing, cooking is quite another. We have learned to object to a soap factory as a public nuisance, and live as far away from it as we can. A kitchen is a private nuisance, and their immense numbers in the city make them a public nuisance, and a serious injury to the public health.

New York Independent.

A Little Mother's

Christmas Shopping



LITTLE maid of the tenements went out to do her Christmas shopping.

She was a little German girl, which meant that she must buy a present for each member of the family. It meant, also, that she did her Christmas shopping on Avenue A, between First and Eighth streets, in that exciting little village of Christmas booths which springs up there as if by magic just before Christmas every year.

The little girl of the tenements said that the explorer might go along with her while she did her shopping, and the explorer was glad to go.

She was a little mother, but she managed to leave "my baby" at home for just this one day. It is very wearing to have the baby along when one goes shopping.

She had three brothers and three sisters, counting in the baby. And her father and mother made eight to buy presents for, and she had exactly 25 cents. The explorer thought it would be profitable and interesting to watch this Christmas shopping.

The little maid had been to school and knew very well that she had three cents to spend on each one and a cent over, probably to add to her mother's present. But really, the baby would hardly need three cents. That would be extravagant for a baby, who cannot be expected to appreciate expensive presents.

Two gay little tin balls, one gilt, the other crimson, tied together with a bright cord, and rattling when they are shaken—that will please the baby, and they cost only a cent.

A candy chair, quite perfect, rounds, back and everything, catches the shopper's eye next. An Italian boy is selling them for a cent apiece. One of these will do for the next baby. He was the baby until six months ago, and he will admire the chair and then eat it.

And so there are two presents bought and only two cents gone.

There is a wine glass, too; only it isn't wine, but only make believe, and the man selling them telling people what a good joke it is to invite one's friends to have a drink out of it. That would please Johnny, who is big enough to see a joke. One cent for Johnny. It is wonderful how money holds out, any-

way, especially in the hands of a skillful shopper who knows what things are worth.

But Mamie Rose must have her full three cents. Mamie Rose is old and critical. She knows the value of things. A doll's washbowl and pitcher—it costs three cents, but it is worth it. There is a vine painted all up and down one side of the beautiful white crockery.

A little washboard for 'Lizabeth costs only two cents. 'Lizabeth is not so critical. She will be pleased with anything one gives her.

And then a drum for the third brother costs another three cents. He must have something to make noise with, and this is the noisiest thing for the money.

Only 11 cents spent, and six presents bought. That means 14 cents to spend for father and mother. Seven cents apiece.

It is much more difficult to buy expensive presents than cheap ones! The astute little shopper hesitates and ponders long. She goes up and down the village of booths many times, and even condescends to ask the explorer's advice.

Eventually she decides on a bright, silvery thimble for her mother, cunningly imbedded in a dainty little box of its own, with plush all around it and roses on the outside of the box. She is well satisfied with this purchase, but she hesitates long over the gift for her father. Men are so hard to buy presents for.

At last she stops at a crockery booth and decides on a cup and saucer, which will do for father's coffee in the morning, for he always has coffee, it being the main part of his breakfast. The cups and saucers are ten cents. But she displays the last remnant of her funds, the nickel and the two cents clasped tightly in her little icy hand, and firmly demands the coffee cup.

Some sharp bargaining ensues. The salesman orders her to go home and get more money. But when she finally turns to go he weakens, and the cup and saucer are hers.

Eight presents, all suitable, new and welcome, and the little maid's quarter is just exactly gone.

New York Sun.

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The rates are low via the M., K. & T. Ry.
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OLD POURQUOI

By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY



AVE you forgotten Old Pourquoi?

It's ten long years since you and I,
Under the seaward-shutting sky,
Heard what we heard, saw what we
saw;

But still, some nights, I lie

And slowly damn him, till the day
In a dry, business tone says "Well?"
When, with a frantic, mute farewell,
The old dog takes his sing-song way
Back to his proper hell.

That summer stroll through Normandy!
School-days behind and life ahead,
The gray-green magic country spread
From Vire and Candebec to the sea,
The frugal board and bed,

The riotous expense in cider,—
O Norman tippie, acid-thin,
But so-so if persisted in!
O wild night-talks ransacking wider
Than Scorpio from the Twin!

'Twas not yet night, but night was due;
The earth had fallen chalky-dun;
Our road dipped straight as eye could run,
Between the poles, set two and two,
And poplars, one and one,

Then rose to where far roofs and spires
Stood etched on a vague strip of sky;
The sea-wind had begun to sigh
From tree to tree, and up the wires
Slid its frail, mounting cry.

All afternoon our minds had revelled
In steep skylarking enterprise;
Our hearts had climbed a dozen skies,
And fifty frowning strongholds levelled
Of Life's old enemies.

A trifle, here and there, was spared
Till morning found us more adept;
But, broadly speaking, we had swept
Earth of her wrongs; light had been flared
Where the last Error slept!

Then, nothing said and nothing seen,
Misgiving gripped us. Treeless, bare,
The moorland country everywhere
Lay blackened; but a powdery sheen
Hung tangled in the air.

And Heaven knows what suspense and doubt
Prowled in the dusk! A peasant's door,
Where naught was visible before,
Opened, and let the lamp shine out
Across the crumpled moor.

A stone's-throw off some drowsy sheep
Took fright; across a rise of land
In shadowy scamper went the band;
Three bleating ewes held back to keep
Their coward young in hand.

And borne across the shallow vale,
Along the highway from the town,
A voice the distance could not drown
Chanted an eerie, endless tale,
Now shrill, now dropping down

To querulous, questioning minor song;
Now sweeping in a solemn gust,
As if some great dishonored dust
Came crying its ancestral wrong,
But found no listener just.

And as the voice drew nearer toward,
It dropped through violent clumsy bars,
Splay-footed roudades, brutal jars
And grunts of sound; then lightly soared
Into a heaven whose stars

Twinkled to some colossal joke,
And satire was the cosmic mood,—
Upon which, through the dusk there strode,
Or limped, or shuffled—holy smoke!—
Or danced, along the road,

The Singer!—How describe the lout?—
An old salt seized with Delphic rage,
Or Aristophanes in age,
Trade-fallen, doing knock-about
Upon our lighter stage;

King David, old and crazed and free;
Or Hamlet, gray with wandering,
A stout, land-losing hedge-row king,
Now, in one mystic jambouree,
Having his final fling.

No use! Words merely peck and buzz
About the rind of the matter: vain
To ask me to add Paul Verlaine,
In high talk with the Man of Uz
Outside his prison pane!

One moment by the darkening West
We saw the grand old grizzled head,
The stricken face, the rolling, red,
Quizzical eyeballs, the bared chest,
Hairy, Homeric, spread

And laboring with the grievous chant,
The knotted hands raised high and wrung,—
As, craning through the gloom, he flung
Into our teeth that iterant
Enormous Word he sung.

Then he was gone: slow up the hill,
And faster down the other side,
The wild, monotonous question died;
And when the goose-flesh, prickly-chill,
Stopped crawling up my hide,

I whispered, "Did you hear?" and you
Nodded. In silence half a mile
We stumbled onward; you meanwhile
Had paper out, your pencil flew
In quirk and quiddet vile.

Till in disgust I seized your hand,
And thundered, "Scratching music, clod?
Getting his tune down? Suffering God!
Have you no heart to understand?"
One more New England nod,

And, "Yes, I heard, my son, I heard.
Be careful; if you break my lead,
I must, in sorrow, break your head.
Hands off! As for his blessed word,
'Pourquoi?' was all he said.

Pourquoi? Pourquoi? Yes, that was all!
Only the darkest cry that haunts
The corridors of tragic chance,
Couched in the sweet, satirical,
Impudent tongue of France.

Only the bitterest wail flung out
From worlds that traffic to their mart
Without a pilot or a chart;
With "What?" the body of their doubt,
And "Why?" the quaking heart.

Old bard and brother to the Sphinx!
I wonder what abysmal luck
Had left your face so planet-struck,
And driven you on such horrid brinks
To play the run-amuck.

I wonder down what road to-night
You shuffle; from what plunging star
Your gnarled old hands uplifted are,
Between moth-light and cockshut-light
Calling young hearts to war.

From the Reader Magazine.

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St. Louis, December 16th, 1904.

L. F. HAMMER, JR.,

Collector of the Revenue, City of St. Louis.

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The Lynn of Dreams

By Fiona McLeod



HERE was a man—let us call him John o' Dreams,—who loved words as the many love the common things of desire, and as the few love the beautiful things of the arts. He was known in that world, at once so narrow and so wide, where the love of perfected utterance, in prose or verse, is not only a joy but an ideal. What he wrote was read with eagerness, for those who turned to his books knew that they would find there not only his own thought, which was deep, and his own imagination, which had a far-wandering wing, but a verbal music that was his own; a subtle use of the underplay of word-life, the color, meaning, romance, association, suggestiveness, shadowy hints of words; the incommunicable charm.

He loved his art, and he had much to say, and above all longed to capture into rhythm and cadence the floating music that haunted him, and the wonder of life that was his continual dream. But he had a fatal curiosity. Month by month this had grown upon him. He desired to know the wellsprings: he desired the wellspring of all literature. At first he sought closely into the art of the rarest masters, now in verse, now in prose; the masters of the dim past, working in the pale gold of antique Greek or the ivory of Catullus, or playing on silver flutes, like the obscure singers of the "Anthology"; or the masters of a later time moulding molten brass, like Dante and Milton, or achieving a supreme alchemy, like Shakespeare, or shaping agate and porphyry, like Leopardi, or white carnelian, like Landor, or crysoprase and green jade, like Leconte de Lisle and Walter Pater. But nowhere in these did he find the final secret he sought. No, nor in any other; nor in any language inhabited by beauty—neither in the limpid excellence of French, since Villon quickened it with a mocking sweetness till Verlaine thrilled it with a sound like a lost air in still woods, so subtle, so evanishing, so little of the world about us, so much of the other world on whose leaning brows are mystery and shadow; nor in the sweet and stately passages of the tongue of Florentine and Roman; nor in the deep, troubled tongues of the north, from Weimer to Christiania; nor in the speech, accompanied by clarions and chants, of the spellbound lands of Spain; nor in the great language, like a mighty army marching with banners, of that England—not the island-bud, but the vast fruit of the tree—which began with Chaucer under a blossom-clouded hawthorn in a May of sunlit youth, and that now is continually arising, renewed, or lying down to rest by the wandering fires of a sunset forever flaming into sunrise.

Then he turned to his own shaped and colored utterance, and looked into that; and into his own mind, so far as he could see on this side its pinnacles and sudden-shelving gulfs; and into his own soul, so far as he could sink into these depths, deepening to where no star of midnight travels. But neither in those still depths, nor in that wide, cold region of shade and shine, nor even in that shaped thought and colored utterance which was the child of his longing, could he find the silver cord, the thin, invisible line that only the soul knows, when

it leaves its mortality, as fragrance leaves a rose at dusk.

Then a great sadness fell on him and he wrote no more.

For long he had been in touch with that other-world of which he had so often written; and now he dwelled more and more in that company of the imagination and of remembrance.

Dark, pathless glens await the troubled thought of those who cross too often the dim borderlands. To dwell overlong there; to listen overlong there; overlong to speak with those, or to see those whose bright, cold laughter is to us so sad—we know not why—and whose tranquil songs are to us so passing sweet and wild; overlong to stand by the open gate, at the wildwood or near the green mound or by the grey wave, is to sow the moon-seed of a fatal melancholy, wherein, when it is grown and its poppy-heads stir in a drowsy wind, the mind that wanders there calls upon oblivion, as a lost child calling upon God.

But, in that intercourse, that happens which cannot otherwise happen.

And so it was that, one day, while he of whom I write lay dreaming by a pool, set by a river that ran through a wood of wind and shadow, a stranger appeared by his side. He knew from whom this wood-farer came, for his eyes were cold and glad and no shadow fell on the bracken. Perhaps he knew—it may well be, he knew—more than this; for the cry of the plover was overheard, and the deceitful drumming of the snipe was near, and these are two witnesses of him, Dalua, the Master of Illusions, the Fool of Faery—the dark brother of Angus Og and of Airill Ail na'n Og, beautiful lords of life and youth.

So when the stranger spoke, and said he would lead to the Lynn of Dreams, and reveal to him there the souls of words in their immortal shape and color, and how the secret flow of a secret tide continually moves them into fugitive semblances of mortal color and mortal shape, the man dreaming by the water-side gladly rose, and the two went together, under the shadow of the old trees to the Lynn of Dreams.

When come to that place, where timeless rocks, fretted with ancient lichen, shelved to a dark water, green as a leaf, the mortal and the immortal stooped.

And there the dreamer of whom I write saw his heart's desire bending like a hind of the hill and quenching her thirst. For there he saw the images of beautiful words, as he knew them in their mortal shape and color, clothe themselves in drifting thought, and often become the thought whose raiment they seemed—or stand, like reeds in shadow, and let the drifting thought take them and wear them as crowns, or diadems, or crested plumes.

And, looking deeper, he saw the souls of words, in their immortal shape and color; that would not come from the violet hollows where they moved in their undying dance of joy—and to whom the white, supplicating hands of yearning thoughts could not reach.

He saw, too, the secret flow of the secret tide that continually moved these children of joy into semblances of mortal beauty, images known in happy hours or seen in dreams, but often such as he had

never known in either waking dream or sleeping trance. These he saw ceaselessly woven and unwoven and rewoven. The clusters of many Pleiades made a maze in that living darkness.

His soul cried aloud for joy.

When, startled by the cry of a plover at his ear, he looked, he saw that he was by the riverside again. The stranger stood beside him.

"What have I seen?" he stammered.

"I gave you a cup to drink, and you drank. It is the Cup of which Tristan drank when he loved Yseult beyond the ache of mortal love; the Cup of Wisdom, that gives madness and death before it gives knowledge and life."

The man was alone then, for the Master of Illusions had gone; Herdsman of thoughts and dreams that wander upon the Hills of Time.

But, on the morrow, that led many unchanging morrows, the dreamer of whom I have spoken knew that the learning of the secret he had won was, in truth, the knowledge that is immortal knowledge, and therefore cannot be uttered by mortal tongue or shaped by mortal thought or colored by mortal art.

He paid the eric for that wisdom. It is the law.

When again he strove to put beauty into the shimmering, elusive veil of words, he knew with bitter pain that he had lost even the artistry that had once been his. After too deep wisdom he stumbled in the shallows of his own poor, troubled knowledge.

For a time he struggled, as a swimmer borne from the shore.

It was all gone; the master-touch, the secret art, the craft. He became an obscure stammerer. At last he was dumb. And then his heart broke, and he died.

But had not the Master of Illusions shown him his heart's desire, and made it his?



The Star in the East

By VIRGINIA BIÖREN HARRISON

LO, a new star, a new star
Blazed like a lamp of gold,
For closely pressed to Mary's breast
The Saviour Jesus lay at rest,
As prophets had foretold.

*(But little Judas, as he slept,
Stirred in his mother's arms and wept.)*

O, the night wind, the night wind
A new song found to sing,
Caught from the gleaming angel choir,
With harps of light and tongues of fire,
To praise the new-born King.

*(But little Judas, as he slept,
Stirred in his mother's arms and wept.)*

O, the worship, the worship,
And myrrh and incense sweet,
Which shepherd kings from far away
Had brought with golden gifts to lay
At the Saviour Jesus feet,

*(But little Judas, as he slept,
Stirred in his mother's arms and wept.)*

O, the shadow, the shadow
Of the cross upon the hill.
But yet the babe, who was to bear
The whole world's weight of sin and care,
On Mary's heart lay still.

*(But Judas' mother, with a cry,
Kissed him and wept, she knew not why.)*

From Leslie's Weekly.



A Well Advertised Gentleman Is Anxiously Awaited.

AND with him will come the boys who have been to college all fall.

With the boys will come wardrobe defects and lacks.

The "strenuous" opening days of the college year and the ante-holiday "doing" may have put a part of his attire very much on the ragged edge.

Before next June he'll be called upon to attend banquets and "hops" galore. These will require the presence of a Dress Suit and Tuxedo in his wardrobe.

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A Financial Retrospect

By Francis A. House

AT the beginning of the year 1904, the general financial position in this country was such as to mystify experienced critics and to induce considerable apprehension among the business community. Security values had undergone a severe and painful reaction; the monetary markets were in a state of trepidating convalescence; in the iron and steel industry the downward tendency was still noticeable, and railroad earnings continued to show marked contraction in numerous instances. At the same time, imports were growing and agricultural exports falling off. The idiotic, pyrotechnic movements in the cotton market, undertaken and persisted in with a degree of nonchalant effrontery seldom, if ever, equalled before, contributed their share towards the then prevalent feeling of fear and anxiety. While money-rates had, in consequence of the extensive liquidation in security markets, receded to a decided extent and funds were again accumulating in the financial institutions throughout the land, there continued to be lacking that spirit of buoyantly aggressive enterprise which was so conspicuous a feature of the preceding period of industrial and commercial activity.

As is commonly the case in such conjunctural after-boom periods, when various conflicting influences are at work, intimidating pessimism reached a degree that was utterly unjustified. There is in the average person, particularly in this country, a disposition to magnify both the evil and the good in an absurdly excessive fashion. This human foible was well demonstrated during that astonishing era of wild-cat speculation that wound up with the turbulent, calamitous panic of May, 1901. In the fall of 1903, and up to March, 1904, it revealed itself in an equally instructive manner. People that, two or three years ago, staked their reputation for sagacity and foresight on the prediction that the glorious times of prosperity and stock-jobbing would remain undimmed for many years to come, asserted with confident aplomb towards the close of 1903, that the entire industrial and financial fabric of America was going to pieces, and that at a startling rate.

The year 1904 opened in Wall Street with dull, lethargic movements in the prices of securities. Rallies quickly followed reactions, and *vice versa*. The depressed state of affairs in the iron trade continued to affect speculative sentiment adversely. The shares of the United States Steel Corporation remained neglected; liquidation could still be noted on every moderate advance in values. The common stock of the great steel trust fell to the lowest price it ever touched before or since then. Rumors were current and growing in number that the time was fast approaching when the directors of the steel company would be forced to follow up their suspension of dividends on the common with a reduction in the seven per cent rate on the preferred shares. There was, doubtless, some solid reason for all this rumoring and prophesying, inasmuch as earnings began to show startling decreases. It is well known that, at least on one occasion, the directors of the United States Steel Corporation declared a quarterly dividend on

their preferred stock which had not been fully earned. Whether this action was justifiable or not, may be an open question in Wall Street, where the sense of the ethical has ever been in a pitiable state of atrophy, but it cannot be any longer considered available for hair-splitting arguments in the courts. Only recently, a well-known Eastern court caustically criticised the erstwhile management of the American Malting Company for paying unearned dividends on their watered stock.

It was not until the early spring that the stock market began to develop more stamina. Close observers thought they could detect unmistakable evidence of an accumulation of cheap stocks and bonds by speculative cliques and well-known notorious manipulators. But scant attention was paid to political predictions and conjectures. The tone-giving elements had come to the conclusion that the Republican party would again be returned to power and that, therefore, no perturbative tinkering with the National laws could be considered possible. The incipient better feeling was helped along considerably by the strengthening of surplus reserves in the New York Associated Banks, which, ever since the beginning of the year, had been added to considerably almost every week, until, towards the approach of summer, they stood for a while at the highest notch for about a decade. Even the heavy outward movement of gold incidental to the Panama canal payments failed to affect the reserve item of the banks to any decided extent. An abnormally large influx of currency from the interior quickly covered all losses sustained by the withdrawals of the yellow metal.

This flow of funds from the interior of New York had its primary cause in the release of money that had up to about December, 1903, been tied up, to large extent, in stocks and land speculation. At the same time, the interior banks experienced a decrease in commercial demand for accommodation, owing to the moderate setback in business, which was particularly to be observed in the Eastern section of the country. Having, therefore, no occasion profitably to employ all their funds at home, they forwarded part thereof to New York, there to be loaned out on call in Wall Street at the then prevailing low rate of two per cent and even less. The increasing plethora of money in New York naturally tended to facilitate the gold shipments to Europe and the flotation of the Russian and Japanese and other loans in London, Paris and Berlin.

It was not until about the time that the Democratic National Convention assembled in St. Louis that the upward movement in security prices, which had up to then been rather sluggish and spasmodic, received its first marked impetus. Wall Street had begun to discount the decision of the voters of the country to be rendered at the polls in November. There was a plenteous supply of money in the banks to start manipulation with on a magnitudinous scale. The corn and cotton crops promised to be record-breakers and to make up largely for the deficiency in the wheat yield. Symptoms of a coming revival could be detected in the steel industry. Railroad earnings were

in the majority of instances, again rolling up surprising increases in both gross and net. In the municipal and railroad bond market, investment demand began to make its appearance in a volume that attracted attention and induced a gradual advancing of quotations.

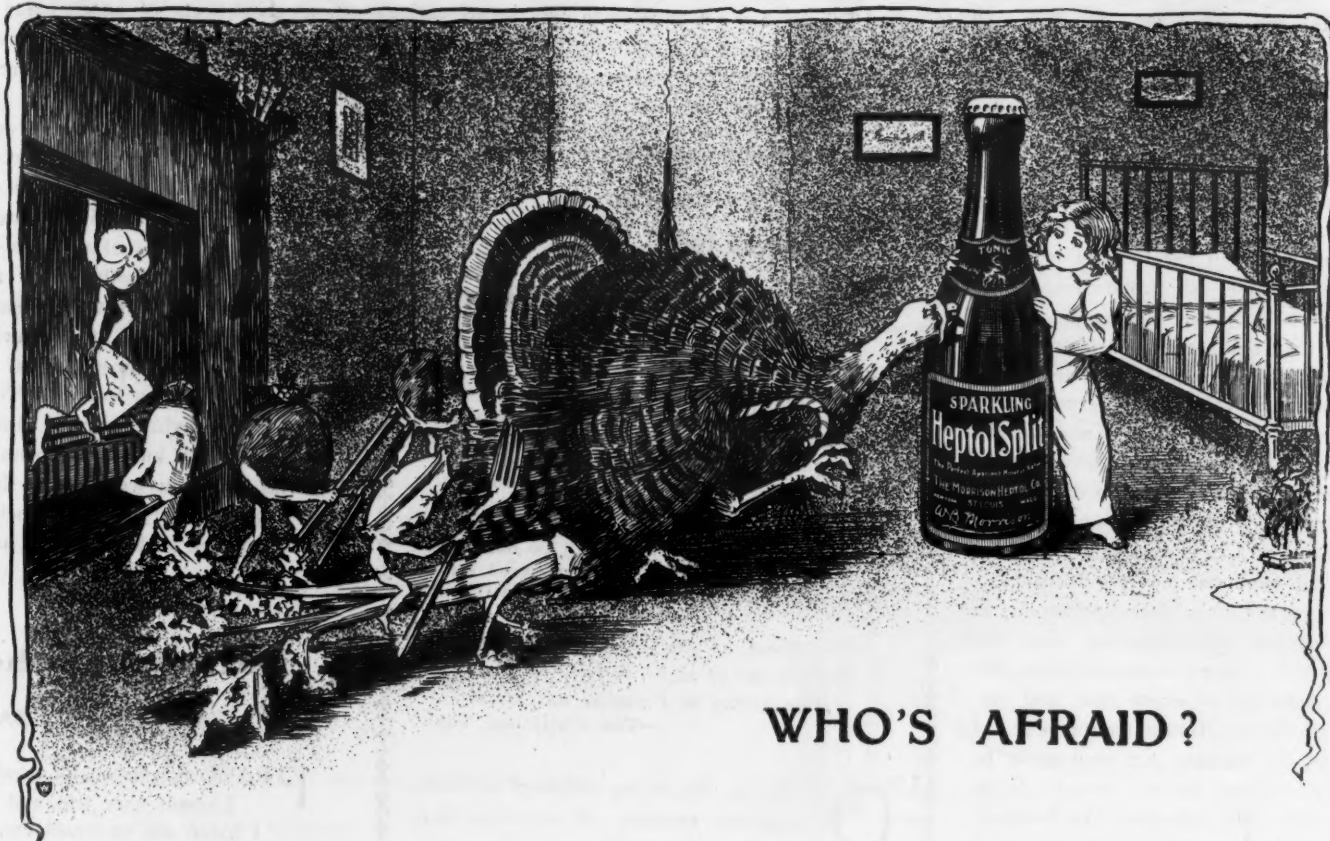
"Undoubtedly," concluded the vigilant powers of Wall Street, "the moment has arrived for engineering another boost all along the line. The public is waiting for us to give the signal; so let's go to work." And to work they went with a rush and a hurrah. The thing worked like a charm, much better, in fact, than even the most hopeful stock-rigger had dared to expect. United States Steel, Union Pacific, Amalgamated Copper, St. Paul, Atchison and the remainder of the most active list easily adapted themselves to manipulative tactics. After a few days or weeks of the usual "wash-sales," after quotations had already been lifted decisively, the public displayed its anticipated usual eagerness to get into the game and to gather up some of the crumbs that fell from the banquet table of high-rolling Dives.

As soon as this attitude of the public became known to the millionaire gamblers, Pacific Mail, Tennessee Coal and Iron, Colorado Fuel and Iron, United States Leather, and some others of the class of stocks familiarly called "cats and dogs," began to rise in their accustomed perpendicular style. These are the stocks that the rank and file of small traders dearly love to fool with. They have such a mysterious appearance; their exact position, value and prospects are as metaphysical as the theories of Buddha. Besides, they "give quick action," and "quick action" is what the shoe-string-margin speculator really wants. The higher prices went, the more eager became the anxiety of outsiders to enter the game. It was, therefore, nothing to be wondered at that the bull movement finally assumed proportions quite astonishing to those who had theretofore been laboring under misconceptions as to the ability and means of Wall Street stock-jobbers and the irremediable gullibility of the public.

Wholesale, dextrous manipulative manoeuvres made things especially interesting in United States Steel, Union Pacific, Amalgamated Copper, and some high-priced investment issues. In the case of United States Steel shares, the buying was on an enormous scale, the result being that both common and preferred rose to figures that would have been considered impossible or ridiculous in January, 1904. It is to be presumed that inside interests made excellent use of the opportunity so long looked for, to unload large amounts of stock which they had been forced to carry ever since the disastrous *debacle* of 1902-03. New York syndicate houses are presumed to have been extensively liquidating through London operators. For years, this sort of international *entente* in the *haute finance* has been known to be of excellent advantage in stock market operations. When a boisterous, wild bull market is in full swing, New York leaders often resort to the facile trick of boosting quotations in the London market so as to influence the course of prices in New York.

In Union Pacific, the guiding impulse to the sharp rise in the quotation of the common shares was given by periodically revived stories of a forthcoming announcement of a restoration of peace in the Northwest. While Union Pacific was going up by leaps and bounds, the press and "street" alike, were glutted with rosy-colored tales of the growing love of Mr. Harriman for Mr. Hill and the beautifully simple way in which all the maddening entanglements of the Northern Securities case were to be removed to the great profit and satisfaction of everybody concerned. All

The Night Before Christmas.



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this literary and logomachic activity naturally tended to add fuel to the fire. It even re-awakened the slumbering hopes of a renewal of consolidation "deals" in the railroad world. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Erie, the Atchison, the Missouri Pacific and a few other railroad lines figured ever and anon, in a conspicuous, brilliant fashion, in the multifarious speculative rumors and conjectures.

Of course, that the Northern Securities imbroglio will be settled amicably, one way or the other, before a great while, seems more than likely. It will profit Mr. Harriman more than Mr. Hill to maintain strained relations for an indefinite length of time. It would be preposterous, however, to base on the approaching adjustment of long-standing troubles such extravagant hopes as Wall street has been regaling us with for several months past. After the millionaire antagonists have decided to bury the tomahawk, it will doubtless be found that the securities of the interested properties are left in pretty much the same position, as far as intrinsic value is concerned. The whole thing appears to be of interest and benefit chiefly to steel-jobbers. It has been "worked" right and left, back and forth, until it begins to dawn upon even the infantile minds of the hordes of "suckers" that the Northern Securities case may safely be relegated to the limbo of exploded bull arguments.

In the copper issues, the New York-Boston cliques precipitated an excitement not witnessed since the days when Amalgamated Copper attracted almost the entire attention of gamblers of every rank and station. A certain well-known Boston mountebank, of unsavory antecedents, for reasons that may easily be surmised by the experienced trader, thought fit to begin hostilities against the Standard Oil interests with pen and mouth, hurling all sorts of startling accusations at the venerable heads of his erstwhile companions in public plunder. He talked loud and long, and made lots of pelf, at the same time, in the manipulation of copper and other shares. Amalgamated was whirled up about thirty points. Then, suddenly, though not unexpectedly, ensued a prodigious slump, which wiped out thousands of humble accounts and caused the Boston ringster to emit veritable yells of unholy delight. The copper incident served to throw lurid light upon the 1904 stock-boom and the men and means underlying it. All further comment is unnecessary.

The fall months witnessed a renewal of gold shipments to Europe, Paris and Berlin, withdrawing large sums from both London and New York. The gold was or will be required in the marketing of fresh Russian and Japanese loans. The outflow occasioned a marked contraction in the surplus reserves of the New York Banks and a slow hardening of money-rates on both time and call-loans. However, no really unpleasant pinch took place at any time. Even the withdrawals of Government funds from the National depositaries failed to cause more than a ripple on the surface of the money market. However, the more conservative banks thought it advisable to adopt a more conservative attitude towards the maniacal Wall street movement in stocks, and, undoubtedly, compelled a good deal of wholesome liquidation in the early part of December, when the market displayed signs of decided weakness.

Abroad, the financial position may be considered better than it was a year ago at this time. Money is fairly plentiful in London. The investment market in England shows indubitable signs of improvement. Even "Kaffirs" are again evincing a disposition to rise to higher figures. No particular difficulty was experienced in floating the Russian and Japanese loans, Paris and Berlin taking the lion's share of the securi-

ties, which were issued on most favorable terms to the syndicate underwriters. The Bank of England, at this writing, still maintains its official rate of discount at 3 per cent. The future course of the money market will depend to a considerable degree upon the varying fortunes of the Manchurian war. If the conflict were to last a year longer, the ship of international finance may yet have some very rough sailing and be forced to take in a good many top-sails.

As the year draws to a close, it may be said that the general economic position in this country is dis-

A Prayer for a Friend Out of Sight

(A correspondent of the Mirror has asked for the reproduction in these columns of the appended prayer, the authorship of which is ascribed to William Ewart Gladstone. The prayer is remarkable for its having been composed by a Protestant, to whom, of course, prayers for the dead, implying a belief in Purgatory, seem almost blasphemous, but it will be observed that the great Prime Minister saved himself in the last paragraph of the petition.)

*'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
—The Christian Year.*

O GOD, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be; I beseech Thee for *him* whose name and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe *him* light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation, in Paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of Thy great love.

Grant that *his* life (so troubled here) may unfold itself in Thy sight, and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. If *he* hath ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of mine, I pray Thee of Thy great pity to heal and restore *him*, that *he* may serve Thee without hindrance.

Tell *him*, O gracious Lord, if it may be, how much I love *him* and miss *him* and long to see *him* again; and, if there be ways in which *he* may come, vouchsafe *him* to me as a guide and guard, and grant me a sense of *his* nearness, in such degree as Thy laws permit.

If in aught I can minister to *his* peace, be pleased of Thy love to let this be; and mercifully keep me from every act which may deprive me of the sight of *him* as soon as our trial time is over, or mar the fullness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this my prayer, and let Thy will be done; for my will is blind and erring, but Thine is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

tinctly reassuring. A confident, enterprising feeling pervades the entire business community; the best critics profess themselves reasonably sure of further improvement in the oncoming year. All hopeful anticipations would, however, have to be materially modified if the Wall street saturnalia were to continue indefinitely. The country is not in position to withstand the effects of another era of insane, reckless inflation. It is barely recovering from the disreputable debauch of 1900-02. A recurrence of billion-dollar stock promotion, or the lifting of values to an utterly absurd level, would spell disaster for the whole Nation. If anybody is still banking upon the idea that the millennium is fast approaching, he will be badly fooled. Precipitous gambling, a daring juggling with hundreds of millions of dollars, does not create National wealth. The really prudent, far-sighted man of business will keep his eyes and mind fixed upon the broad, fertile fields, the forests and mountains of the proud, vast empire beyond the Mississippi River, to watch the Nation's material progress—not the white, narrow tape of the stock-ticker. It is the sturdy, husky men who plow and mine and log who make our wealth—not the stock-jobbers with their eager, drawn faces and their little memorandum books, clutched within nervous, trembling fingers.

Ballade of the Brave

By RICHARD BARTON

PRATE not to me of weaklings, who
Lament this life and naught achieve.
I hymn the vast and valiant crew
Of those who have scant time to grieve;
Firm-set their fortunes to retrieve,
They sing for luck a lusty stave,
The world's staunch workers, by your leave,
This is the ballade of the brave.

Wan women, steel to staggering blows;
White souls from many a nether place;
The humble heroes and the foes
Of sham; the hunters of the base.
The men with missions in their face,
The clan who straighten, heal and save;
The young who think each card an ace,—
This is the ballade of the brave.

Those who with stingless laugh and jest
Sweeten the labor; those who stake
Their all on some sky-reaching quest,
Unconquerable for conscience' sake.
The warriors who a last stand make,
Though loss o'erwhelm them, wave on wave;
Smiling, the while their hearts do break,—
This is the ballade of the brave!

Brothers, I kiss my hand to ye,
That stoutly flare unto the grave,
Facing all odds high-heartedly,—
This is the ballade of the brave.

From the December McClure's.

A bride and bridegroom were on their honeymoon. The bride, in telegraphing to her father, announced that they were "having a lovely time, a row every morning before breakfast."

Her father, evidently reminiscent of his own experiences, wired back:

"How do you pronounce r-o-w?"

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"Gentleman Jim"

By Archibald Marshall

THE visitor was doing very well. The more serious part of his night's engagement had been satisfactorily concluded, and he was regaling himself with a little light refreshment before going home to bed. The larder had yielded prawns-in-aspic, the remains of a salmon-mayonnaise, a galantine, a sugar-cured ham, and various sundries in the way of cold sweets, half-eaten or entirely untouched, which, for a man of his simple tastes, formed the most delightful part of the banquet. There was also a bottle of champagne from the butler's pantry which had been opened and corked up again. The wine was a trifle flat, perhaps, but it was old and dry, and there was a decanter of vintage port beside it which winked opulently under the electric light of the servants' hall, into which he had carried his viands.

The servants' hall was at the back of the house, and was more convenient in every way for a supper at two o'clock in the morning than any of the rooms in the spreading basement which faced the street. The visitor had not troubled to lay a cloth, but, otherwise, he was supping in perfect comfort, not to say luxury. There were even flowers on the table, and the chair upon which he sat at its head was well cushioned. On the floor by his side was a leather suit case, which seemed to show that he had come with the purpose of making some little stay.

This, however, was not the case. He proposed shortly to leave the house by the way he had entered it—through the window of the back kitchen, and thence by an area which stretched all around the house to the pavement and the streets, and so to his home in another quarter of the town.

The visitor was neatly dressed in a suit of dark serge. He was good looking in a flashy sort of way, with thick black hair parted in the middle and plastered in little curves on to a somewhat low forehead. His moustache was well curled, and he wore across his waistcoat a heavy chain of gold, or some similar material. He looked like one who thought well of himself and the world in general, and, as he lay back in his chair and sipped the admirable port with which he had just filled his glass, his reflections were evidently far from unpleasant.

"I hope you are making yourself quite at home."

The voice was soft and well modulated, and the words themselves hardly such, one would have thought, as to have caused the visitor to jump out of his chair as if he had been shot and stand gaping and gasping at the door which had opened behind him. They were uttered by a tall young man in evening clothes, a light overcoat and an opera hat, who stood just inside the doorway, regarding the scene of conviviality with a questioning gaze, the mildness of which was somewhat discounted by the fact that in the hollow of his right hand was a wicked looking little revolver with which he toyed suggestively.

"You do not happen to have any firearms about you?" asked the newcomer, advancing into the room. "I merely ask because the old people upstairs are

resting after a rather tiring day, and I do not wish to have them disturbed. No? Then pray sit down again and just explain to what lucky chance we owe the honor of this visit. Sit down!"

The last words were uttered in a sharp tone of command which formed a curious contrast to the level utterance that had preceded them. The visitor subsided quickly into his chair.

"I will join you in a glass of that rare old port," said the other. "I see you know what is good. I think you might drink yours from a tumbler just for this occasion. You won't mind, will you?" He took the visitor's wine glass and threw its contents on to the floor, rinsed it with water from a carafe on the sideboard, and, taking his seat at the table, filled it again from the decanter. "Now then," he said, invitingly.

"I see it's all up," said the visitor, gruffly. "Let me go quietly and I won't make any trouble."

"You wouldn't be in a position to make much trouble with this behind you," said the other, indicating the revolver which lay on the table by his glass. "Why don't you fill up? Isn't the wine good enough for you? It is '64. There can't be much of it left anywhere now."

The visitor poured some of the wine into the tumbler from which he had recently been drinking champagne.

"Are you going to let me go," he asked, "or are you going to give me in charge?"

"Now, first of all," said the other, without taking the slightest notice of this appeal, "what was it? The Golden Wedding presents, I presume? Of course. All displayed in a room together, without any special precautions being taken, and most of them solid gold. I warned them what would happen. And you have them in that bag? I will just move it a little, by the way. A neat idea. Once in the streets, carrying that, nobody would take you for anything but—a gentleman's servant, say; and there isn't a policeman in London who would stop you. There is nothing else in the bag, I suppose, is there? Just the pick of the gold toys, eh? Ah! I see. There are jewels upstairs, you know. Now, come, don't let me do all the talking."

"I didn't want to make a fuss or run any risks," said the visitor, sulkily. "The gold things was enough for one night."

"Quite so. A tidy little haul, as they say in your profession. It is, perhaps, as well that you didn't try upstairs. I should not have felt inclined to let you off quite so easily as I intend to do if you had frightened my . . . the old lady and gentleman to whom these toys have been presented as a mark of esteem and affection."

The visitor's eyes brightened. "If you let me go quietly," he said, "I'll promise not to come back here any more."

"Thank you. You will turn your attentions elsewhere, I suppose? You make a regular profession of burglary, do you? You do not strike me as being

quite in the ordinary run of burglars. I have never had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman of your profession before. I should have expected a heavier jaw, and a rabbit skin cap. One gets one's ideas from Bill Sikes, I suppose. Are you by any chance what they call a swell-mobsmen or cracksmen, or something of that sort?"

"I'm a gentleman born."

"Of course; it is easy enough to see that. Educated at Oxford College, I should think, weren't you?"

"I was."

"I thought so. You can always tell. There is a sort of air that is unmistakable. No doubt you remark it in me. I also was at Oxford College. I dare say we were there together."

"I suppose you're trying to get at me. Just now you said I looked like a gentleman's servant."

"Oh, pardon me! I only said that in the darkness. Carrying a dressing case, you might very well be mistaken for one. You see, gentlemen born are generally in evening clothes at this time of night. Of course, I quite understand your not wearing them when you have work to do, and, at any rate, it doesn't matter; as I said, your air is unmistakable."

"Well, I never said I was a lord, like, I suppose, you are. I'm a gentleman, anyhow. Why, they call me 'Gentleman—'?"

"'Gentleman—?' 'Gentleman—what?'"

"I'm not going to run my neck into a noose."

"My dear sir, you are as safe here as if you were in a—thieves' kitchen. I am going to let you go after we have had a chat. But I want to learn a little first. Come, I think you owe me your name, if it is only in return for this hospitality—I'm afraid I can't let you take away the gold."

"You swear you won't split if I tell you who I am?"

"I swear by all I hold dear. I wouldn't give you away if you told me you were 'Gentleman Jim' himself, who has always been one of my heroes. There's a burglar for you, now! Cool, dauntless, resourceful, and, without the shadow of a doubt, a gentleman born, as his manners have always shown him. You say *you* are called 'Gentleman—' something. Good heavens! You don't mean to tell me—? *You* are not 'Gentleman Jim'?"

"That's what they call me."

There was a short pause.

"Well," pursued the questioner, "I suppose one is bound to have one's idols overthrown at some time or another. You will never be one of mine again, my friend. You had much better not have told me."

"Why, what's wrong? You asked me. Yes, I'm 'Gentleman Jim,' right enough—the smartest thief in London."

"I can't help being disappointed. You will forgive my showing it. As for your smartness, I should not have expected to come across a cracksmen of your reputation sitting with his back to a door. Nor should I have expected to see 'Gentleman Jim,' with whom I thought I must have dined in some of the best houses in London, wolfing the remains of a servant's supper."

The visitor looked crestfallen. "I didn't have time to get my proper dinner to-night," he said, apologetically.

"And as for your appearance," pursued the other, "I'll tell you what you really remind me of—not a gentleman at all, nor even a gentleman's servant, but a greasy butcher in his best clothes, got up to meet a kitchen slut."

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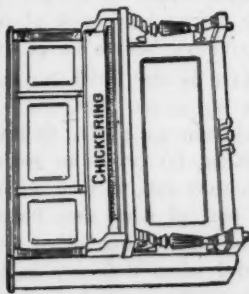
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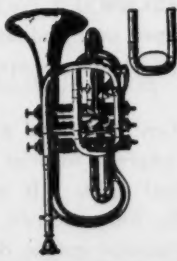
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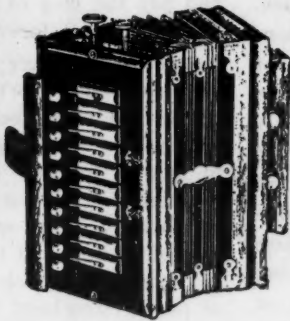
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of its kind in this city we offer distinct
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CATALOGUES FREE.

Both men rose to their feet and stood facing one another. The burglar was breathing hard. The gentleman looked at him coolly.

Suddenly the expression of both of them changed. There was the sound of a footstep on the stone stairs leading to the basement.

"Quick!" said the gentleman, in a sharp whisper. "I'll let you out of the window, as I promised. I don't want a scene." He caught up the suit-case and followed the other quickly on tiptoe along the flagged passage to the back-kitchen.

The burglar lifted up the window and threw a leg over the sill. The star which looked down out of a clear sky into the area broke into a thousand pieces, and he fell back on to the floor with a dull thud.

* * * * *

When the burglar recovered consciousness, he found himself lying on a mattress on the floor of the back-kitchen, with his head bandaged. Two policemen stood near him talking to a man in plain clothes who appeared just to have come upon the scene.

"But that isn't 'Gentleman Jim,'" he was saying, in a disappointed voice. "'Gentleman Jim' is a real toff, and goes about in dress-clothes. We were told at the Yard it was to be one of his little games. The information came late, but I thought there would just be time to nab him."

"'Gentleman Jim' has got away with the swag, sir, as usual," answered one of the policemen. "But we ought to nab him now. He must have quarreled with this one and hit him over the head before he got away himself. He'll split all right when he comes to. He'll want to get even with his pal, and he'll know his sentence will be lighter if he helps us to lay our hands on him."

The burglar turned on his side with a groan. He would have given a good deal to get even with 'Gentleman Jim,' if he had known any more than the police of his whereabouts at that moment.

Lon V. Stephens Redivivus

BY CALLAWAY DADE

CLAIMANTS of the honor of having been the first to discover gubernatorial ability in Joseph W. Folk are steadily growing in number. Several editors are included in this list, and quite a number of persons who are evidently hoping for some appointment under Mr. Folk, if they can sufficiently impress him with the idea that if it had not been for their powerful influence he would never have been elected to any office outside of St. Louis. One of the men, who, if not the first to suggest Mr. Folk as the proper person to fill the position to which he was lately elected, rendered more substantial aid at the incipency of his campaign than any man in the State, has apparently been entirely overlooked. The man referred to is ex-Gov. Lon V. Stephens.

Perhaps no man in the State has been more generally underestimated in the past than the ex-Governor. Even his repeated successes in State politics against tremendous pressure, have never seemed to add any laurels to his crown. Someone else has invariably received the credit that was due him. Many reasons have been assigned for this, but none of them seems to meet all requirements. In many respects, the ex-Governor is a very strange man. His brain is exceedingly active, and it seems

impossible for him to remain a passive spectator of anything that passes before him. It has often been said of the ex-Governor that if he was walking along the street and should see two dogs fighting, he would immediately stop and take the part of the under dog.

Thus it happened that when talk started about Mr. Folk entering the gubernatorial campaign, ex-Gov. Stephens immediately started his machinery working in behalf of the Circuit Attorney. And with him was his ex-Lieut. Gov. Bolte, now a Rock Island attorney, with a pull in twenty or thirty counties. And those who think that the ex-Governor is a back number, and can't do anything in State politics, do not know the man. True, he has made many bitter enemies in the State, but he has also made some of the strongest personal friends of any man who ever held a public office in Missouri. He has his own way of going about a thing, and his methods are different from those pursued by any other politician in the State. He writes personal letters to every one of his friends, and he is not at all backward about spending his own money in behalf of a favorite. It is a fact that will not be disputed by anyone competent to speak, that ex-Gov. Stephens is the most liberal man with his own money, in a political way, or even through friendship, of all contemporary Missouri politicians. They are all receivers; he's a disburser. He owns, or partly owns, several country newspapers, and he has helped a number of country editors in a financial way, and said nothing about it; so they naturally feel disposed to help him in any way they can. All these sources are drawn upon, and were drawn upon, when he commenced advocating the nomination of Mr. Folk.

It is not at all likely that there is an office within the gift of Mr. Folk that the ex-Governor would accept. No one will accuse him of supporting the Circuit Attorney with this object in view. He became identified with the campaign at a time when almost every politician believed that Mr. Folk would be defeated, and his combative disposition kept him at work until he plainly saw that the fight was ended. Then he quietly dropped out, and has since allowed others to set up such claims to preference as they desired.

Not a few of ex-Gov. Stephens' warm friends are frequently heard to express surprise that he cannot keep out of a political fight. It seems to be his nature to occasionally hunt trouble, if it does not come to him in the natural course of events, which, however, it generally does. It is impossible for him to keep still when a political fight is to be pulled off, and it may truly be said of him that he is a foe to be feared. And yet his enemies, although more than one of them are smarting from blows he inflicted, will never admit that anything he has done contributed to the going awry of their plans. To-day ex-Gov. Stephens has about as many scalps decorating his wigwag as any man in the State.

It is not unlikely that he will try to be the next Democratic Senator from Missouri. He has energy, pertinacity, friends, ability, money. Why not?

Captain—"Well, what do you want?"

Tramp—"Captain, believe me, I'm no ordinary beggar. I was at the front."

Captain, (with interest)—"Really?"

Tramp—"Yes, sir; but I couldn't make anybody hear, so I came round to the back."

How and Why We Are Chumps

By the Editor of the Goodhue County (Minn.) News

WE are a cheerful lot of chumps. We see some man scratch his name on a tree

and we ever thereafter admit his right to collect certain tribute from everyone who passes within gun shot of it. We encourage another to build a high road and in consideration of that—

a useful performance indeed—we give him the disproportionate prize of lordship and mastery over those who live on the line of that road. And all the time we consider ourselves several notches above those wights who kneeled before kings and dukes. Ain't we a cheerful lot of chumps?

Vested rights are our special weakness. If any shadowy, fictitious claim can be tortured into a vested right we will sit up nights to defend it and pay the cost of riveting it onto our frame forever.

Vested rights—there is no such thing. Any right that can't stand alone sturdy and naked before the world without the wrapping of parchment shrouds to hold it together from total collapse—a right like that is no right at all but rather a vested wrong.

The older it is and the mustier, the more we cherish these vested rights of paying somebody tribute.

Which again is the sign of the cheerful chump.

We like to be bulldozed, we like to be humbugged. We like to bow down in mysterious awe before some claim that we can't understand, with the dust of ages upon it.

We dearly love to be trampled on by some imperious lord of the road, some magnate of copper or Standard Oil; to defer to the plea of privilege, to kotow before Large Interest.

Here is the tariff for instance, all graft, or 99 44-100 that,

wherein we prefer to impose on ourselves, giving fat prizes to some few men so they can, if they wish to, divide a part of what they have taken from us, thereby making all of us richer.

And when they cry us be careful lest we rashly disturb Large Interests we flatten ourselves before them and beg them continue collecting their tolls and giving us what small crumbs they please from their well impounded prosperity.

We are a cheerful lot of chumps.

We let them bamboozle us again in the matter of making railroad rates.

We go to them humbly and ask as a favor that they will let us do business.

We lent them the highest power of the state, equipped with the right of eminent domain, we gave them estates from the public lands, we bonded our futures to help them build, and now when we wish to embark in trade

we can't cross the street till we get their permission to branch out a little in commerce.

We have given over the highways to men who will let their favorites pass and stop in the way those who please them not and we still have the nerve to call ourselves a wise and intelligent people.

Which is why we are all of us cheerful chumps.

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The Stock Market



WELL-DISTRIBUTED supporting orders imparted some degree of strength to the Wall street market in the last four or five days. It was the common belief among generally well-informed traders that the financial institutions had decided to come to the rescue and to prevent any further vicious onslaughts on security values. That such action would be taken was a foregone conclusion. The various banks doing an extensive Wall street business are so intimately affiliated with the syndicates and stock-jobbers, they have loaned such huge amounts of money to the multifarious brokers, who put up bonds and stocks as collateral, that it would be suicidal for them meekly to stand by while the bears are raiding and knocking prices. After a violent, precipitous decline there always follows a sharp recovery, as intimated in these columns a week ago. As a rule, this rally is extensively utilized for liquidation purposes by such as find themselves endangered or unable to withstand another severe break in values.

It would, therefore, seem rather hazardous to attach much importance or significance to the late recovery in quotations. Concerted support by the banks, limited buying by bargain-hunters and hasty, anxious covering of short lines may safely be considered to have been the principal causes of the temporary improvement. Whether or not it is to extend further, will depend upon the attitude of the public. If outsiders should be under the impression that the "late unpleasantness" was merely the result of personal friction and jealousy between certain interests, and had no foundation in solid facts or sound reason, the manipulators may not find it a difficult task to whirl prices still higher within the next two or three weeks. A resumption of bullish rigging and faking would not be surprising at this time of the year, with the irrepressible hopefulness of the holiday season upon us, and another heavy disbursement of money in connection with interest and dividend payments fast approaching. If the bears should attempt, and succeed in, another savage attack on the market between now and January first, they will have to be given credit for unusual gumption and "nerve."

The idiotic Lawson incident is fast dwindling into the farcical and disreputable. The way the Boston stock-jobber talked and acted latterly should have sufficed to give every thinking person a true idea of his character, tactics and designs. Does any man with his mother wits about him really believe that Lawson is actuated by altruistic motives, that he is or has been lying awake o' nights trying to invent plans to protect the interests of his dupes and victims? If any one afflicted with such a delusion is still running at large, he should be promptly hunted up and consigned to the observation ward. The Lawson episode throws lurid lights upon present-day Wall street. It makes it clearer than anybody or anything else possibly could, that the New York stock exchange is nowadays chiefly in the control of conscienceless, rash, dare-devil gamblers, who juggle with millions, and who pay absolutely no regard to the indestructible laws of finance and commerce. It should be quite apparent by this time that Lawson had mighty little to do with the late break in Wall street. He was a mere incident, and, judging by the way he is

"burning up" money for advertisements in American and London papers, he must have prospered very materially while the bears were knocking the padding away from market quotations.

There is a little boom on in Western Union. This is nothing to be wondered at, for was not the decision of the United State Supreme Court unfavorable to the telegraph company? In the last few years, every item of news bearing adversely upon the property was seized upon at once by the eager bulls to advance the value of its shares. The Western Union has lost millions of dollars of money. This being the case, why not put the price of its stock up? Any company or individual that loses something is so much benefitted thereby. This may not sound like good logic, but it is the sort of logic that is strictly up-to-date in Wall street. However, speaking more seriously, it may well be that there will soon be effected some huge consolidation or other of telegraph and telephone companies in this land. Something along this line was hinted at over a year ago in the newspapers. During all the recent and present prosperity, the Western Union failed to record anything like a substantial increase in its net revenues. At no time was it in a position that would have warranted it to increase its dividend rate. While its shares are largely held by investors, it cannot be regarded as a tempting proposition. Increasing competition makes it practically inevitable that something should be done, and that speedily, to maintain the company's reserves and save its stockholders from serious losses.

There is renewed talk about the Northern Securities case. Isn't it about time that his ancient theme be sent to that limbo where everything is forgotten? This interminable talk about something that has been hanging fire for months and months is enough to make even the greenest "sucker" yawn with ennui and weariness. In the name of suckerdome, let's have something else, something new, something more interesting. It would seem as though the fortunes and future of the entire nation were dependent upon the forthcoming decision in this boring case. Whatever the final upshot may be, it has already been well discounted, it has been "worked to death." If the Union Pacific crowd of manipulators has nothing more to go by than this antique Northern Securities' tale, it might as well quit business for a while.

There's also a story afloat that the Gould-Cassatt feud has been, or is about to be, settled amicably. This is welcome news. It will be well, however, to await full confirmation of it before giving it premature credence. Ever since that fight was started by the Pennsylvania Railroad people's chopping down of Western Union Telegraph poles, there have been dozens of more or less interesting rumors, about an approaching settlement. These rumors were put forth for the main purpose, of course, of facilitating stock manipulation. Stocks won't go up or down unless there is some fakish tale or other making the rounds of Wall street. It's indeed a dull Wall street affair when prices fluctuate with changes in legitimate conditions. Let's hope that this time the rumor factory has got it "straight."

Gold continues to flow to Europe, in response to renewed firmness in the sterling exchange market in

New York. This rise in exchange is puzzling, to say the least, and it is so particularly since it synchronizes with a downward movement in sterling at Berlin. The German center is evidently still engaged in strenuous efforts to attract gold. Its demands are being diverted from London to New York. But for this, the official rate of discount of the Bank of England would have been raised long since. The monetary position is a peculiar one. While financial critics cable from abroad that there is all kinds of money pressing on the market, Berlin and Paris continue to clamor for the yellow metal. The gold shipments to South America would seem to be for British account. If the bull movement should be resumed with increased vigor in the new year, we may have to witness some startling performances in the international money market. For this reason, if for no other, it would be well if the New York banks were to consider it timely to put on the brakes in Wall street.

Current talk in Washington in regard to possible legislation aiming at a strengthening of the prerogatives of the Interstate Commerce Commission appears to be to the liking of Wall street. From the general comment of legislators it does not appear likely that much, if anything, will be attempted or done in the "lawing" business. The session will be entirely too short to put through important legislation of the kind in question. Besides, the "stand-pat" Republicans (and they are in the majority) cannot bring themselves to do anything likely to "disturb business." "Let well enough alone," is the cry in the lobbies. "No anti-trust, or tariff legislation at this time." In view of this, there is no reason to have nightmares in connection with loose talk of legislation inimical to the great corporations.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe is borrowing again on a large scale. The directors thought fit to explain matters to shareholders. The explanation is entirely too long; it could have been condensed into the brief statement, "we need the money." The Atchison does not mind borrowing. Since its reorganization it has been borrowing right and left. This time, the new capital will be raised by an enlargement of the amount of common stock. This being the case, it should be in order to boom the price of the shares to about 150. You ask why? Every increase in capitalization adds to the value of the shares outstanding. Don't you see?



LOCAL SECURITIES.

The close of the past week witnessed a slightly increased activity in the local market. Buying was quite urgent at times in a few selected issues. On the advance some good selling could be noticed, however. The market is not as strong as confident bulls would have us believe it is. However, sentiment and conditions appear to be on the mend. There's no particular fear of anything like a sharp decline; on the contrary, the general expectation is that prices will move upward. For this reason, the demand for the better class of stocks and bonds is of gratifying dimensions.

Commonwealth Trust displayed marked activity latterly. The cause thereof was the declaration by the directors of the company of an extra cash dividend of \$12 per share, in addition to the regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent. Under hurried buying the stock rose to 308¾. At this writing, it is quoted at 307½ bid, 308½ asked. Mississippi Valley also rose sharply, selling at 352 at one time. It is now quoted at 354 bid, with none offering. Met-



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October 1, 1902.

\$145,354.02

January 1, 1903.

\$177,995.47

April 1, 1903.

\$237,279.39

July 1, 1903.

\$276,832.63

October 1, 1903.

\$348,634.65

January 1, 1904.

\$414,721.27

April 1, 1904.

\$505,756.97

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cantile Trust is quoted at 368 bid, 371 asked. Higher prices are expected for it. For Missouri-Lincoln 138 is bid, for State National 182½. Friends of the latter predict 225 for it within the not remote future. Third National is offering at 320. For Mechanics' National 283 is bid; for Boatmen's 249 is bid, and for American Exchange 340.

United Railways preferred is selling, in small lots, at 68; the common voting certificates are going at 22¾. The 4 per cent bonds are selling at 87½, with limited demand. Brown Brothers' subscriptions are obtainable at about 109. For St. Louis Railway 5s 103½ is asked, for Suburban 5s 105¼. Union Depot Railway 6s are quoted at 116 bid, 116½ asked.

St. Louis Brewing 6s have risen to 99¼. The demand for these bonds is very good. Missouri-Edison 5s are quoted at 101¼ bid, 101½ asked. Lac-lede Gas 5s are likewise stronger; they are offering in small amounts at 110, with 108¾ bid.

National Candy first preferred is going at 95; for the common 10½ is bid, 12 asked. For Simmons Hardware common 131 is asked; no bids. St. Louis Catering preferred is quoted at 52½ bid; the common at 8¾ bid, 10 asked.

Business at the St. Louis banks is active. Money is in good demand, with rates practically unchanged

at 4 to 5½ per cent. Sterling is stronger; the last quotation was 4.87¼. For Chicago exchange 30 cents premium is asked, 20 bid; for New York exchange 40 cents premium is asked, 35 bid.

❖ ❖

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

CORRESPONDENT, Mexico, Mo.—Nothing being paid on Cotton Belt preferred. Stock had good advance. Would not advise buying after such a rise.

D. G. R., Waco, Tex.—Locomotive common is strong on dividend prospects and excellent business. It's a highly speculative proposition. Would not be in hurry to buy unless prepared to withstand a sharp decline. Consider it good for the long run, however.

K. O. T.—Advise hanging on to Missouri-Lincoln. Better take profits on your Baltimore and Ohio. Virginia defaulted 6s just a gamble. Have been selling at around 8 and 8½ for a long time.

D. E.—Joliet, Ill.—Bonds mentioned good investment. Coupons payable annually in Chicago. Total amount outstanding \$65,000.

X. X. X.—American Malt preferred anything but a good speculation. Reorganization not yet perfected. Said, however, that present earnings would warrant a good-sized dividend after readjustment of affairs.

a loan; but the prevailing condition of money abundance or money scarcity may. And it may be set down as a general truth that normal rates are most profitable to the banker. For it must be remembered that the conditions from which high rates result produce a scarcity of money to those who loan what are commonly known as deposits—the moneys left with the banker at the convenience of the depositor. With less money to loan, an increased rate is required to produce a normal income. In other words, high interest denotes scarcity of money. Or, as the old woman expressed it in her lament, 'Whenever the price of eggs goes up, my hens are sure to stop laying.' A banker who will administer his money lending in accordance with these principles, refusing to take unfair advantage of anything like panic conditions, and determining the rates for his loans as a Christian merchant would determine the selling prices of his goods, need not fear the dulling of his conscience."

But can a man be a banker and a Christian all at once?

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

WE all remember when this doubt first darkened the little Christmas Eve corner of our radiant minds. It was not in the hallowed watches of the night, says the editor of the *New York Independent*, when to believe everything was easier than to doubt anything, but it came in the clear light of day, when there was no shadow crowned dimness in which to hide dear illusions. Possibly we were standing at some window that looked out upon the wintry streets. Even then we were tip-toeing with expectation, watching for him, the merry old saint who juggled with narrow chimney tops and filled our stockings with treasures once a year. We knew that his reindeer might turn the next corner at any moment, and that if we saw him we should never be forgiven. Yet we gazed on in the passionate hope of one fleeting glimpse. Then—how it happened we never can know—but suddenly we realized that every prosaic detail of the scene denied his existence. The very passers by, who never looked over their shoulders to see him—coming, mocked our faith. Who can describe the shock, the slow conviction, with which we faced our desolation? Most unwillingly we saw our dearest illusion fade forever. How meanly ungrateful we felt toward the patron saint of all childhood. How prayerfully we questioned our elders, hoping for reassurance. But, alas! every answer guardedly given confirmed our worst suspicions. When and how had we developed this capacity for infidelity? Was it awakened by the chance remark of an older companion? Did some higher critic in the primary class trail the question like a serpent across the innocence and glory of our untarnished faith? "Is there a Santa Claus?" The leering, sacrilegious form of the question seemed to demand a negative reply. We fought the impudent traducer, and all the more fiercely because even then our hearts misgave us.

Before this time every thought of our happy minds had been cast in the form of a hope, every hour was a sunlit prophecy of the next, and our young faith was the incontestable evidence of all things incredible. We had never seen the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, to be sure, but we knew it was there by the witness of our own golden spirits. We had never actually danced with the fairies beneath the harebells in the forests, but we had fairy souls our-

What Interest May a Christian Banker Charge?

THIS question has come up for discussion as a result of a letter recently addressed to the editor of *The Sunday School Times* (Philadelphia) by a bank cashier. He stated that his bank often charged a higher rate of interest than was prescribed by the laws of his State, and he could not reconcile this part of his business with his conscience. The editor thereupon solicited the opinion of a prominent Christian banker of the State, who confirmed his conviction that money, like any other commodity, is worth what it will bring, provided the lender does not take advantage of a panic and extort exorbitant rates. His letter closed with advice to the cashier to follow his conscience, and the additional comment that his conscience seemed to "lack financial education." Readers of *The Sunday School Times* are now participating in the controversy, and "a more interesting and thoughtful set of opinions," according to the editor, "is not often read."

A New York lawyer thinks that "the law was made to protect the weak from the strong," and should be observed. A Chicago business man asks the question: "Is it not possible that the necessities of the borrower are very often so pressing that the lender cannot resist the temptation to take advantage of them, and hence needs the restriction of a statute to help him in refusing to take advantage of his neighbor's extremity?"

A bank vice-president is quoted as follows: "In regard to lending money at a higher rate of interest than the legal rate, there are several considerations to be taken into account.

"1. There is no distinct statement in the Bible that applies to the case that comes before the modern banker. If the command of Deut. xxiii. 19 (read Revised Version) applied to us and our circumstances, we could not charge any interest at all. But we live in a commercial age, and it is just as fitting for us to lend a hundred dollars on interest as to loan a team of horses at two dollars a day. Even in the time of our Lord, interest was recognized as the natural increase of capital (Matt. xxv. 27).

"2. The exhortation of Neh. v. 10 does not refer to the case in hand, for our friend the banker is not tempted to extortion, but is thinking only of a moderate rate of interest. Many men have borrowed money at twelve per cent, and by the use of the money made enough to pay the interest and have a large profit for themselves.

"3. It is perfectly proper to loan money at varying rates of interest, because the risk must be taken into the account as well as the value of the simple use of the money of which the bank deprives itself for the time of loan. Risks certainly vary. It would be unfair for the bank to charge as much for a loan secured by the deposit of a government bond as for a loan secured by the note of two men whose property is all invested in a somewhat hazardous business.

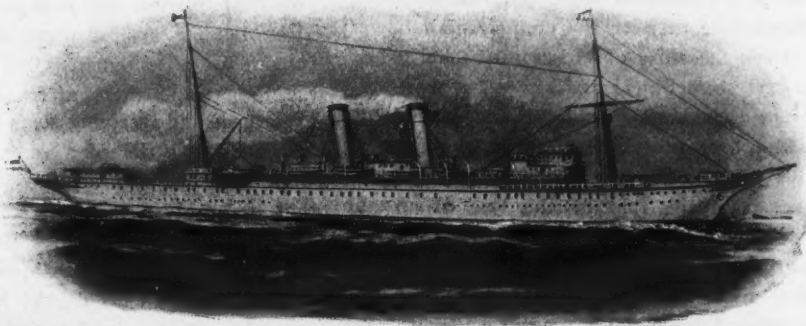
"4. For a bank to charge more than six per cent interest in New York State may be a technical violation of the law, but it is not a real violation of it, for the law takes cognizance of the element of risk in determining the value of a loan, since it allows pawnbrokers to charge as much as thirty-six per cent.

"5. The one who charges interest must satisfy his conscience by the law of love, just as the righteous tradesman does. A marketman cannot sell fruit for just what he gave for it, and still show proper regard for his family. Upon some commodities he may make a living and ask only twenty-five per cent more than he paid, but upon others he must make an advance of fifty or one hundred per cent in order to allow for losses. So the conscientious banker must make different prices for the use of money according to the circumstances."

The editor of *The Sunday School Times* has this to say: "The opportunity of borrowing money at a fair rate of interest has been many a business man's salvation. It is not a curse, but a blessing. The abuse of interest and loan privileges is what makes the trouble, not their right use. . . . Money is worth what the unmanipulated market rate indicates. An individual's dire need must not set the rate for

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selves, and could easily conceive of the performance. And, of course, we had never seen Santa Claus, but we often felt that we were within a wink of doing so, a proof which was to us as good as a vision. All our little heaven-born faculties, indeed, stretched away from dull realities toward the miraculous, and it was not the gifts that bulged so deliciously from the fat legs of our Christmas stockings that afforded the greatest joy, but it was the evidence they furnished of the existence of Santa Claus. We hoped all things and we longed to believe all things. We were still trailing clouds of glory, and in lieu of wings we held fast every manifestation of the incredible as being more in keeping with our natural sense of immortality. Thus, the fact that the family chimney was too small to accommodate Santa's round paunch only called for a more heroic exercise of our faith, and we gallantly responded. Besides, were we not justified next morning by finding a smutted candied kiss on the hearth-rug? And never did vulgar suspicion enter our minds because similar kisses were sold for a penny at the store on the next street. If a saint twice as large as the flue could descend through it, surely one must not quibble because he made sweets like those found in every-day shops. Later, our faith was more severely tried by the per-

formances of better authenticated characters in Scripture.

But all that was before we realized that there never was or could have been a Santa Claus; and how we contemplated our orphaned condition with rage and mortification! From that hour we gave ourselves over to the dark powers of logic and reason. We began to mark time between the credible and the incredible. Even the story of Moses in the bulrushes, that had always seemed near and kin to our own possible experience, became ridiculous, and we openly sneered behind our preacher's back at the sum of Methuselah's years. We were little catechism apostates, driven from the fold by the loss of an old saint whose benefactions exactly suited the scriptures of our own hearts.

And after all it was not the gifts we missed, but it was the unconditioned faith we lost which carried us as far as the pinfeather wings of our imagination could reach. Then we had the marks of a special providence yearly upon us, and the assurance of it sanctified us, set us apart in a recurrent Kingdom of Heaven all our own and sugared to the top with miraculous gifts. Never again shall we be able to hope with so much courage, never again will any saint seem so dearly our own.

Blue Jay Writes

to Jenny Wren

My Dearest Jenny Wren:

WHO could resist such a plaintive appeal as that which came yesterday on thin French paper and with a Paris postmark? I surely am not hard-hearted enough to refuse your pathetic request for a "long, long letter, with everything about everybody in it," though my correspondence has been allowed to flag very much this month, with the Fair ending, the holiday gaiety and some little Christmas preparations. By the way, before I forget it, last Saturday's steamer carried a small remembrance to you, made by my own "fair fingers," if you please. It is—this is for identification in case it never turns up and you are obliged to hunt the steamship office for it—a fine mull undergarment of a—er—very intimate sort, and one which I trust will be fondly worn next your own pearly shoulders with tho'ts of the maker. I copied it exactly from some which Grace Massey made quite early in the fall before she went to Texas, where she is spending the winter with the Hammetts, and, as you well remember, Grace always has the prettiest lingerie of any girl in town, I am in hopes that said garment will meet with your hearty approval. I wanted to send a similar one to Grace Gale Welsh, whom you wrote you met one day in the Champs Elysees, but it occurred to me that would be too much like "coals to Newcastle," since Grace has plenty of time to shop, while you are studying so hard, my dear, that I fear for your health.

There is certainly piles of news, and your Christmas budget shall fairly bulge with all the gossip of the town, but mind you, don't read any of it to that English room-mate of yours, or she'll be scandalized. Foreigners are only too ready to believe nasty things about us, anyway. I met a German woman last summer who told me horrifiedly that she had only been in St. Louis for a month, but in that time almost every single person whom she met was, according to her informant, either in love with some

other man's wife or husband, or, you know, and that she considered this the most awfully immoral society of any city she had ever heard of. I sailed in and got indignant immediately, of course, and informed her that she must not believe a word of it, and that we all do our best to be decent, and generally succeed. But I made no impression. So mark you, don't let the English girl read my letters.

Well, where was I? The Fair finished itself, and we now breathe again. Everybody misses the Alps and those splendid Komzak concerts, but it grew horribly cold out there and between ourselves, little Wren, the functions consequential and appertaining thereto, as your lawyer John used to say, grew to be beyond all words, they were so many and so tiresome. The Board of Lady Managers became a ghastly joke. I say ghastly in capitals when I recall some of those displayed collar-bones and anything-but-dimply shoulders, likewise the tender touches of pale purple-rouge which sometimes made its appearance in the evenings. Then the so-called World's Fair set was one stupid round, like the soldiers who march down the stage, out the wings on one side and then back again from the other. Honestly, one never met a new face, and you felt instinctively that everybody has some sort of an ax to grind and was making such desperate efforts to grind it fine that the common usages of society must be pushed to the wall—those green-covered walls of the Lady Menagerie's building. I am still wondering if they tore that brocade paper off and divided it among the board members, as they did everything else, and, if so, did Helen Gould claim it all?

Mrs. Manning preserved her dignity pretty well up to the bitter end, but declared with considerable strength in her tones at the last farewell appearance a week ago, that it would take a whole winter in the South, with nothing to do, to bring her up to normal again. And I guess she's right. This last reception I speak of was at her house, which belonged

to the young Wests, Mr. and Mrs. Tom West, but they will not go back into it, as some people by the name of Clark, new in town, have purchased it furnished and outright. Mrs. Montgomery, who did not succeed in marrying off any of her daughters (a mild-mannered and unassuming bunch, with one rather pretty one, the youngest), valiantly supported Mrs. Manning, around whom she revolved like a dutiful satellite all summer. She, too, remained over for the dregs, and then, after reaping the rewards of experience and receiving some more substantial emoluments, such as Dresden vases, from Doctor Lewald, went West to begin pulling wires for another Fair, that to be given in Portland. Ye gods! Think of living through another such six months of agony!

Ricardo, the suave Albertini, whose smile never came off, though his dignity had many a sorry blow, was also among the left-overs. He even turned in and helped out the ushers at Maud Niedringhaus' wedding, when some Chicago man went broke on stocks or something equally harrowing and couldn't hire a special to come down from Chicago. Maud has made the best match of the winter, my dear, and you can just note that down. And the quiet way she went about it, too, was simply astonishing. Nobody knew how terribly rich he was until the wedding, and very few people understood into what a splendid family she is marrying. Mr. George Ludington Young (that's his name, Jane, dear. Isn't it imposing?) has so many rich relations who dote on him that he can't count 'em, and nobody could begin to count the solid silver presents they sent last Saturday. The grandmother, Mrs. L., who has been a mother to the bridegroom for years, sent a chest of old plate that set us all half crazy with envy, and the father gave Maud three rings with stones that must certainly be worth ten thousand dollars, if they're worth a single cent. They were his wife's jewels, and he had them re-set for Maud. I didn't care for the combinations, particularly—diamonds and dark-colored stones like rubies and sapphires together never suit me very well, but there is no doubt about the gems being handsome. Young, junior, is a little man, very quiet in his manner, and good-looking. He is not a youngster, by any means; looks about thirty-five, and has that settled and prosperous appearance so desirable in husbands. I repeat that Maud is lucky and you will join with me in wishing her felicity by the gallon, for—I remember that you always admired her as much as I do. They are going to live on the Young ranch, which is near enough to Glenwood Springs to run over there for the hotel life when they want it, but won't spend very many months each year in such retirement, I feel positive, any more than will Mr. and Mrs. Ted Walker, who have built a house way up in the good old State of Missouri, somewhere near the Ed Damerons, and who have made the preposterous statement that they propose to live there. The Damerons, you probably don't know, had their full share of city amusement and really pined for a truly rural existence, not being newly married and having nice farm tastes, like cows and butter and new-laid eggs and fresh-picked pickles. Mrs. Dameron raises them herself—the chickens, I mean—and enjoys it. So does Mabel Simmons, by the way. Did I write to you last summer that she and Ed are settled for keeps in the old Carr place near the Country Club, and that Mabel is too devoted for words to hen-raising and turkey-hatching? That ought to surprise you some, eh?

We have had one Apollo concert, which was way off color. The boys had evidently not practiced much,

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for they sang old songs and in an indifferent manner, and when dear old P. G. Anton drew his cello bow across the strings to do some obligato stunt for one number, and they piped up about two tones flat, the audience, which was large, but only moderately fashionable, felt twinges of agony. I was right under the eaves, being on a second row seat, and the blow hit me very hard indeed. Most people of social importance have taken boxes for the Apollo season, but somehow they weren't there that night, and the boxes were farmed out to poor relations and sich. Never saw such a mixture before at an Apollo concert. And the Odeon is a wreck, my dear. You would never recognize your beloved music hall in the dirty and begrimed place that we entered. A summer of "two performances daily" has about finished it. Isaac Hedges was responsible for turning the Odeon over to these theater people, so I am told, and he is said to have had his best business eye with him and to have made a large pile of money out of the transaction. I rather expect the Hedges' to do a good deal of entertaining this winter—on Ike's newly acquired pile.

Gladys Greeley rose like Aphrodite from the soap-suds that night at the Apollo. She was by long odds the prettiest girl in the house, and Clawson—not Dawson—as I saw somewhere in print the next day—whose surname is somewhat Prim and prudish, though he isn't a bit so himself (please laugh, my dear. My jokes are so rare and so feeble) was as proud as a peacock as he pranced her up and down the foyer, while we all stared at the new wreath of green leaves which she wore in her hair. It suited her down to the ground, but on Wilhelmina Busch, par example, would not have been so successful. Minnie has given up wearing lilies behind one ear, as she used a season ago. She is improving in her carriage, too, and looks quite stately and elegant these days. I don't hear any more about Clarence Hoblitzelle's attentions in that quarter, but I suppose they are going on just the same. People lie so about their engagements. Elsie Ford has announced hers, by the way. To Doctor James Avery Draper, Jr., of Wilmington, Delaware. Don't know a thing about him. And Tempie Belle Daugherty married one Amos Parker of Louisville on Tuesday of this week, so the old Carrie Cook-Grace Gale crowd has thinned out to the feather edge, hasn't it?

Hester Laughlin, bless her dear heart! you know I always was crazy about that girl—has a fiance of distinction in the person of an Italian naval officer. Carlo Pfister is his name. He is now in Washington, but goes back to Sunny Italy very soon, and then, after renovating the ancestral estates, will come over for Hester. I hear that he is *distingue* but will reserve comment until I see him. He arrives here this week.

That ancient and alleged charity minstrel organization, the Hot-Times, gave their usual performance last week. Neither better nor worse than those which you remember. The audience was decidedly smarter than I have ever before seen, and even the Francis family had a box. Steve Martin, whose tenor voice you used to rave over when he sang on those Sunday afternoons out at the Arthur Gales, with Leone and some of his chums, had a slight fit of spleen right on the stage, when he thought somebody was going to be permitted to sing an encore, which is against the rules, I believe. But otherwise the show went off with those funny home-made jokes and all the rest—the unrest, perhaps I should say, that goes to make up an amateur affair. Those boys must make a pile of money. I see they don't advertise the Mothers'

and Babies' Home as the benefited institution any more. Wonder why, and also wonder who is benefited nowadays?

The Dan Catlins, junior, came home from their bridal trip a few days ago, but almost immediately the bride, who was a Miss Hamlen of Boston, received news of her father's death in England, where he went directly after their marriage in October. So that knocks out any entertaining which the senior Catlins were to do. I hear they had in mind a large ball, partly for their son and his wife, and also to include plump and pretty Caroline Lackland, who is out this winter. She is a favorite niece of Mrs. Catlin. The buds, my dear, are all charming and no mistake, but I shall not tell you much about them this time, for they deserve a letter all to themselves, and I want to get in a few lines about the Horse Show "for a cent," which we had on one night only. Some charity scheme or other was at the bottom of it, but the Country Club crowd generally took a pronounced interest, because the promoters were sharp enough to get men like Allen West, the Walkers, the Calhouns, the Walshes, et al., interested and to help do some gymkana tricks. So the boxes were full, but *hoi polloi* refused to spend its money and stayed absolutely away.

Stony Von Phul, who doesn't appear to be pining to a perceptible degree, even though Leila Martin did up and marry another man last month (George Cram, I think I wrote you), carried off most of the honors on polo ponies and in potato races and that sort of thing. Even the John D. Davises had a box, with invited guests in it. Mrs. Davis is either worried over the Choral Symphony finances or else fears John's Christmas present won't be to her liking, for she wears a most discontented look these days, which even some magnificent new sables don't manage to conceal. Mrs. Charlie Pettus looked very well in violet that night, and little Doctor Hardy, that sweet young man connected with the German Commission, kept haunting her box all evening, talking to the girls with her—Lilian Mitchell and Frances Wickham. Said Hardy is about the only real eligible who floated our way this summer, except possibly Doctor Lewald, about whom I must tell you, my dear, it's so exciting—but no, I won't, but will tease you until another letter. Doctor Hardy, however, is the son of—just listen—the very richest banker in Berlin, and is regarded as an enormous catch, matrimonially, in both London and his own country. He knows it, too. When Alice Roosevelt was here in June, either he or Count Limburg-Serum (his name is really Stirum, Jane, but nobody called him that) always managed to get her flowers or her parasol or some of her belongings and pose in the front row of the photograph. Just think how perfectly enchanting to carry such pictures back to Berlin, and show them nonchalantly to one's friends, saying, "Me and Alice." Honestly, I don't much blame him or the Count, either.

Myrtle McGrew Lambert left her last infant for a few hours and appeared in society again that night at the gymkana. Her hat was a dream in pale blue, terribly turned up and rolled and plumed and things, but her coat of yellow pongee with some hideous burnt orange fixings down the front, gave me cold chills every time I turned my glasses on her box. The John Savage Bateses (she was Josephine Walsh, you know) are here for Christmas, and the George Wallace Niedringhauses are going to Europe and have rented their house for six months to Dave Calhoun and his wife, and there are rumors of a divorce in three or four quarters, none of which I believe, but concerning which I shall try to keep you duly informed, and it seems to me that this is about all for to-day.

A merry holiday time to you, dear Jenny Wren, and much love from your

Affectionate but chattering

"BLUE-JAY."

St. Louis, December 21, 1904.

The Black Kiss

IN the half-light the features of the three in the studio were indistinct. The red glow of Mrs. Ogilvie's cigarette made the ruby on her third finger flash bright as she flicked away the ashes.

"Shall I light the lamp, Agnes?" asked her husband.

"Not yet, Arthur; the twilight is so restful, so softening. To me it is the sweetest part of the day. But tell me more of your wanderings, Ruthven, and the people you met on the other side."

"I followed the beaten track," the other man answered, "and save for an adventure or two in the Orient, my traveling was prosaic enough. I landed only two hours ago and, you and Arthur being first in my thoughts, drove directly here."

"To give the greatest surprise of my life—a two-fold surprise—your presence and a present," and she pressed the ruby to her lips.

Arthur Ogilvie had arisen and sought the buffet, where he was engaged in the mixing of cocktails.

"How sweet of you to have remembered me, Ruthven; the ruby is my favorite stone, you know, and—"

"So I took my pearls and rubies to the little one I love,

She that loves me not. And when her pretty eyes beheld them, wild

Beat her little heart with eagerness its pride to prove, And she kissed and kissed me, weeping tears of pleasure like a child,"

whispered Ruthven.

"Hush," replied the woman warningly; "Arthur's the same jealous old thing he always was. He never could, and never would, understand our platonic. Your gift has made him ugly; he is so insanely suspicious where you are concerned."

"Where you are concerned," retorted the other. "You never could have a friend."

The artist at the other end of the big studio now came from behind the buffet screen and lounged lazily toward them, carrying a silver tray.

"It's never too dark to find the way to one's mouth, is it?" he asked, with a low laugh, handing his guest a cocktail. "Agnes doesn't care for them—do you, dearie?" and, bending low, he took her face between his hands and kissed her tenderly on the forehead. "She's such an æsthetic little thing—all poetry; a twilight effect, you know. Excuse me a moment. I have an order to give my man, and then we'll light up for dinner."

The shades of night had fallen, and the studio was in darkness when he closed the door behind him.

Arthur Ogilvie's well-trained Japanese servant entered the room with a lighted lamp and placed it on the table.

With a muttered imprecation Ruthven sprang up from the divan on which they were sitting.

Agnes Ogilvie gave a short, quick gasp when she saw his face, and ran to the mirror.

Arthur Ogilvie entered the room. "Ha! ha!" he roared; "the best thing I have ever done in black-and-white. Charcoal works wonders!"

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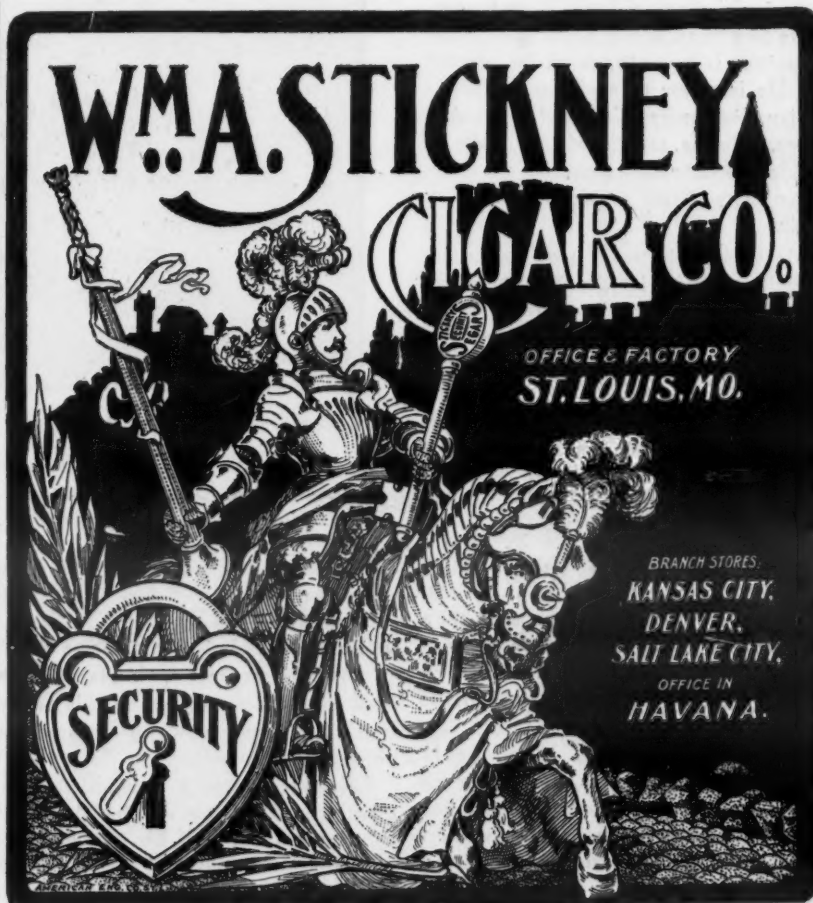
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The Moses of His Party in Missouri, Who, if Elected United States Senator, Will Have the Honor of Being the First Native Son to Wear the Toga.

"The Senatorship for a faithful, native-born Missourian," is the battle cry of thousands of Republicans who regard Thomas K. Niedringhaus, the energetic, hustling chairman of the Republican State Committee and resident manager of the National Enameling and Stamping Company, as the man of the hour in their party and State.

As the leader who did more than any other individual Missourian to introduce the "Mysterious Stranger" to the Republican North," as the foremost candidate for the United States Senatorship, soon to be vacated by Francis Marion Cockrell, his name is on every tongue in nearly every town and hamlet in the State. And the newspapers not only of Missouri, but of several nearby sister States, are proclaiming his virtues and urging the Missouri Assembly to elect him for the great honor.

Already his friends declare he has sufficient votes pledged to insure victory, and if he does win, he will be the first native-born Missourian to represent this State in the Senate of the United States.

St. Louis has long known the name of Niedringhaus. It has been identified with much of the progress of the city and among the poorer classes, it is a name to conjure with, for the Niedringhaus charities are old established ones.

The Chairman of the Republican State Committee is a worthy son of a worthy sire. He is a fine type of the new Missourian, the progressive and honorable citizen, who is ever ready to make a sacrifice of time or money for the welfare of city, State or nation, party or public.

Educated in the schools of St. Louis, carefully trained in the best business methods of this thriving metropolis, he has become one of our best products, a man combining the best qualities of the rugged pioneer, the modern citizen and business man, and he is consequently fitted to represent in the United States Senate the State in which he was born and reared.

Among the hundreds of young St. Louisans who are inseparably identified with the progress of the city and State, none has been more conspicuous than Mr. Niedringhaus. He has never been lacking in civic pride; he is identified with every movement that tends to the advancement of St. Louis' interest. He stands with the highest in St. Louis' business circles and is a member of nearly every organization or association of a commercial character. Is there some charitable or other enterprise under contemplation and advice or money needed to push it to a successful end, Thomas K. Niedringhaus is among the first citizens to be called upon and he has never yet been found wanting.

In politics, like his worthy father, who

formerly occupied a seat in Congress, he has always been an ardent advocate of Republican principles.

For fully fourteen years he has actively participated in the councils of his party and has never until the present, asked any reward for his services.

He has labored hard in all these years to keep the party in harmony and never became identified with cliques or fac-

Here he displayed his ability to handle men and acquired in a measure those qualities which with a little experience, go a long way toward the making of a successful leader in politics. He applied these qualities to politics whenever he had the opportunity, and he wasn't more than a year working in the Republican ranks when his value as an organizer became apparent. But the differences of the party factions from which he always held aloof, for several years, prevented any steps being taken to reorganize.

It was not until the last presidential campaign that the Republicans began to realize that under good leadership, an harmonious party could win. And the foremost men representing the various

than lose the opportunity of victory. In that "Tom" Niedringhaus, as he is generally known, has fulfilled the prediction of his friends that under his leadership a harmonious party would win.

So much for his ability as a political leader. This man who is now known as the "Mark Hanna of Missouri," and who now for the first time is seeking honors at the hands of his party and fellow-citizens, is peculiarly fitted for the office of United States Senator. He is just of the age—44 years—at which a man's convictions and opinions are the result of mature and sober judgment. Moreover, he possesses a wide experience in business and with men and events in public life. He is a good speaker, convincing and forceful, and as a mixer there is no better in the land. To meet him is to like him, no matter what your politics may be. He is a good fellow, with democratic ideas and tastes and is a good, true friend. In the social life of Washington he would be a lion, as he now is in St. Louis, where he is a member of nearly all the exclusive clubs.

Nowhere is his candidacy for the Senatorship received with greater joy and more hearty support than in the country districts. The residents of the rural sections have found him to possess all the attributes of a good representative of the people. Especially is he liked by the country press, and many are the editorial encomiums that are showered upon him. Referring to his candidacy, the Bunceton (Cooper County) *Tribune*, recently said:

"The other man of the trio named, whose name seems most prominent when the United States Senatorship is mentioned, is Tom K. Niedringhaus, the present Chairman of the Republican State Committee, who has been the leader and organizer of the hosts which have just marched to victory in this campaign. As an organizer of men he has shown an ability rarely exhibited. As a worker he has been untiring. As a contributor of money and time he has led all others in the State. He is the man of the hour, the 'Mark Hanna of Missouri.' His position and work have placed him in the strong light upon the stage of activity which brings out the man, his character and his works with clearness and vividness. From the tone of the press all over the State and the expression of the great bulk of the people, it appears that he is indeed a logical candidate. During the past few months the writer has been in personal touch, communication and association with him. We have learned nothing of him which has not shown him to be clean, honest, conscientious, a man for and of the people, modest, unassuming, and for party before self. If he is chosen as Senator for Missouri, no mistake will be made."

The foregoing is but one of many similar utterances from all counties of the State. In these parts the people believe the party rewards should go to the workers, and Mr. Niedringhaus is regarded by them as the logical candidate for the high office to be conferred by the Republican majority of the Assembly next month.



MR. THOMAS K. NIEDRINGHAUS.

Chairman Republican State Committee, Resident Manager of the National Enameling and Stamping Company and a Foremost Candidate for United States Senator, to Succeed Senator Francis Marion Cockrell.

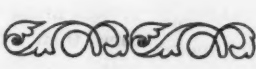
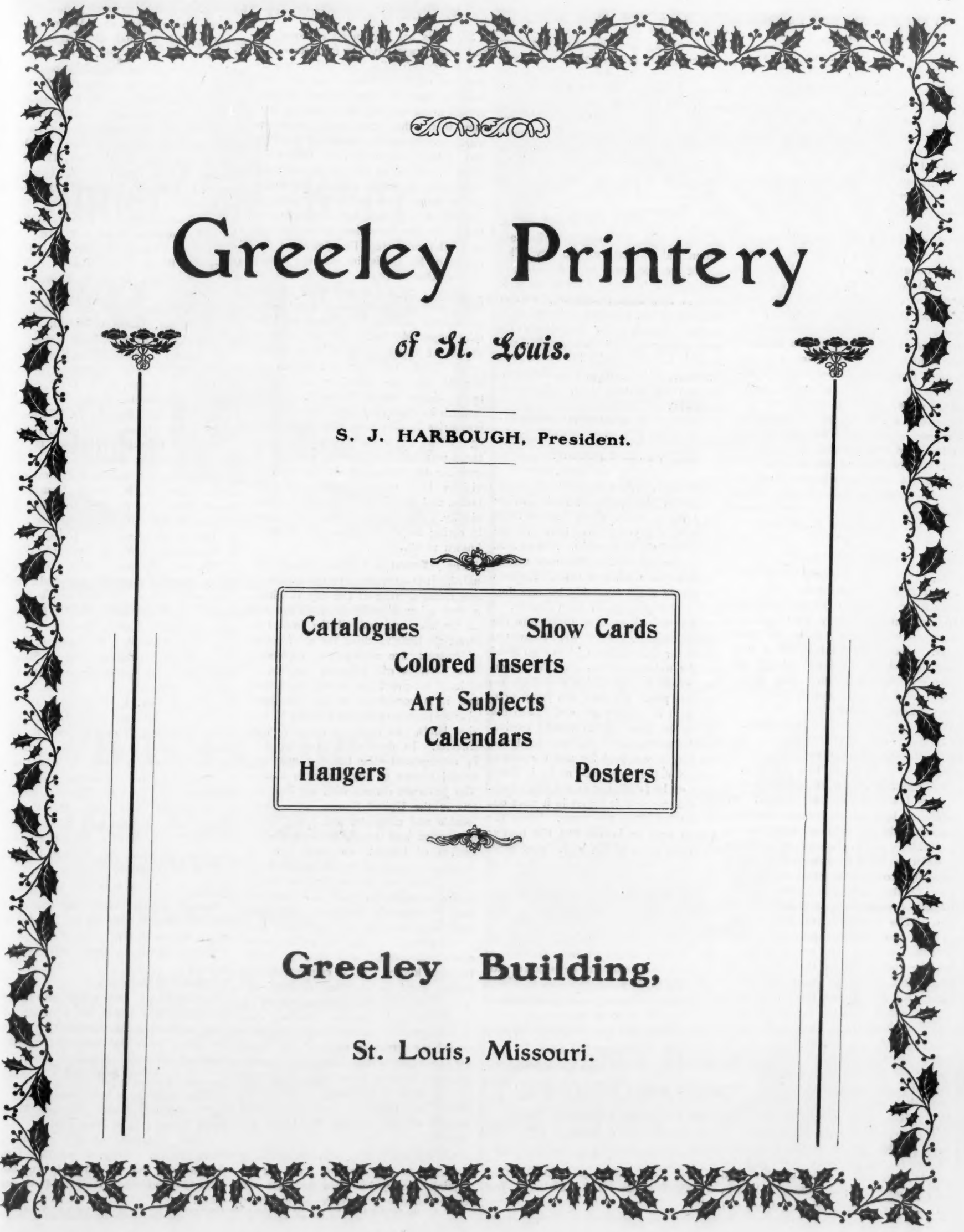
tions seeking to control nominations or patronage.

It has long been regarded as a sort of axiom by St. Louis Republicans that if "Tom" Niedringhaus were placed at the head of the organization in this city or State, harmony would be restored and victory would result.

This was merely a recognition of his great popularity, his wonderful capacity as an organizer and his knowledge of men and conditions. These qualities he came by naturally. When about thirty years old he entered the St. Louis Stamping Company, which was founded by his father, and assumed supervision of that great plant and its hundreds of employees.

factions soon met and decided to become reconciled. When the choice of a leader was called for the name of Thomas K. Niedringhaus was the first mentioned. All factions recognized his ability and his fidelity to the cause of Republicanism. So Mr. Niedringhaus was made Chairman of the State Committee and with magician-like methods he set to work to rebuild the party and meet the enemy.


And through it all, as it is with him in business, he has come clean, honest, conscientious, a man for and of the people, modest and unassuming and ever ready to place party above self, even to the point of furnishing large sums of money when funds are scarce, rather




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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

GREEN AND BLACK.

St. Louis, Dec. 17.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In your issue of Dec. 15th, in a criticism of Robert Edeson in "Ranson's Folly," you take occasion to poke fun at the colored man standing at the door of my restaurant, dressed in long green coat and cap.

I suppose, from the general tenor of your reference to this matter, that you object to green clothes upon a negro. I know that the combination is good. Oculists will tell you that the ideal reading for people with weak eyes is black print on green paper. Ted Henley, the actor, always said that the only combination of color for a poster was black print on yellow paper. Now, sir; if a green coat on a colored man is likely to inflame an Irishman, as you intimate, what think you would happen if the colored man wore yellow before a Hibernian of spirit? What would happen in my place?

Besides, sir, the green is appropriate for another reason. The colored man at my door who has attracted your attention—which shows he's a good "ad"—is named—Casey, Archibald Casey. Is he not entitled to the colors? Truly yours,

JAMES H. McTAGUE.

✱

WE ARE DISCOVERED.

St. Louis, Dec. 12.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

You are roasting the race syndicate. We are onto you. You want them to come around and see you with some stuff. You are a boodler and a dub. You are taking the bread out of the mouth of the men who work at the tracks, who haven't no other profession. To the dump for you.

BOOKMAKER.

✱

OUR NEWSPAPERS.

St. Louis, Dec. 14, 1904.

To the Editor of The Mirror, St. Louis:

Sir:—I was considerably amused and interested by your suggestion that Mr. Knapp could do his best work toward a "Million in St. Louis," by printing a different kind of newspaper! That certainly scores. It seems to me that none of the St. Louis papers live up to their opportunities in developing the city. The trouble is, or one trouble, at least, none of them apparently knows that the workshops and wholesale stores are the foundation of this, as of any other city. Manufacturing and commerce are the reasons for St. Louis.

This seems such a simple, elementary fact that it ought not to be necessary to state it. But in all the newspaper talk as to the best means of securing an increase of population, other than the natural excess of birth rate, there has been suggested scarcely an idea that is really pertinent.

The *Republic's* editorials have all been on the line of soulful retrospect. "Look at us, gentlemen; we are the people who had a world's fair!" and "it's all over now; everything is lovely; all we have to do is just sit down and

wait. The world will come round and drop it in our laps."

This thing of stopping half way over the fence, for self congratulation, will never give St. Louis the place it ought to have as the commercial capital of the great Southwest.

The industrial institutions of the city should be strengthened, by pushing for an increase in the scope of the St. Louis market. A demand for St. Louis made goods will very quickly be followed by an influx of population, to make the goods.

The newspapers of St. Louis are not in touch with the manufacturing and commercial interests of the city. They do not seem to know what is doing, or what ought to be done. They do not know how to take hold intelligently and effectively of the problem of booming St. Louis. Whether Joe McCullagh's famous saying as to the need of St. Louis funerals has any application to the present status of his calling, I do not know. Perhaps the MIRROR does. Very respectfully,

A WILLING MILLIONAIRE.

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WE STAND REPROVED.

St. Louis, Dec. 15.

To the Editor of the MIRROR:

I see in your paper of to-day where you bring an article about the race track gambling that you say the breweries are in favor of the race tracks. Not so it is.

Brewers are against the race tracks. There is too much race track. Brewers are not for them, favorably, because they have had experience of them already.

Brewers back up men to go into the saloon business. They get them the places for their saloons. They go good for the fixtures. They give the saloon man credit for beer. He pays back on the time plan. He does well yet at first. But then he plays the races. Then the brewer he does not his money receive, and he has to make the rent good and the beer is not paid for and the saloon man is at the race track or he is down town or he is playing in the hand book. All the money that comes in it goes out in the bet upon the races. Then the saloon man he breaks and the brewer loses the price of his beer. And it all is bad, worse, more than you show it in the article you bring.

The brewer he does not like the race business. It loses him money. It puts the saloon man in the bankruptcy. I write not English well, for why I read the MIRROR, which I hear is so good English, but the brewer he is down with the race track gambling. Respectfully,

BREWER.

✱ ✱ ✱

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAY RATES.

Low rates for the general public, teachers and students will be in effect from all agency stations on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Apply to agents for rates, dates of sale, limits, etc.

✱ ✱ ✱

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Original designs in Art Nouveau Jewelry.

A ST. LOUIS ACHIEVEMENT

St. Louis has had much to boast of, and will always have, in fact, since she struck her World's Fair stride, but in the line of achievements out of the ordinary there is none that has brought or will bring her any more fame or fortune than the magnificent structure which stands at the corner of Twelfth and Locust streets—"The Jefferson." Here is, indeed, in the West, an hotel embodying all that is good in and much that is better than the Waldorf-Astoria, New York's world-famed and exclusive hotel. To the far-seeing, public-spirited men who promoted The Jefferson the people of St. Louis, in fact, the people of the United States, owe a debt of gratitude. To the tourist from foreign lands, even to the princes of royal blood of several nations, this immense hospitality appealed with all the winning graces of home. And it is a democratic hotel, too, for the scions of royalty and the humbler citizen of many climes were frequently housed beneath its capacious roof. As a timely enterprise it also won distinction. Its completion was realized at a time when there was doubt of the city's ability to care for its distinguished World's Fair visitors in a manner suitable to their tastes, and the city's reputation for hospitality. And what it has done since in caring for the immense patronage is known to all.

The Jefferson as a hotel is ideally situated. It is convenient to the wholesale and retail districts of the city, is within a few minutes' ride or walk of any of the theaters, and all the important street car lines touching the chief points of interest, are adjacent to its doors. The hotel is of fourteen stories, is strictly fire-proof in every particular, and it is conducted on the European plan so popular with the tourists of foreign lands, as well as the American traveler. In decoration, comfort and in management—the latter a most essential feature of any first-class hotel—The Jefferson classes with the best hotels in the United States. It is fashionable and complete, and every detail, no matter how small, receives the attention of trusted employees. In the matter of rooms, it has no equal in the city. There are several hundred rooms in the immense fire-proof structure, and they are elegantly furnished, well ventilated and have perfect light and heat arrangements. There is a bath with every apartment, and this, as every traveler knows, is a comfort rather scarce, even in so-called modern hotels. The hotel has advantages as an hotel that make success enduring, but the progressive management that conceived the structure supplied the funds for its construction and have since operated it upon those broad lines that are in effect a guarantee of patronage must be regarded as the chief factors of this sterling St. Louis enterprise.

Mr. Lyman T. Hay, who has served as manager of the company since its inception, has by his keen foresight and comprehensive knowledge of the hotel

business and the traveling public in general, landed for the Jefferson a patronage of unusual distinction and of great value to the city. The officers and directors of the operating company are: A. B. Gaines, president; S. W. Fordyce, vice-president; W. T. Kinsella, secretary and treasurer. Interested in The Jefferson are many of the most prominent St. Louisans: Festus J. Wade, Wm. C. Fordyce, D. F. Platt, Dan C. Nugent, E. A. Faust, A. B. Gaines, Lyman T. Hay, W. J. Kinsella, Samuel W. Fordyce. Other prominent St. Louisans who aided in giving to St. Louis this popular hotel are: George D. Barnett, Thomas P. Barnett, Mrs. Nancy M. Bates, C. F. Blanke, Judge Wilbur F. Boyle, Robt. S. Brookings, A. D. Brown, G. W. Brown, Paul Brown, Adolphus Busch, A. A. Busch, Jas. G. Butler, James Campbell, Murray Carleton, Alfred Clifford, Isaac T. Cook, Corner Realty Co., Thos. W. Crouch, H. N. Davis (director), S. M. Dodd, L. D. Dozier, F. A. Drew, Harrison I. Drummond, James T. Drummond, Geo. L. Edwards, D. Eiseman, H. W. Elliott (trustee), Edw. A. Faust (director), Forrest Ferguson, D. R. Francis, N. Frank, Morris Glaser, J. D. Goldman, Edw. F. Goltra, B. B. Graham, James Green, N. B. Gregg, Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co., A. B. Hart, John I. Haynes, Walker Hill, D. M. Houser, C. H. Huttig, Breckenridge Jones, Wm. K. Kavanaugh, Sam. M. Kennard, Wm. J. Kinsella (director), Wm. H. Lee, George B. Leighton, Lesser, Goldman Cotton Co., Thos. H. McKittrick (director), P. C. Maffitt, W. C. Maffitt, Miss Emily C. Maffitt, Geo. D. Markham, Elias Michael, I. W. Morton, (estate), Henry Nicolaus, Norvell-Shapleigh Hdw. Co., Byron Nugent, Dan C. Nugent (director), H. C. Pierce, John E. Pilcher, Edw. L. Preetorius, David Rankin, Jr., Jonathan Rice Estate, Julius J. Schotten, John Schroers, R. M. Scruggs, John Scullin, J. E. Smith, Corwin H. Spencer Chas. A. Stix, Geo. J. Tansey, L. B. Tebbetts, Wm. H. Thompson, J. C. Van Blarcom, Cyrus P. Walbridge, Mrs. Julia M. Walsh, Festus J. Wade (director), Mrs. M. A. Walker, C. G. Warner, Westlake Construction Co., Geo. M. Wright (director), B. F. Yoakum.

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Bashful Regan (after long pause)—"I'm thinking I shall go an' list for a sojer, Widow Kelly."

"Faith, an' its a poor sojer you'll make!"

"Phwat do yez mane?"

"Oh, nothing! Only a man who kapes on callin' on a widdy for a couple of years without pluck enough to shpake his moind 'asn't the makin' of a sojer in him."

✱ ✱ ✱

"That must have been turrible whiskey," observed Dusty Rhodes, "that killed fifteen men in New York."

"Well, I should snort," responded Tired Tiffins. "Why, I wouldn't tech that whisky, that is, unless it wuz absolutely impossible to git hold of any other."

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Banner Beer

None but the best grade of Imported Hops and Malt enter into the manufacture of this product.

COLUMBIA'S BANNER PALE BEER

QUALITY alone made this brand FAMOUS.

Columbia Brw'g Co.

BANNER ST. LOUIS. **BANNER**

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ONLY Route with NO FERRY TRANSFER.

LOW TOURIST RATES

TICKET OFFICES—Broadway and Chestnut, Union Station and World's Fair Grounds.
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CHRISTMAS DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Don't Cramp Yourself

For Christmas Money. Why not use the **LOFTIS SYSTEM** and select any Diamond, Watch or other article from our magnificent Christmas Catalogue. Your selection will be promptly sent on approval, to your home, place of business, or if you prefer to your express office. If it is just what you want and well worth the price asked, pay one-fifth down and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. You will be under no obligations to buy and you will have nothing to pay, for we pay all express charges in advance.

We Depend on Our Goods

ask is an opportunity to submit them to anyone interested in Christmas Diamonds, Watches or Jewelry.

You are welcome to credit whether you are a modest salaried employee or a wealthy employer. The Loftis System makes any honest person's credit good by adjusting terms to meet their earnings, income or convenience. Don't think that you must give something cheap and trashy because you can spare but a few dollars at present. With five or ten dollars for a first payment you can give a beautiful Diamond which will last forever and every day remind the wearer of your regard and good judgment. We will arrange the payments so that you will hardly miss them from your monthly income.

Cash Buyers are welcome too, and we have an equally attractive offer for them, as follows: Pay cash for any Diamond, and we will give you a written agreement to take it back at anytime within one year, and give you spot cash for all you paid—less ten per cent. You might for instance, wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a year, then send it back to us and get forty-five dollars, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for the entire year, less than ten cents weekly. No other house makes this offer.

Competition. Our goods, prices, terms and methods have just finished a seven month's competition with the entire world at the St. Louis Universal Exposition, and we have been awarded the **Gold Medal**. No stronger endorsement of the Loftis System could be given; in no other way could our leading position in the Diamond and Jewelry trade be so strongly emphasized.

Our Christmas Catalogue is ready and will be sent postpaid on request. Write for it today. Do not make a selection for Christmas until you receive it, for it will be your reliable guide to the best goods, lowest prices, easiest terms and fair and courteous treatment.

Don't Wait until the Christmas rush is on, for while we have the best facilities in the world for handling an enormous amount of business expeditiously and satisfactorily, they are taxed to the utmost at Christmas time. We want to give you the best possible attention, and we can do it now.

Our Guarantee is the strongest ever given by a responsible house. We give one with every Diamond, attesting its value and quality. Any Diamond ever sold by us is like so much cash when you want other goods or a larger stone. Please write today for a Catalogue—it's worth its weight in gold to any Christmas shopper.

Loftis Bros. & Co.

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CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This institution is open over fifty years. Those conducting it have vast experiences. There are private rooms and wards. Terms moderate. Private room patients can have their own physicians. Arrangements can be made for the care of infants.

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TELEPHONE: Kinloch D 1595. SISTER SUPERIOR.

THE SUBURBAN AND THE MILLION MARK

No wonder the patriotic St. Louisans are talking of a million population or "bust" by the time the next census is taken! They know what's coming. They have been around. And it doesn't require much insight or foresight either to see that the prospect of St. Louis reaching the million mark is bright. A ride around the city's outskirts reveals that the movement is already under way. Despite the fact that the city's suburban train service is not commensurate with present demands, the beauty spots beyond the World's Fair city are rapidly filling up with homes and people. The electric railroads are the stimulus. Especially is this noticeable in the suburbs, in the vicinity of the several branch lines of the Suburban system. Homes have sprung up everywhere within the past year along the beautiful right of way of the Suburban, and where formerly the rabbits and wild fowls were the only denizens of the wood and fields, happy, healthy children now gambol about in the gladsome spring and summer.

One of the most desirable attributes of any home site is its convenience to first-class street car facilities, and the people who have been making new homes along the Suburban lines realize the exceptional advantages they have in this respect. The regularity of schedule to all points on all branches, and the constant attention that is given to the improvement of the system has attracted many new settlers to the northern and western sections of the city, and the small dealers in necessities are likewise following this trend of the people toward the rural sections.

The Suburban is now undoubtedly the popular street railway system of the city. It touches all the important points of the city, and it traverses the most beautiful spot in Missouri—the Florissant Valley, where the founders of a number of many of the oldest families of the city once made their summer homes.

It is an ideally managed system, and much credit is due to Mr. Julius S. Walsh, Jr., who, though Vice-President, oversees the property. No money has been spared to make it as nearly perfect as possible. Within the last year or more fully \$1,000,000 has been expended on the property. New power houses were built, new power plants installed, new rails were laid throughout the system's entire length, the old, abrupt curves were straightened, and last and most important of all, the finest street railway coaches in the West were put into service. So that riding on the Suburban cars comes as near being a pleasure as anything St. Louisans do in the daily routine of business. The coaches are big and roomy, with exceptionally comfortable seats and wide platforms. They are lighted like palaces at night, so that reading becomes a real delight on the homeward journey in the evening. These cars are much like Pullmans. They are set upon specially constructed trucks, and roll over the continuous rail with

which the Suburban is equipped, as smoothly as an automobile over an asphalt road.

These are not the only advantages the Suburban possesses. Travel upon the system is practically safe. Accidents—that is in which passengers are injured—are scarce. This is due to several reasons—chief among which is the studious care the management exercises to secure good men and to keep the equipment in thoroughly first-class shape. None but experienced motormen are to be found on the Suburban. They must come well recommended and must then pass a vigorous medical examination. With these safeguards taken, and the cars all furnished with Westinghouse power brakes, the danger of casualties or fatalities such as result from collisions or loss of control of the cars, are reduced to a minimum. And the conductors—they have the well-earned reputation of being the most courteous to be found anywhere. That's their instructions, and they obey them. Seldom is there a dispute between passengers and conductors on a Suburban car. "Lose the fare first," is the company's motto and it wins.

These are only a few of the things that give the Suburban prestige with the public. But there are natural attributes to its success that are equally as important. The Suburban is one of the few scenic street railways in this part of the United States. In the spring and summer a trip on any of its St. Louis County lines is a treat. The ride to Meramec Highlands and the beautiful journey through the Florissant Valley, would stir the soul of any one however indifferent to the beauties of nature. But these are not the only attractive spots it touches. There are Suburban Garden, O'Fallon Park, the cemeteries, Calvary and Bellefontaine, Forest Park, and Romona Park, all on the Suburban lines and all are popular resorts. All these may be reached in 30 or 40 minutes ride from the business section of the city. Besides the pleasure points and places of interest, the Suburban passes four of the important hotels of the city, The Planters', Southern, St. James and Laclede—and is also convenient to the big dry goods and department stores, two of which are Scruggs, Vandervoort and Barney's and the William Barr Dry Goods Company. In addition, the Suburban is a great carrier of theater parties. On its route are the Century and Columbia, Crawford's, the Grand and Garrick, Standard, Havlin's, Music Hall and the Olympic. And in the West End there is the Odeon.

The policy of the officers and directors of the company is to increase the road's patronage by maintaining a high standard of efficiency. No expense is spared to do this and the results are gratifying. Since Mr. Julius S. Walsh, Sr., has been at the helm as President, many useful innovations and other improvements calculated to win the patronage of the public have been introduced by him. He has a wide and varied experience in railroad matters and knows what the public needs in the way of street car

facilities. He believes in a liberal policy and first-class service. And Suburban patrons are receiving the benefit of both. President Walsh has the valuable cooperation of the directors and other officers of the company and all are working to make the Suburban better and more popular than ever, if possible. The other officers are: Vice President, Mr. Julius S. Walsh, Jr.; general superintendent, Mr. John Mahoney; secretary-treasurer, Mr. E. P. Sommers.

The directors are: Mr. Julius S. Walsh, Sr., Mr. S. M. Kennard, Mr. Breckinridge Jones, Mr. Charles H. Huttig, Mr. Wm. F. Nolker, Mr. C. Marquard Forster, Mr. William D. Orthwein, Mr. Harrison I. Drummond and Mr. Ben Altheimer.

PURSUING SUMMER

To pursue summer and find her amid all the glories of the Mediterranean and the Orient has been the familiar dream of more than one mortal, but lack of transportation facilities in the not far distant past has always been the principal bar to the achievement of such a pleasant tour. But nowadays the dream is realized. The Hamburg-American Steamship Company has brought it about. The success of one or two short cruises several years ago opened the eyes of the company's officers to the

possibilities of a regular excursion cruise. And now the best vessels the company has are engaged in this service. Cruises around the world, trips to all the historic lands of Southern Europe, Northern Africa, the Levant and the mystic East are made, in the greatest comfort during the most beautiful season of the year. There is nothing haphazard in these cruises. The main itineraries have all been arranged long before-hand, as well as the plans for certain side trips that excursionists can arrange for with special agents on board the vessels. The vessels in this service are the "Moltke," "Deutschland," "Princessin Luise" and "Meteor," each of which is practically a modern hotel afloat. That tourists may enjoy the trips, the company has decided to limit the number of passengers, so that there will be ample accommodations for all.

"Well, Johnny," asked Mr. McRobinson, "how do you like your new teacher? Pretty smart, is she?"

"Naw," responded Johnny sourly, "she ain't."

"How do you know?"

"She wuz tellin' us to-day that Jeffries wuz an English judge."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"Shucks!" said Johnny, in deep disgust, "I thought everybody knowed that Jeffries wuz the American champion pugilist of the world."

"Louisiana."



The above is a half-tone reproduction of the "Louisiana" art picture, which will be ready for mailing January 1st. The original is an oil painting made from life by the celebrated artist, M. Galli, and was produced at great expense especially for the Roberts, Johnson & Rand Shoe Company of St. Louis, who have protected it by copyright. The subject is the daughter of a very eminent family and has the blood of royalty coursing through her veins.

Copies of this picture without any advertising thereon, lithographed in sixteen colors, size 24x30 inches, will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents in postage. Address advertising department of Roberts, Johnson & Rand Shoe Company, St. Louis.

Century OLYMPIC

This Week

The Maid and the Mummy

Regular Matinee Saturday

Next Sunday Night

Reserved Seats Thursday

Kirke LaShelle

Will Present

The Virginian

—With—

DUSTIN FARNUM

This Week

Geo. R. White

PRESENTS

The Latest Comic Opera Success

SERGEANT KITTY

XMAS WEEK

Beginning Monday Matinee Dec. 26,

Eleanor Robson

—AS—

Merely Mary Ann

The Messrs Shubert Have the Honor to Announce the Opening of the New

GARRICK THEATER

Absolutely Fireproof. Safest Theater on Earth Erected on Chestnut St. Bet. Broadway and 6th St.

Monday Evening, December, 26,

—PRESENTING—

MISS ADA REHAN,

Supported by Mr. CHARLES RIECHMAN and a company of exceptional excellence, in a complete and elaborate production of Shakespeare's immortal comedy.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Box office for the sale of seats will open at the theater on Thursday morning, December 22, at 9 o'clock.

GRAND ST. LOUIS MOST POPULAR THEATRE

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday—25c and 50c. Night Prices 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN,

In the Big Laughing Musical Hit

The Awakening of Mr. Pipp,

Next Sunday Matinee—KELLAR,

STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Frolics Daily.

THIS WEEK,

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NEXT WEEK,

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"The Hotel Success of St. Louis."

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Located in the choicest section of the city. Nothing like it west of New York. Rooms single or en suite, with Bath. Balls, parties and receptions a specialty. Bowling, billiards, Turkish baths, etc. A delightful home for winter. For rates, etc., write W. F. Williamson, Mgr.

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Finest Bar and Billiard Hall in the West

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

St. Louis' Leading Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF

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ALMOST DAILY—
HOW OFTEN DOES
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE
A BOX OF THESE
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?

REPENT AND MAIL YOUR
ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO
Kuyler's 716 OLIVER STREET
ST. LOUIS

EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

Our Safe Deposit Vaults afford complete protection against fire and burglary. Boxes, \$5 and upward a year. Silverware and other bulky valuables stored at low rates.

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Best Passenger Service in TEXAS



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E. P. TURNER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEXAS.



GLORY QUAYLE

THE SLOWEST LAUNDRY

We find that we have been getting about 300 transient bundles from guests of our regular patrons during the Fair period. After December 1 we will take on that number of new patrons to take the place of those that have left the city. Parties that have tried to give us their business during the past few months, which we were unable to handle, will now have a chance to patronize us should they care to do so.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry

CORPORATION.

DINKS L. PARRISH, President.
J. ARTHUR ANDERSON, V. P. and Gen'l Mgr.

3126-3128 OLIVE STREET

"Lest we forget,"

WE USE CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER

NOT IN A TRUST.

"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization."—Macaulay.

MAP OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

A system of 11,505 miles of railway in the populous territory east of Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, furnishing luxurious and rapid transportation facilities for more than one-half of the entire population of the United States.

Details of rates and trains given by any New York Central ticket agent.

A copy of "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free, upon receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station New York.

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We are Booksellers for all Publishers, and supply any Book, Magazine or Periodical published. You can secure at this store the Best Books by the Popular Authors—those of Romance, Adventure, Travel, in sets or single volumes: Picture Books, Books for Old and Young, Boys and Girls; also Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals and all kinds of

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS

All books advertised in the Mirror are to be had at

JETT'S BOOK STORE,
806 Olive Street.

WINTER AT HOT SPRINGS

The Most Delightful Period of the Year is at Hand

On to Hot Springs! That's the popular cry just now. And a pilgrimage greater than ever before in the history of the famous resort in Arkansas, is on. Last year 90,000 visitors were at the Springs. This year twice that number are expected. America's fashionables, the men of wealth, the people who do things, in fact, everybody who is anybody, and can spare the time are looking forward to the gayest season Hot Springs has ever known. The fame of the city as a winter resort and watering place has spread far and wide, and every train of the great modern Missouri Pacific system is carrying tourists by thousands to the American Carlsbad these days.

And this is the most delightful period of the year to visit the famous resort. Other seasons have their charms, but in winter Hot Springs is at its best. Life there is always effervescent or efflorescent. It's in full swing night and day, and the blissful Paradisal climate is a charm over all. No Boreas blasts, snow storms or sleet are there to spoil the continual round of pleasures. All is sunshine and happiness. The towering peaks of the Ozarks, which encompass the pretty Vapor City of the Valley, beat back the wintry winds and storms, and even the wild flowers grow the year round on the roadsides. And Christmas day sees every lady with her bunch of American beauties or chrysanthemums. Throughout the fifteen miles of driveways and the five miles

of the great cities of the North, East and West are represented at Hot Springs by their most prominent members, and the social festivities never cease. Throughout the day golf, tennis, base ball and other athletic sports, riding and driving, furnish amusement for the visitors and the entire valley rings with their light-hearted laughter. Trips through the mountains, which are always beautiful at this time, seldom fail to bring out a glad crowd of ladies and gentlemen. And there are pastimes to suit all.

No wonder this now famous resort is attracting the winter recreationists from all parts. Those who have spent the season there have learned of the infinite variety of pleasure constantly on the tapis, and they have spread the news. Besides, Hot Springs occupies a unique position. Its winter season is on at any time after the summer resorts close, because of its fine climate, whereas the Florida and Texas resorts, as well as others in the South, are not in swing until January. Moreover the journey to and from the Arkansas resort is always an easy one. The Missouri Pacific makes it so. Solid through trains run from St. Louis to Hot Springs over the Iron Mountain Route and Little Rock & Hot Springs Western Railway, composed of Pullman compartment and standard sleeping cars, superb dining cars, free reclining chair cars and elegant high-back coaches. These trains are electric lighted and connect in the Union Sta-

through Pullman compartment and standard sleeping cars, and free reclining chair cars.

It is only a twelve-hour ride from St. Louis to the Vapor City, and the noon train out of Kansas City makes the trip in something like twenty hours.

Arriving in Hot Springs, the tourist

sorts that can boast of as many as Hot Springs. It has now two race tracks, where the best horses in the country are racing, for from sixty to ninety days, besides the finest golf links and tennis courts in the country.

Whittington Park is the Mecca for everybody who enjoys outdoor sports,



HOT SPRINGS, CORNER RESERVATION AVENUE AND JUNCTION OF CENTRAL AND MALVERN AVENUE.



ENTRANCE TO UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY HOSPITAL GROUNDS, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

of foot-paths which lead to nature's magic spots in valley and mountain, there is nothing but beauty to greet the eye. Beautiful weather, beautiful sunshine, beautiful skies and gardens and scenes.

All winter long the fashionable sets

tion, St. Louis, with all roads. Passengers by way of Memphis, Texarkana and Fort Smith connect with trains into Hot Springs.

The Hot Springs Special is a solid, wide-vestibled daily train between St. Louis and Hot Springs, carrying

need not worry about accommodations. There are hotels and boarding houses to suit all tastes. The Arlington, Park, Eastman and Majestic hotels represent investments amounting to \$2,000,000, can accommodate 2,500 guests, and have few equals, and no superiors, in this or any other part of the country. The Arlington and Majestic are open the year round, the Park and Eastman during the winter season. All of these hotels have palatial and luxurious bathing departments, finished in brass and marble, equipped with royal porcelain tubs, and appliances for every known form of bath, and are reached through steam-heated corridors without exposure to the outer air.

The Navarre Pullman, Waukesha, Great Northern and Waverly hotels, in capacity rank next to these just described. The Great Northern, Rockafellow, Waverly and Waukesha have model bathing departments in connection, while the Pullman is just across the street from "Bath House Row," and convenient to all the individual bath houses. These are splendidly furnished and appointed, set excellent tables, have first-class service, and afford their guests nearly all of the conveniences of the big hotels.

Following these come some fifty others which are properly classed as hotels, besides numerous boarding houses and rooming establishments.

As to amusements, there are few re-

and every afternoon and evening the broad Whittington Boulevard and the electric street cars are thronged with visitors and citizens in search of recreation and fresh air. The park is located in a most picturesque valley within a loop of the Ozark Mountains, and is reached by a level macadamized boulevard, which embraces the Government's latest improvement, the Lake Reserve Park, a model bicycle road, along which electric cars run to the entrance. The features of the park are summer theater, natural springs of pure, cold water, electric fountains, swings, refreshment pavilions, a base ball ground, a bicycle track, a grand stand, a music stand, and many other devices for the entertainment of patrons.

Equally as attractive and interesting as any of the many phases of life at this great resort is the great human parade that is to be seen every day. Any person wishing to see the representative Americans at their best could find no better opportunity than that afforded by Hot Springs in winter. The promenades at the various summer and lake resorts are, of course, famous, but they are not to be compared with those of the American Carlsbad. Hot Springs has prettier boulevards, prettier parks, prettier cottages and prettier environments. It is a veritable cameo in emerald setting, the year around. And when in the indescribably pleasant days of winter, the visitors and fashionable

residents take their daily stroll or drive, no more pleasing picture could be imagined. It is life at its best—life as it is to be found at Hot Springs only. Though the winter season is in full blast beyond the confines of the pretty valley, the visitor in Hot Springs enjoys his promenade indifferent to old Boreas' vain clamor at the city's gates. This is what makes Hot Springs so popular with the people of the North and South, as well as those of the East and West. There the maids and matrons of society escape the gloom and tedium of indoor winter life at home, while all the pleasures of a practically eternal springtime are theirs. And if anything, their beauty is enhanced and their health bettered.

There, too, the fatigued professional man and woman, in fact, any person in search of quiet, quickly recover from the evil effects of overwork, and again enters the circles of the optimists.

The advantages Hot Springs possesses in this respect are well known and greatly appreciated by actors, lawyers, financiers, business and professional men generally. Every season finds many celebrated persons sojourning in the peaceful valley, some in cottages, and some in hotels. On any pleasant day there may be seen scores of persons who have attained great distinction in America; in fact, it is the one place in the United States where any great number of the men and women who do great things congregate. Here they all find what they are in quest of—rest, change of scenery, almost perfect climate, and yet are not compelled to suffer social isolation for the pleasures of a metropolis are there to be enjoyed if they see fit.

In Hot Springs the ground work of

to be beneficial to animal as well as man.

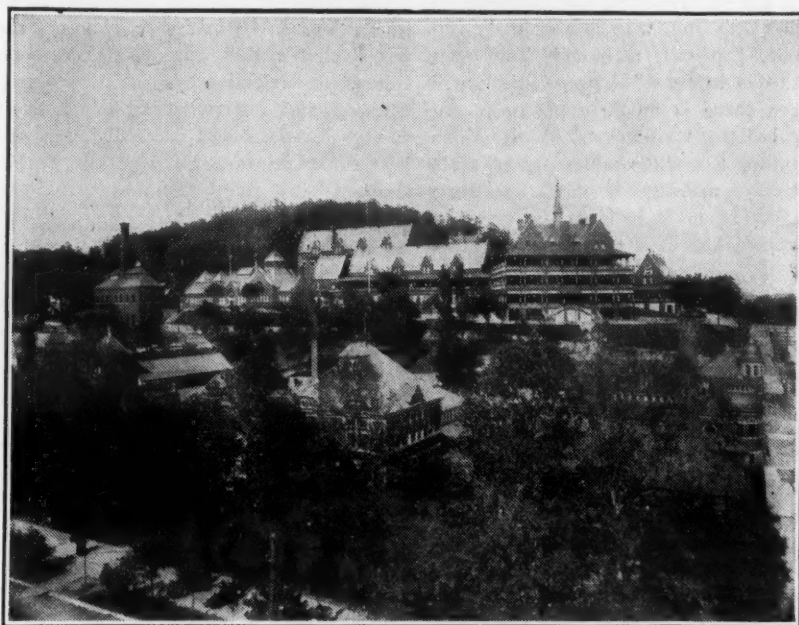
Hot Springs, in all its aspects, appeals to every visitor as one of the wonder works of the Creator. For many centuries the spot has been known. Long before the white men who came from Spain penetrated the Indians' empire in quest of gold and new lands, the red man knew the virtues of those waters that bubbled up in the midst of the beautiful Ozarks, and many tribes made pilgrimages to the scene, spending days at the waters, going in and coming from their hunting grounds. It is believed that the legend of the Fountain of Youth for which Ponce de Leon sought the coasts of Florida, had its origin in these health-giving waters, for the Indians with whom the early Spanish invaders came in contact, it is believed, told of this Spring. De Soto, the Spanish explorer, is known to have stopped at this place while forcing his way through the wilderness, and Longfellow, the poet, who had great stores of Indian lore, found in the base of the Ozarks fitting imagery for his pathetic poem, "Evangeline." In the days of the Civil War the Confederate medical staff realized the advantages the spot afforded for hospital purposes, and built one in the mountains, where the invalid and wounded soldiers, having access to the waters of both hot and cold springs, soon regained their health or recovered from wounds.

Not every one who goes to this great resort is bent on pleasure, nor is every one seeking relief from troublesome maladies. The latter idea which once erroneously prevailed exists no longer. Hot Springs is a fashionable resort as well as a health resort. When the in-

from 94 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, followed by three or four minutes in the vapor room, and five to twenty minutes in robes, according to the time required to produce free perspiration. Those visitors who bathe simply as a luxury, or for cleanliness, will find the bath house managements sufficiently experienced to regulate the conditions.

An important adjunct to the baths is the drinking of the hot water. It is a

tent. The chemical tests that were made practically proves that the waters derive their principal curative property from radium gases, and it may be that the city will yet secure an even greater fame on this account, should radium experiments develop any new discoveries in the world of medical science. It has been discovered that from the body of a person, fresh from the hot baths in Hot Springs, there emanates radium



ARMY AND NAVY HOSPITAL, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

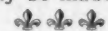
well-known fact that these waters are the only hot waters in America which can be drunk freely without causing nausea. This is due to the presence of carbonic acid gas in large quantities, which renders the water both palatable and exhilarating. Besides the hot water, nature was abundantly kind in providing also a number of cold springs, the waters of which are equally as beneficial as the warm in curing various ailments. As a matter of fact, there is no one, healthy or sick, who would not be benefitted by a visit to Hot Springs. It has a rejuvenating effect, and contrary to the ideas of many, it does not cost a great deal of money to enjoy the luxury. While visitors can spend as much money there, if they desire, as in any city, there is no place in the country where one can live more cheaply. Below is given a statement showing the range of cost of comfortable accommodations, medicine and medical attendance, bathing, etc., from which it will be seen that visitors who, from necessity or other motives, desire to be economical, can live well, and enjoy all the benefits of the baths and hot water with an expenditure of as little as \$46 per month.

Boarding and lodging.....	\$15 to \$90
Physician's fees	20 to 30
Medicine (if needed).....	5 to 10
Bathing	3 to 10
Bath servants (if needed)....	3 to 5
Total	\$46 \$145

Recent investigations made by the United States government have increased public interest in Hot Springs and its waters, and have created the impression that beneath the city there are radium deposits of considerable ex-

rays, and it is consequently thought that this radiation, which is not of course perceptible save in a dark room, and with the proper materials at hand to attract it, has the greatest effect in restoring health to the diseased tissues or cells of the body.

The government chemists will continue their investigations, however, and other interesting discoveries of a scientific nature may be made.



AN INAUSPICIOUS TIME

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!

The telephone was ringing. Yet it was only 8 a. m.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!

The society belle was very tired, but there was nothing to do but climb out of bed and answer it.

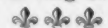
"Hello!" she called out crossly.

"Hello! Is that you, Grace?" replied her sweetheart. "Yes?" Excuse me for calling you up so early, but I've got to go out of town in an hour."

"It's all right," said the girl kindly. "What is it, George?"

"Why, you see, there's an agent here with one of these new-fangled patent seeing devices for telephones. He wants to demonstrate it to me, so I'll have him put it right on, eh?"

There was a maidenly shriek and a mad rush into the adjoining room, and a few moments later the young lady's mother came to the telephone and sharply told George to ring off.



City Niece—I'm told that Miss Backbay is a philatelist.

Aunt Mirandy—Well, now, I don't believe no sech story, an' if I wuz you I wouldn't repeat it. There's too much scandal goin' about nowadays, anyhow.



NEW GOVERNMENT DRIVE, HOT SPRINGS RESERVATION.

many a novel and other literary works have been laid, plays written and great political movements planned for States and the nation.

Even the thorough-bred race horses of the country, after a hard season's campaign, are benefitted by a sojourn at the Springs, and a series of baths, and horsemen have seen many a supposed useless old star of the turf rejuvenated since the waters were found

valid grows strong the numerous pleasures are there for him as for the other fellow. Every visitor to Hot Springs takes the baths. If an invalid, he first undergoes a thorough examination by his physician, who issues instructions, according to the requirements of the case, for the guidance of the patient and his attendant. Those instructions are usually to bathe from six to twenty minutes, with the water at a temperature of

NEW BOOKS

Gamabel Bradford, Jr., has written a very amusing story entitled "The Private Tutor." Its plot is original; its setting good, and the characters are such that every-day readers will find interesting. The story deals with the trials and tribulations of a tutor upon whom devolves the task not only of making a refined, polished man of the world, but of arranging the marriage of a rich man's son, who is absolutely impossible, "an oaf, a bumpkin, greener than a day in June." From this it will be seen there is ample opportunity for many ludicrous situations, all of which the author has taken advantage of most effectively, making a most readable story. The book is from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of New York.

"The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," by Charles D. Roberts, is a pleasant little tale which dates back to the old days when the inhabitants of Boston and Port Royal were continually at war. A young lieutenant, Zachery Cowes, sails in a brig from Boston and attacks the French at Port Royal, not knowing peace has been declared. As chance wills it he is afterward stranded on the Acadian coast, where somewhat to his chagrin he is made prisoner by a young French girl, while the French governor is seeking him as a pirate. He is threatened with hanging, but the French girl conceals him from her irate uncle, the Governor, by hiding him in her own chamber, and it eventually turns out that mademoiselle is as much his prisoner as he is hers. The story is full of pleasant surprises in the unfolding. It is from the press of L. C. Page & Co., of Boston.

One of the series on the art galleries of Europe, "The Art of Louvre," by Mary Knight Potter, has recently issued from the press of L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. The book begins with a history of the Louvre, and acknowledgment is made that the work is in the main a compilation of the opinions of the most famous art critics, for while some of these views are at variance, one with another, the writer has selected that which seemed to her most generally true and of special value to readers who are not connoisseurs or deep students. Only the oil paintings have been considered.

"The Chronicles of Don Q.," by K. and Hesketh Prichard, is a story of the doings and peculiarities of a Spanish brigand who sits in the hills of Spain and practices outlawry, though possessed of all the refined airs of the gentleman. It is a romance of adventure, with a blend of sardonic humor and dare-deviltry. It is from the press of J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia.

A creditable book of verse is Mildred S. McFaden's "Blossoms by the Wayside." The author sings on a great variety of subjects, even the most commonplace and prosaic. There are 105 poems in the volume, and a number of them, no doubt, will be remembered by readers of *Chaperone, Life, Truth,*

Travel, The American Woman's Review and other publications in which they appeared. The volume is neatly printed, and is from the press of the Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company, of Kansas City, Mo.

Lovers of detective stories, and perhaps those who suffer from a surfeit of them, will, no doubt, enjoy the publication in book form of Newland Newkirk's serial, "Stealthy Steve, or the Six-Eyed Sleuth." It is a travesty on the great detective stories, contemporaneous and otherwise, and is full of funny situations and droll dialogue and humorous utterances generally. No thought is given to realism. The author makes his characters do just as his imagination dictates. The volume is from the Luce press of Boston.

"Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story, My Fifteen Lost Years," which recently made its appearance in book form, is a pathetic, though not vindictive recital of her many misfortunes which began with the death of her husband and her arrest on the charge of murder, and only ended a few months ago, when she had served fifteen long years in an English prison. The story is much as she might tell it. With most of the facts the American public has been pretty well familiarized through the newspapers, but Mrs. Maybrick supplies many scenes, incidents and statements which tend to further strengthen the belief in her innocence. The book is in two parts, the first of which is from her pen, while the second dealing with the technical, legal and medical phases of the case, was prepared by friends. It is practically a last word in behalf of this ill-treated woman, and goes far to vindicate her. Aside from her individual experiences in prison, and the details as to the miscarriage of justice in her case, perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is Mrs. Maybrick's suggestions for prison reforms, both as to institutional management and the treatment of the inmates. A special appeal is made by the author's friends to Americans to buy the book in the hope of securing a competence to tide her over the remaining days of her life. She has lost husband, children and fortune in the last score of years, and now is dependent. The book is from the Funk-Wagnall press, of New York. Its price is \$1.20 per copy.

Emma A. Walker, M. D., author of "Beauty Through Hygiene," declares that good looks are the "inalienable possession of every wholesomely brought and healthily active girl or woman." So there need be no homely women in the future. In her book, which is from the press of A. S. Barnes & Company, of New York, the author gives advice to girls, tells them what rules to follow, and what exercises to take, to build up healthy bodies and clear minds. The rouge pot and cosmetics she would banish from the boudoir of all women. Nothing but common-sense methods is advocated by

her. The book contains much valuable advice. Its price is \$1 per copy.

A pretty story of love and adventure, though written around that well-worn topic, the war for independence, is "My Lady Laughter," by Dwight Tilton. The principal scenes of the story are laid in and around Boston, where the colonists had, long before the outbreak of hostilities, been brought in contact with English soldiers. There are several good characters in the novel, and the story of love and war preparations contains not a few funny situations which the author has ably handled. There may be a superfluity of the tender passion here and there, but on the whole, it is a stirring story of interest and variety. The book is from the press of C. M. Clark of Boston. Its price is \$1.25.

"Before the Crisis," by Frederick Blount Mott, recently published by John Lane, of New York, deals with the turbulent days on the Kansas border that preceded the secession of the Confederate States. The events related took place in the campaigning along the Osage and Ossawatimie at a time when, as some one has said, one political faction there was framing laws without materially contributing to order, while the other was exacting some degree of order without much regard to law. The open West became naturally the duelling ground of the two national purposes before the initial rupture at home. John Brown, "Ossawatimie Brown," figures in the story, and is represented with his small but well disciplined army as somewhat of another Cromwell; and, prominent in the story, as in the place and time, he exercises a directing influence upon the love motive which pervades the tale.

THE RESTAURANT

"Apparently few persons eat their meals at home nowadays," remarked a well-known man about town the other day. "If they did there would not be so many restaurants. They are more numerous now than saloons in big cities, while but a decade ago you could not find one outside the business section of any city. I imagine most people eat only breakfast at home. This speaks volumes of praise for the restaurants. Right here in St. Louis a man can rely upon the restaurants to secure the finest kind of a meal, banquet or supper. The restaurant business has been so well systematized that the so-called home comforts are forgotten during the greater part of the year. In fact, many persons have even their holiday dinners at restaurants. This is the case at Laughlin's, northeast corner of Seventh and Locust streets. Thanksgiving dinner there found many men of family at the festive board with their wives and children. And the approach of Christmas finds a great number engaging tables for the great annual feast. Laughlin's has been a great home restaurant—everything is so comfortable and clean, and the food so wholesome and well cooked. It is a

place where theater parties like to gather for luncheon, supper and refreshments because special attention is given them. And the Hungarian orchestra—all like its music."

5 PER CENT SAVINGS BONDS

No plan in finance makes more for the betterment of all concerned than that which encourages the virtue of living well within one's income and getting abundant increase from whatever of temporary self-denial such a course of daily living may entail. Among the many plans forwarded in this relation none has taken a better hold upon the thrifty masses than the five per cent interest-bearing gold bonds of the North American Investment Company of the United States, whose home offices are in the Odd Fellows' Building, St. Louis, Mo.

The company's securities are a pure savings investment. They are sold on the partial payment plan on terms to suit the slenderest purse or the resources of the heaviest investor. They pay interest according to the length of time stipulated in the instrument. For the protection of its investors the company now has \$300,000.00 deposited with the State Treasurer of Missouri and for the extension of its business has established branches in twenty States of the Union. Its affairs are under State inspection, and, under its profit-sharing plan, the company's affairs have grown so rapidly that it is enabled to offer persistent investors dividends in excess of the regularly stipulated interest rate of five per cent a year. Beginning in April, 1902, with a paid-up capital of \$125,000.00, the company at the close of business November 30, 1904, was able to show assets of \$685,087.39—a growth unparalleled for steadiness in that time, not excluding in this account the progress of the four large life insurance companies of the United States.

BUYING CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Buying Christmas gifts for others is a great deal like buying something for oneself. In the latter case a person generally secures the best, because in the long run it will prove the most economical. Same way with a Christmas gift. Buy an article costly yet useless and it is equivalent to throwing your money away. Besides, the gift will quickly lose its significance. This is why jewelry is so popular with the Christmas shopper and why Mermod & Jaccard's glittering palace on Broadway and Locust street is always crowded with purchasers at this season. A gift bought there is always treasured by the recipient because it is either useful or ornamental, or both. It may be a plain or set ring or a watch, silver service or cut glassware, a diamond or an emerald, a pearl or a sapphire, or any of the hundreds of articles in the firm's immense and varied stock, but it will always be an ideal and acceptable present. And Mermod & Jaccard's prices on Christmas gift goods are within the reach of everybody.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Odd Styles Stationery and Xmas Cards.

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

For Busy People Gift Certificates.

A very satisfactory and an easy way to present gifts is to buy one of our three kinds of gift certificates and let the recipient do the choosing.

Glove Certificates.

Glove certificates are issued for any number of pairs of Men's, Women's and Children's Gloves, at our Glove Department, and are redeemable at any time—This is the most satisfactory way to present gloves when the right size and desired color is not known.

Men's Certificates.

In our Men's Furnishing Department, merchandise certificates are issued for any amount and are redeemable at any time for any kind of furnishings in this department—Desirable for women when at a loss to know what to buy for a man—Helpful to busy employers who wish to remember men in their employ.

Sorosis Shoe Certificates.

Sorosis Shoe Certificates are issued for women's shoes—No better way could be devised when size is not known—Redeemable at any time the recipient can come and be fitted, selecting any style which pleases her—There are over sixty different styles, all good, to select from.



Physicians Recognize

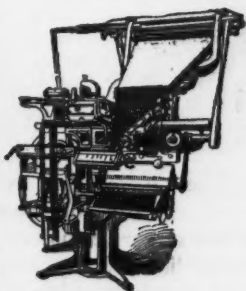
the remarkable tonic and constructive qualities of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

It is endorsed and prescribed by the best doctors. The ideal food-drink, invigorating, sustaining, NOT intoxicating. It contains 14.60% genuine nutritive extract and less than 2% of alcohol.

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or when down town shopping
Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to
ladies for the quiet elegance of its ap-
pointments, its superior cuisine and ser-
vice and refined patronage.

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We are showing an endless
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ideas in

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STERLING AND QUADRUPLE PLATED
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BRONZE, IVORY, MARBLE, PICTURES,
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selections at an early date, as our
stock is now complete in every
detail, and no doubt will be much
broken later on.

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THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY
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Large, cool rooms, with private baths; convenient
for shopping; excellent home table. Refined parties
desired. References exchanged.

WHAT THE TERMINAL ASSOCIATION HAS DONE.

Its Triumph in World's Fair Traffic and Its Loyalty to Exposition and St. Louis.

Now that the great World's Fair is a thing of the past, with the streets no longer congested and the peer of all railroad depots is again carrying on its customary normal traffic, almost the first thing a St. Louisan, whose heart occasionally responds to civic pride, thinks of is the enduring benefits the city has derived in the past year from that quasi-public institution, the St. Louis Terminal Association. And likewise, he cannot help reflecting what a mighty force it will be in the movement to give St. Louis a million population.

He has seen the millions come and go through that mighty monument to the association's enterprise, Union Station; he has seen each incoming train pile the travelers' baggage roof high and all about beneath that great train shed; he has seen the endless in and out of the specials and regular trains; and yet he has seen no confusion, no serious accidents—nothing but the continuous methodical movement of one of the greatest, yet best and simplest managed properties in the entire world.

The Terminal Association has always been able to do this for St. Louis and the traveling public. Many big gatherings which taxed the patience of employees and the capacity of the station have been successfully debarked and shunted out again, but the Association had never attempted anything on such a scale of immensity as the World's Fair attendance. When denied a franchise that involved their entire plan for handling Fair crowds, the officers simply seized the situation by the horns and they and the Terminal Association have made good. Traveling through the tunnel, a black mark on St. Louis escutcheon, might have been entirely prevented, not only for the Fair period but all time, had the franchise been granted, but since it wasn't, the Association saw to it that the Exposition visitors and tourists in general, had every other advantage. New tracks, spurs and connections with various roads were laid by the Terminal and every inch of surface track was utilized. There was no delay in arrivals or departures, no exasperating blockades, and never before were trains, baggage and passengers handled with such dispatch.

Next to the Exposition itself, the Union Station was to the thousands and thousands of strangers passing through the city's gates, St. Louis' greatest spectacle.

It was a sight that awed them—the immense sweep of the vaulted glass roof, the brain puzzling combination of switches at the point of ingress from the railroad yards and, greatest of all, the switch-tower, whence are guided in and out, with unerring hand, trains, the operator cannot see.

And next the Exposition, also the Terminal Association ranked with its great outlay of funds to meet the increased

traffic demands of the period. Fully \$7,000,000, nearly as much as St. Louis' citizens subscribed to the great Exposition, were expended by the Terminal on the improvements and alterations of Union Station and its many tracks and other properties in order to be able to give the Fair and the visitors the support and facilities both merited.

A glance at some of these improvements which had to be executed under pressure, because of the disappointment met with in the Municipal Assembly, reveals at once the astuteness of the gentlemen who are at the head of this great and growing Association.

The change now seen in Union Station may not, in the minds of many represent an outlay of \$5,000,000, but that much and more was spent before the Association had completed the work of making the St. Louis Union Station the

but a score or more trains could enter the great station.

The shed itself has had many square feet of glass added to it, and an interlocking plant, costing \$100,000, the finest in use anywhere, has been an object of great interest to distinguished visitors and of incalculable service to the dispatch of trains.

A new inter-locking plant was also installed in the East St. Louis yards, where numerous and costly improvements have since been made.

One of the most interesting of the Terminal's East Side improvements is what is known in railroad parlance, as the "hump," by which cars can be delivered by gravity to their respective tracks.

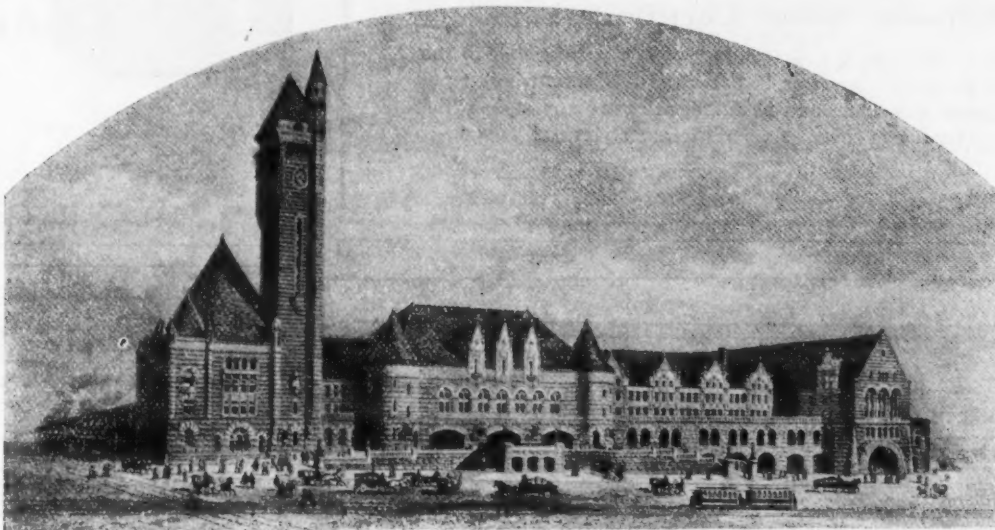
Besides these expensive additions and alterations, there were innumerable improvements of a minor nature, each of which contributed its share to the successful operation of the Terminal properties during the World's Fair, and will continue to work for the progress of the city. There were hundreds of miles of track laid, the Eads bridge, over which

period, and when it was not so easily found at that.

But while these improvements benefited the Exposition and the people first, the city of St. Louis will always feel the effects for the facilities thus afforded, naturally increases travel and business. Freight and passengers are handled quicker, especially freight that is perishable, and this means much to consignor, consignee and insurance broker.

For at least twenty years the facilities at Union Station, it is thought, will be equal to the demands, but if not, the policy of the officers and directors is to make them so. So that again it is seen the Terminal is a mighty powerful ally of the city.

In the matter of advancing the interests of the city of St. Louis, however, the Terminal has not been alone. Its activity, however, has been a spur to other transportation companies. Millions of dollars were spent by the twenty-seven railroads which enter Union Station, and their small tributary lines, prior to, during and subsequent to the



best and largest in the world, with the most approved facilities for the handling of large crowds.

Tourists and veteran travelers appreciate the changes that have been made. There is no longer any confusion in the handling of baggage. Travelers are not compelled to dodge trains of trucks, for all this work is done underground and baggage is hoisted into the cars on elevators. This in itself aids the rapid discharge of large crowds from trains and quickens the departure of travelers who would otherwise be jostled and jammed by the scurrying freight handlers.

In a wide subway, constructed about the middle of the shed, extending from Eighteenth to Twentieth streets, through which express wagons are driven, packages are delivered and raised on elevators to the trains. Small subways extending from the baggage and express offices on the Eighteenth street side, connect with the main subway. And there is also a subway for the delivery of mail.

A new power house, the finest west of the Mississippi River, and additional tracks, have increased the Association's facilities, so that now thirty-two trains can be handled at once where formerly

many of the trains entering St. Louis pass, was put through an extensive overhauling that untoward happenings might not mar the Fair or injure the city commercially. As a further safeguard, the Terminal co-operated in every way to make travel into the city as safe as possible by instituting block signals on its Belt lines and extending its trackage to meet incoming trains from points in the northern end of the city. Then there were the alterations in the Union Station building itself. The officers were changed about, massive iron stairways were built from the midway to the second floor waiting rooms, and the midway itself was extended by the fencing off of a sort of annex, or waiting space, for the benefit of travelers.

In short, when all its improvements are enumerated, the Terminal Association's financial outlay in the last few years speaks volumes for the pride the officers and directors are taking in the city, and the public as well.

The biggest part of the \$7,000,000 spent by them in the expansion of their properties in and adjacent to Union Station and St. Louis, went to St. Louis mechanics and laborers, and the works undertaken afforded employment for thousands of men for quite a long

Exposition, and much more work remains to be done. Nearly all these lines have new passenger equipment, and nearly all have likewise improved their roadbeds and freight-carrying facilities.

ADVICE

"I have here a letter," said the lady who conducts the "Answers to Correspondents" department, "from a man stating that he is getting a salary of \$100 a week, but is not given enough work to keep him busy. He has asked his employers for more work, but they have merely laughed at him, and told him that they were perfectly satisfied with him. He wishes me to advise him what to do."

"Well," replied the Boll Weevil editor thoughtfully, "if I were you I would kindly but firmly advise him to go back to the asylum, and not try to evade the authorities any longer."—*Houston Chronicle*.

Little Willie—Say, pa, is the pen mightier than the sword?

Pa—So some people claim, my son.

Little Willie—Then why don't the Russians arm themselves with fountain pens?—*Minneapolis Times*.

Gas Holidays

Unlike Christmas and Fourth of July, they come every week. Fact is, Gas saves you enough time in cooking, ash carrying, stove cleaning and dusting, to gain a day's rest—a day's enjoyment—every week, and at no extra cost. Be good to yourself, and enjoy life more.

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The Laclede Gas Light Company,

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A Christmas Present de Luxe

You could not possibly find a more artistic or appropriate Christmas present than a copy of the *Booklovers' Edition De Luxe* of "The Forest City," the official book of the greatest Fair the world has ever seen, by *Secretary Stevens*—four hundred and eighty full-page engravings from photographs by the Official Photographer. Price, \$12.00. There are other prices, too.

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Or write W. A. LALOR, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

A Card to the Public.

We desire to announce that we have leased the building, No. 512 Locust street, at present occupied by "The Palace." On January 1, 1905, we shall move into this building, of which the entire five stories and basement will be used for our business.

We are now offering our whole stock of Neckwear, Belts, Combs, Purses, Pins, Brooches, Necklaces, Chains, fancy Jewelry, Novelties of all kinds, and Trimmed Millinery, at such low prices as to be of great benefit to all buyers. This sale to continue until further notice.

Everybody welcome to examine our stock.

ROSENHEIM'S

515 Locust Street.

Gasteam

Gas Bills
Payable at all
Backus Stores.

Radiator!

The Latest Invention for Home Heating.

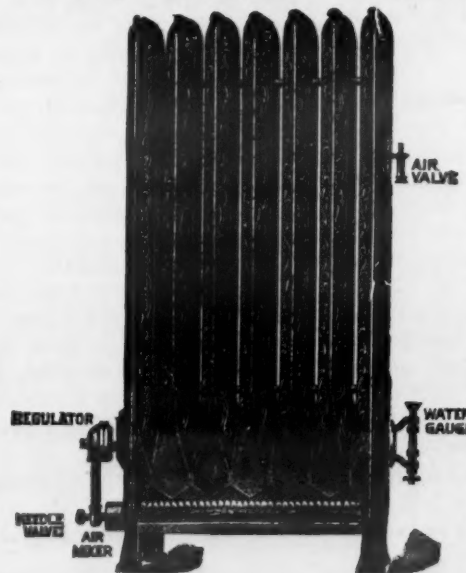
Ideal System for Stores.

Matches for Kindling—Gas for Fuel—Steam for Heat.

You simply light the gas at bottom of radiator. This heats water in chamber directly above flame. In a few minutes the entire surface of radiator is under steam pressure—diffusing a delightful heat throughout your room.

The steam pressure automatically controls the flow of gas, thereby keeping the room at a uniform temperature always.

**THIS IS ALL YOU NEED
FOR STEAM HEAT.**



By all means see
the **Gasteam
Radiator** in op-
eration at the

**Backus Stores
NOW!**

1011 Olive
714 N. Taylor
2249 S. Grand
1433 Salisbury
2229 S. Broadway
6301 Easton Ave.

or **Gas Office**
716 Locust St.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Richard Mansfield's repertoire for his engagement of six days at the Olympic, commencing January 2, is "Beau Brummel," to be presented as a special New Year's matinee on the opening day; "Ivan the Terrible," Monday night; "Beau Brummel," Tuesday evening; "Merchant of Venice," Wednesday evening; "A Parisian Romance," Thursday evening; the new Mansfield production "King Richard III.," Friday evening; "The Merchant of Venice," Saturday matinee and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Saturday night.

The Grand's patrons are enjoying a laugh fest these glad days near holiday time. "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," a sparkling musical farce, is the fountain of hilarity, but Charley Grape-win, the irresistibly ludicrous *Mr. Pipp*, and Anna Chance, the equally clever *Mrs. Pipp*, are the persons who tap it, elaborate it and present it to the audiences in chunks. It is an old piece, but one of the kind that is easily made new. This season its music and specialties are the new additions. The plot of the play is suggestive of the fun it contains. Mr. Pipp, a young lawyer, has at his wife's command signed the pledge to refrain from intoxicants for one year, and at the opening of the play his year is up. He wants to celebrate his victory over Satan, and falling in with a bunch of soubrettes there is a great time for all. The next day is the one of horrors. Pipp is then suffering the after-effects and is confronted by his angry wife, to whom he attempts the explanations which result in the fun festival. Four or five good songs with which the production is peppered, furnish excellent variety. The "Awakening of Mr. Pipp" will be followed by the interesting and weird Kellar, the magician, who will give an exhibition of his skill with many new tricks and scenes.

At the Imperial, the pretty, popular Patrice, supported by a good company, is playing this week the part in which she was so successful last season, *Margie Maynard* in "Driven From Home." The piece is one of Hal Reid's and the ingeniously constructed plot revolves about the fair *Margie* and her many vicissitudes. The happy ending of the play is to the great liking of the Imperial patrons. The scenic features contribute not a little to its popularity. Realistic pictures of New York and a snowstorm intensify the interest in the piece. "Driven from Home" will remain until Saturday night and will be followed by that other stirring drama, "Shadows of a Great City."

Next Monday evening, December 26, will witness the opening of another first-class temple of Thespis in St. Louis. On that day Schubert Brothers' handsome new theater, the Garrick, on Chestnut street between Broadway and Sixth street, will be ready for its first audience. The attraction will be in keeping with the occasion and the character of the theater. Ada Rehan, one of Amer-

ica's foremost actresses, will appear in the Shakespearean classic, "The Taming of the Shrew," supported by Charles Richman, a handsome and talented young actor, and a company comprising more than forty persons. That the patrons of the Garrick may have no difficulty in securing the best seats the house affords without added cost, the Messrs. Schubert have exercised every precaution to prevent large blocks of seats falling into the hands of speculators. The sale was commenced at the Garrick box office yesterday (Wednesday), and judging from the demand the opening of the new theater will be a memorable occasion. The management intends to present none but high-class attractions. Miss Rehan's engagement will be for two weeks. She will appear in Shakespearean pieces other than "The Taming of the Shrew."

"Chow-Chow" is the title of a political farce with which the company at the Standard opens each performance this week. It furnishes a bunch of laughs. Bonita and her midgets also contribute largely to the pleasure of the audience. The closing burlesque is "A One Night Stand." Next week will be seen at the Standard Rice and Barton's Gaiety Company in extravaganzas and a big bill of specialties.

At the Century, commencing Sunday night, December 25, Kirke La Shelle's production of Owen Wister's American romance "The Virginian," will be the attraction. The romantic story of the West during the 80's, with its types of characterization, the sturdy and loyal Virginian, and the little school teacher sweetheart are the center figures in an exciting period of Western life, with its cowboys, its Indians and its ranches and its thrilling episodes.

The management of the new Garrick Theater acted wisely when they engaged Samuel J. Lowenstein as advertising manager. Sam is one of the old school, who has been away from the theatrical business for awhile, but there are few who know the business any better than he. As to friends, he has enough to fill the Garrick at every performance.

Miss Eleanor Robson, fresh from her London triumph in "Merely Mary Ann," comes to the Olympic on Monday, December 26th. It will be the first appearance here of the Zangwill play. Miss Robson and her company have won much in this production. Her career has been meteoric, yet her success possesses a stability founded upon the enduring quality of her genius.

An Irishman taking home a new pair of shoes, went into a saloon for some refreshment. Laying down his parcel, he was proceeding to satisfy his thirst when a seedy-looking individual seizing the bundle made off. Pat pursued and captured him.

"Pwhat did yez take me package for?" he asked.

"I took it for a lark," replied the prisoner.

"Begorra, it's a bad judge in a bird

show you'd make," replied Pat. "I'll let ye know that I bought them at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway."

SUCCESSFUL BANKING

Bank statements are never romantic, but they are interesting to business men and individuals who have money to invest or save. The bank that pursues sound, judicious business methods always presents a statement of convincing financial facts.

Just what can be accomplished in the way of building up a financial institution of enormous wealth by devotion to strictly legitimate banking, is well illustrated in the last statement issued by the Fourth National Bank of St. Louis.

This institution has had a most prosperous career and has been constantly expanding, both in the volume of business transacted and in the accumulation of immense profits. The bank statement reveals this.

The Fourth National is one of the oldest as well as one of the most substantial banks in the city. And it is a depository for the United States Government's funds, which is in itself a guarantee of its solidity.

Organized in March, 1864, with a capital stock of only \$160,000, which was all the stock ever paid in, the bank, on November 10 last, had a capital of \$1,000,000, and a surplus of the same amount.

During its existence it has never passed a regular dividend on its stock since November 1, 1864, when its first dividend was declared.

In addition to the regular dividends, the bank has paid an extra dividend of 8 3-10 per cent during the forty years in which it has been in business. In that period the original subscribers to the \$160,000, on which the bank started, have received \$3,101,440.32 in dividends. And in addition to the original capital of \$1,000,000 it had left \$1,335,376.07 of surplus and accumulated profits.

Such results are a conclusive proof that the management of the bank has been one which justifies the confidence of the public, and the earning of such enormous profits on such a small original capital plainly testifies to the wisdom and sound financial policy of its management.

The resources of the bank on November 10, last, aggregated \$16,803,827.44, of which \$5,789,252.63 was in cash and sight exchange. It had also immediately available \$3,659,289.04 in loans, payable on demand, and time loans amounting to \$5,887,177.22, in addition to \$1,412,740.47 invested in government bonds.

Besides these assets, the bank had to its credit \$55,000 premiums due on bonds.

Conservative is the only term that fairly describes the bank's policy, yet it is not ultra-conservative. If proof of its judicious management were needed, it would only be necessary to point to the amount of the overdraft standing on the bank's books against its customers. This only aggregates \$368.08, an insignificant sum when the magnitude of the bank's business is taken into account.

Aside from the capital stock and sur-

plus, the bank's liabilities to depositors amounted to \$13,480,301.37, and it owed \$988,150 for circulation. This, when placed opposite its total assets of \$16,803,827.44, makes a magnificent showing of results to the credit of its management.

The officers of the Fourth National Bank are men of the highest standing in the financial world and in the community. They are: H. A. Forman, president; Edward A. Faust, vice-president; David Sommers, second vice-president; G. A. W. Augst, cashier, and Van L. Runyan, assistant cashier.

The board of directors consists of H. A. Forman, G. A. W. Augst, August Goerts, Forrest Ferguson, Ferdinand Diehm, L. A. Browning, Van L. Runyan, C. A. Caldwell, Edward A. Faust, S. H. Lewis and David Sommers.

BANNER BUGGIES

There has been much talk about the automobile supplanting the horse-drawn vehicles, but there hasn't been any convincing evidence on this score. Take the buggy, for instance. It is a popular pleasure vehicle—and sometimes a business vehicle—with all classes. The demand for buggies—that is, good buggies—still maintains its old standard. Take, for instance, the buggies manufactured by the Banner Buggy Company, of which Russell Gardner is president. They are in such demand that the capacity of the large plant is taxed the year around. Banner buggies are in use wherever there is a horse or other animal to draw them. They represent the acme of excellence in buggy building—neat, substantial, comfortable and reasonable in price—in short, a first-class vehicle, unequaled for pleasure or business.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Galle and Iridescent Bohemian Glass.

NEW STEAMSHIP TO CUBA.

Commencing November 15th, 1904, the large and modern steamship "Saratoga," of the Munson Steamship Line, will ply between Mobile, Ala., and Havana, Cuba, making the trip in less than 40 hours. Low rates via the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Write Jno. M. Beall, G. P. A., M. & O. Railroad, St. Louis, for full particulars.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Chinese and Japanese Jardinieres and lily bowls.

"What conclusion did your literary debating society reach last night?"

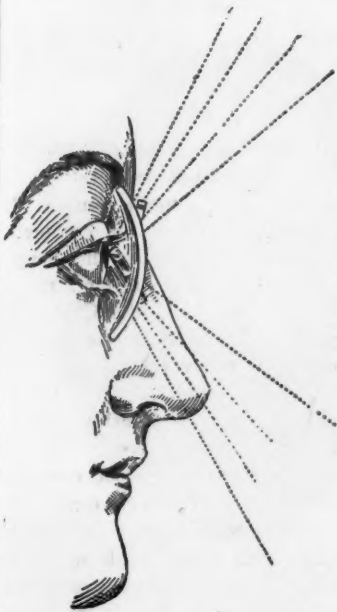
"Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "the conclusion was as usual—chicken salad, ice cream and good night; had a perfectly lovely time."

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Chinese and Japanese Jardinieres and lily bowls.

Tourist—"I say, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate?"

Guide—"I put it there. It was upon that spot a tourist once gave me five francs."—Tit-Bits.

CORRECT GLASSES



DON'T take chances with your eyes.

If you need glasses, secure the best optical service to be had. Select your optician as CAREFULLY as you would your physician.

Our leadership is unquestioned. Our OPTICIANS are men of the highest technical skill in their profession. Our LENS-GRINDING PLANT—on our fourth floor—is the largest and the most complete in the West. We TEST you eyes carefully and supply you with glasses of highest scientific accuracy at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES.

ALOE'S, 513
OLIVE STREET.

Optical Authorities of America.

Judge & Dolph's Cold Cream

Is a very superior article, prepared especially to meet the requirements of all who, while realizing the virtues of cold cream, are deterred from using the ordinary kinds because of their greasy effect and unpleasant look and odor. J. & D. cold cream is absolutely white—perfectly white—and is immediately absorbed by the skin, leaving no grease.

Largely used by the theatrical profession. 25 cents a jar at the

Judge & Dolph
Drug Co.

515 Olive St. St. Louis.

School of Domestic Science

Opens Jan. 4, 1905, in vicinity of Worcester, Mass., by two recent teachers at Oread Institute. Boarding or day pupils. For prospectus or further information, address,

Mrs. F. A. Wethered,
AUBURN, MASS.

BIG FOUR

IN CONNECTION WITH

NEW YORK CENTRAL,
BOSTON & ALBANY,
LAKE SHORE,
LEHIGH VALLEY,
AND

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RYS.

OPERATE

MODERN TRAINS

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EXCELLENT EQUIPMENT

CONSISTING OF

Magnificent Sleepers, Library Cars,
Dining Cars, Through Coaches.

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NIAGARA FALLS, WASHINGTON,
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TICKETS:

Broadway and Chestnut and Union Station.

C. L. HILLEARY,

Assistant Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.



Corticelli
SPOOL SILK

Is the Strongest and Smoothest Silk Made.

Corticelli and Brainerd & Armstrong
WASH SILKS

are Lustrous and Fast Colors. Demand these Brands.

Avoid imitations and their annoyances.

THE Texas Train

Leaves St. Louis daily
5.00 p. m. A smooth
track and a smooth
train. Through Sleep-
ing and dining cars.

Pine Bluff, Shreveport, Texarkana, Dallas,
Ft. Worth, Houston, Beaumont,
Lake Charles and intermediate
points.



Cotton Belt Route
909 Olive St.—Union Station,
ST. LOUIS.

JIU JITSU TEACHERS

St. Louis society, like the fashionable sets in other parts of the United States, and of the world in fact, has gone in for the Jiu Jitsu form of physical culture with a most commendable zeal.

This exercise which makes for beauty of face and form, as well as clear head and healthy body, has had such an impetus that many persons of refinement have undertaken to teach classes in the different cities.

The St. Louis school, known as the Japanese-Swedish Physical Culture Institute in the Olivia Building, Grand avenue and Windsor Place, is conducted by Miss Clara Marx and her mother, Mrs. Amelia Marx, both of whom have an extensive acquaintance in St. Louis, having lived for a considerable time at 4351 Lindell Boulevard.

Mother and daughter are exceptionally brilliant and accomplished ladies, fully as capable of giving instruction in music and languages as in the Jiu Jitsu.



MISS CLARA MARX.

Well Known St. Louis Belle Who Is an Expert Jiu Jitsu Instructor, as Well as an Accomplished Musician and a Linguist.

They are, however, acknowledged to be the most expert feminine instructors in this form of physical culture in the United States and they have never failed to win the confidence and support of the best people in the community.

Miss Marx, who has many prominent pupils in Chicago still under instruction, was born and reared in St. Louis and is admired for her beauty as well as her accomplishments and charities. She received her education at Blewitt's St. Louis Seminary and the Visitation Convent in Cabanne, afterward going to Europe with her mother. They remained abroad five years studying together,

both physical culture, music and languages. They were pupils of Leshtiski, of Vienna, and Jedlitzka, of Berlin, and they sang with some of the most famous artists of the world—including Lily Lehman in Paris, and Marpesi in Italy. There is no musical instrument in general use among musicians that they do not play. They know eight perfectly. Miss Marx is especially accomplished in instrumental music and has played for the delectation of all the leading monarchs of Europe.

It was during their stay in Europe that Mrs. Marx and her daughter became interested in physical culture as taught by the Japanese, and having experienced its benefits, they decided to extend the boon to other countrymen and women of America. Their handsome suite of rooms in the Olivia Building is a further testimonial of their artistic temperament—the decorations and ornamentation being a combination of Swedish and Japanese effects.—Adv.

TWO STAGE STORIES

Joseph Jefferson says that during his long stage career he was never associated with anyone showing undue familiarity except one individual named Bagley, his property man for several seasons. The man was valuable in his way, and so Mr. Jefferson tolerated his disagreeable manners until one night in Baltimore. The property man got very drunk in the afternoon, and in the evening paid his way into a gallery seat. Mr. Jefferson was playing "Rip Van Winkle." The angry *Gretchen* had just driven poor, destitute *Rip* from the cottage, when *Rip* turned, and, with a world of pathos, asked: "Den I haf no interest in der house?" The theater was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice was heard in response: "Only eighty per cent, Joe, old boy; only eighty per cent." He lost his job on the spot.

✱

When Nat Goodwin played *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice" some time ago, Wilton Lackaye was among those who considered the characterization a failure; and he was so frank in his expression of opinion and insisted so strongly that the tragic part had been played in a comedy vein, that he and Goodwin quarreled over it, and were not on speaking terms for some time. Finally, meeting at a New York club one afternoon, Lackaye went up to Goodwin and said: "Now, Nat, don't be a boy; let's be friends again." Goodwin was willing, and they had a small bottle. A few moments later, in a burst of confidence, the husband of Maxine Elliott whispered to Lackaye: "Say, Wilton, I'm going to quietly tell you something. Next season I'm going to play *Bottom* in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'" "Thank God," cried Lackaye, "there's one character in Shakespeare in which you won't make the people laugh."

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Odd designs in Russian Brasses, Copers.

A DESERVED GRAND AWARD

There has been considerable discussion and argument over the grand prizes awarded various exhibits by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition's Jury of Awards, but there was one grand prize winner, so far ahead of all competitors that protests would be absurd—that is the J. B. Sickles Saddlery Company of St. Louis. The Sickles exhibit at the Fair certainly deserved the crowning honor awarded. It was of exceptional attractiveness and complete in every detail. It represented a variety in the harness and saddlery line seldom controlled by one company, and the goods that were on exhibition ran the scale, from the swellest and most modern harness and saddles used in the show ring to the kind that is in use every day on livery teams and animals in all kinds of pleasure vehicles or draught horses. A set of French long tug coach harness was the *piece de resistance* of the exhibit. The workmanship and design were of the highest. The American long tug coach set was equally as handsome as the French and well made, and the assortment of runabout, pole, and gentleman's light road harness added greatly to the beauty of the display. In fact, the exhibit revealed that the Sickles' Company is in the lead in the matter of up-to-date goods, suitable for all purposes, show-ring, pleasure and business. The Sickles Company's saddle exhibit included every design and material in use, and a very handsome lot of bridles and horse collars attracted much attention. In short, the equine lover and owner, no matter whence he came, found in the Sickles exhibit in the Transportation Building an endless and irresistible variety of horse furnishings—just such a line of goods as the J. B. Sickles Saddlery Company has always advertised and guaranteed to be the best. It pays to deal with such a company. Mr. Louis Ploeser, the president, is one of the best posted and most respected men in the trade. His motto is "give satisfaction to all patrons."

"ENGLISH" BY A FRENCHMAN

Here is a sample of "English as she is wrote," sometimes, in Montreal, says the *New York Times*. The missive was sent by a firm of lawyers, and its purpose is obvious, although its wording is somewhat "mixed":

"Dear Mister: I have the honor to tole you that the Reverend Messieurs of the Grande Seminary have ordained me with instructions to poursuivre you for the scandalous nuisance that was cause to the vicinity by the parroquet which you have on your residence which make such abominable fracas. The Reverend Messieurs are interferred with when they make their devotions and when the band of the Grande Seminary of M. M. Pupils begin for play and your parroquet was begin for screech it is dreadful. Also one of the neighbors on the same street with yourself was very mad. He can't sleep on the afternoon and when he go for play the piano

your bird yell and spoil his improvisation. Altogether you must put away that bird. Please give me that undertaking without delay, otherwise I must institute the procedure. Receive the assurance of my consideration. Your obedient servant, X. Y. Z., LL. B., Per A. B. C."

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Original designs in Art Nouveau Jewelry.

THE MUSICIAN'S XMAS GIFT

What's a Christmas celebration at home or any place without music? It may be cheerful, but it is not complete. Music is needed to add to the happiness of the occasion. In fact, music will make any day look like Christmas providing it is produced by the best instruments. In order to get good instruments every musician should patronize the Thiebes & Stierlin Music Company, 1006 Olive street. It is known as the piano and music house of St. Louis. The company deals in musical instruments, either wholesale or retail. And their stock is select, large and varied, including everything, from a jewsharp to the finest piano. To both wholesale and retail patrons this company offers special inducements. Any article of the value of \$10 or more may be bought of them on easy time payments—\$1 down and 50 cents per week. This plan, under which Thiebes & Stierlin have long operated, has been a great boon to the struggling young amateurs of meager means, who hope to make the teaching of music their profession, as well as to those who merely wish to learn some instrument for the pleasure or entertainment of themselves and friends. Parents who have sons or daughters of musical tastes could give them no more fitting present than their favorite instrument. And no better place could be found than Thiebes & Stierlin's to buy such presents.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Galle and Iridescent Bohemian Glass.

QUITE CARELESS

Among the many good stories told by Senator Daniel of Virginia is the following, which I find in *Harper's Weekly*.

A gentleman in the South was one day in conversation with a Yankee who had brought letters of introduction from a friend in the North, when it transpired that the Northerner was a veteran of the Civil War.

"Yes," said the Yankee, "I was a participant in the late unpleasantness. You see this?" he added, pointing to a scar in his face—"I got that at the second battle of Bull Run."

"How in the world did you get hit in the face at the battle of Bull Run?" mischievously asked the Southerner.

"Oh," responded the Yankee, with the utmost nonchalance, "I suppose I got careless and looked back."

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

HIS GRAY HAIRS A CURSE

**Aged Man Was Refused Employment, So He
Tried To End His Existence**

Because his gray hairs prevented him from getting work Henry Debrunner of 4544 North Broadway, attempted to kill himself. He failed because he selected a weapon which was too small.

Debrunner is a cabinet maker. He has been out of work for some time. Every place he went he was refused. He thought it was because his gray hairs showed that he was an aged man.

He made up his mind that there was no longer any room in the world for a man with gray hairs and purchased a revolver of small caliber and placed the muzzle at his temple and fired.

He said he did not know whether he would try it again. It depended upon whether his gray hairs continued to keep him out of employment.



MRS. M. L. BUSH,
Holly Ridge, Miss., says:
No one can say more for "Walnut-
ta" than I. God bless "Walnutta"
Hair Stain, for it has given me more
years of happiness.



MRS. JOHN GILNETT,
Caledonia, Wash.
She used your "Walnutta" and it
gives good satisfaction. It is too
good to keep secret so we shall see
that you get several orders from here.
It is the best hair stain we ever tried.

IT MIGHT BE YOUR TURN NEXT

Gray Hair Restored

—WITH—

Walnutta Hair Stain

Which Acts Almost Instantaneously
and Changes

GRAY HAIR,
BLEACHED HAIR,
RED HAIR,
BLOND HAIR,



FADED OR
STREAKED HAIR,
BEARD OR
MOUSTACHE,

—TO A—

**Beautiful Even Color of Light Brown,
Dark Brown or Black.**

WALNUTTA HAIR STAIN is absolutely harmless—not sticky,
not greasy; has no odor. It is a one-bottle preparation, can be applied
by yourself without any trouble. Walnutta Hair Stain will not wash off
or rub off.

DON'T PAY

Barbers or Hair Dressers from \$3.00 to \$10.00 for doing something
that you can do yourself with much more satisfaction for

SIXTY CENTS

Walnutta is sold the world over, by druggists and dealers at the
above price. Ask any druggist, and if he won't supply or get it for
you send to us direct—we will mail it to you upon receipt of price. We
have no free samples, trial bottle 20 cents. Don't accept anything said
to be "just as good," for there is nothing that can approach it that is
sold under a positive guarantee or money refunded without question
as is done by

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700 N. Broadway, - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

PACIFIC TRADING CO., Proprietors



MRS. MARIE FRANCES,
Chicago, Ill.
I am very much pleased with "Wal-
nutta." I did not want to be taken
for an old lady as I am but 33, and
used "Walnutta" with perfect satis-
faction.



MRS. S. P. WILLIAMS,
Cumberland, Wis., says:
I can truly say that "Walnutta" is
quite as you advertised it. I shall
recommend it to a friend of mine.



MRS. MARY E. MATHEWS,
Giddings, Ohio.
I think "Walnutta" just splendid
for restoring color, also for keeping
the hair from falling out.



MRS. GEO. L. ROBBINS,
Pangus, Mass.
I received the "Walnutta," thanks.
It is splendid, just perfect; I shall
speak to my friends and show them
your book about it.



WE GO TO
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BY
MOBILE
AND
OHIO
R.R.
AND
MUNSON
S.S. LINE
TUESDAY

S.S. SARATOGA
40 HOURS
MOBILE TO HAVANA

S.S. SARATOGA
40 HOURS
MOBILE TO HAVANA

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